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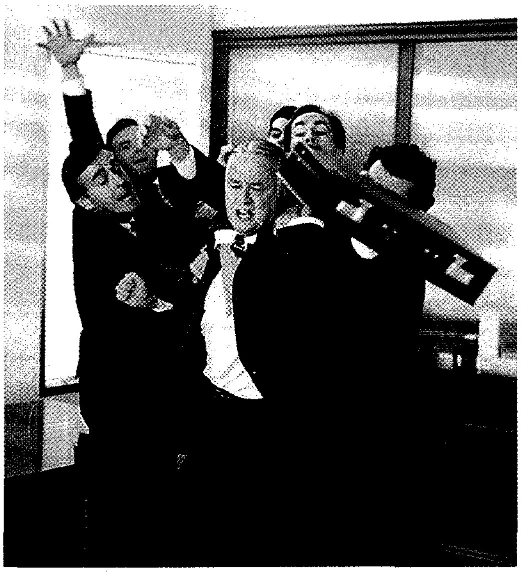
> DAVIS, POLK MANAGING PARTNER FRANCIS MORRISON, PAGE 24

24 Brief Grief

By T. Z. Parsa

The era of gentility and till-death-do-us-part loyalty at white-shoe law firms is over. Partner divorces, associate-poaching, and client-custody battles are now rampant, as more and more talented associates opt out for investment banking or more civilized in-house-counsel positions. Firms may be pulling in record-breaking revenues, but soaring dissatisfaction in the ranks is making it increasingly difficult to recruit the best and brightest and hold on to rainmakers. Can the bigger-than-ever law firm survive its own success?



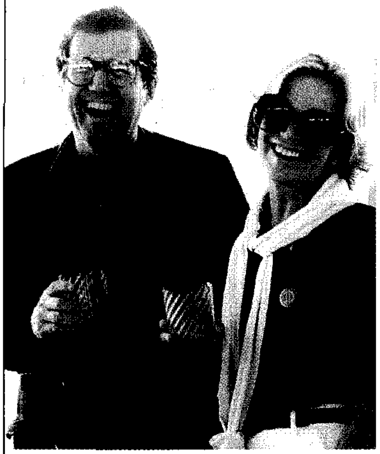
32 *Gemini* Rising

By Alexandra Lange

At 50, Albert Innaurato thought he was finished as a playwright, a washed-up former wunderkind. But then Second Stage Theatre offered to revive *Gemini,* his hit Broadway farce from the seventies, and the Muse began to speak again.

34 Giving All **By Craig Horowitz**

David and Penny McCall were a classic A-list power couple: They had an East Side penthouse, a serious art collection, and an estate in the Hamptons dubbed the Taj McCall. But they also shared a deep commitment to rolling up their sleeves and helping people in need, from Harlem to Kosovo; that commitment cost them their lives.



42 Ordering In

By Victoria C. Rowan

No need to leave your uninspired (or shabby not-so-chic) chair in order to replace it with something surpassingly stylish. Many of the city's marquee interior designers and best design boutiques are now hawking home furnishings in catalogues, both print and online. A guide to the new room service.

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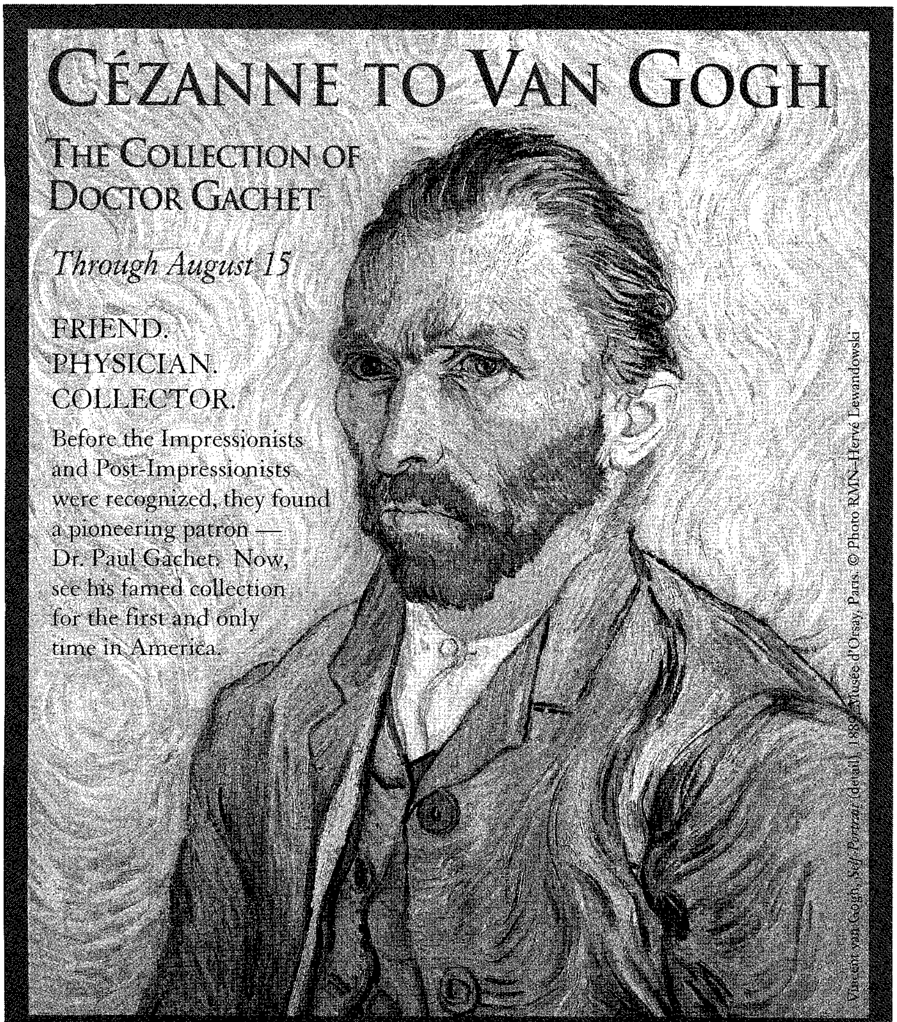
JUNE 21, 1999—VOL. 32 NO. 24. Periodicals postage paid at New York, New York, and additional mailing offices. *New York* (ISSN #0028-7369) is published weekly (except for combined issues the last week of June and the first week of July and the last two weeks of December) by PRIMEDIA Magazine Corporation, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022-6999. Editorial and business offices: 212-508-0700. **POSTMASTER:** Send address changes to *New York*, Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80322-4661. Subscription rates in the U.S. and possessions: 50 issues, $42. **For subscription assistance, write Joseph Oliver, *New York* Magazine, Subscription Department, Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80322-4661. Or call (800) 678-0900 or (212) 447-4749.** Printed in the U.S.A.

Cover: Photograph by Hugh Hales-Tooke. Fashion styling by Joseph Delate for Link; prop styling by John Robinson; grooming by Regina Harris for L'Atelier. Suits by Hugo Boss, Ferragamo, Polo Ralph Lauren from Barneys New York, Paul Stuart; shirts by Thomas Pink; ties by Thomas Pink and Paul Stuart; shoes by Ferragamo. Models: clockwise from top left, Garth Mark/Lifestyles, Robert Trumbull/Lifestyles, Curzon Dobell, Alexander Blaise/Lifestyles, Nikolaj/Lifestyles, John Kern/Lifestyles, Charles Gemmill/Lifestyles.



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Vincent van Gogh, *Self-Portrait* (detail), 1889, Musée d'Orsay, Paris. © Photo RMN-Hervé Lewandowski

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Party On

Why should Millennium Eve last only one night? Shouldn't coverage of the mayor include comb-over tips? The Hamptons, menaced.

EXTENDING THE PARTY IS ONE POSSIBLE solution to the millennium fever ["Wake Us When It's Over," by Beth Landman Keil and Maura Egan, May 31]. Declare New York the most influential city in the world, and extend the celebration. Another millennium will not be celebrated for another 50 generations. In 1,000 years, will New York even exist? Yet, look at the present. Was there any precedent set in 999 that limits millennium celebrations to just one night?

Robert L. Harrison Jr.
CHARLESTON, W.VA.

AFTER READING YOUR COUNTDOWN ARTIcle, I've begun to thank God and my hosts for an angst-free welcome to the new millennium. This jaded New Yorker will be at a rather isolated beach resort in the Dominican Republic. Around midnight, we plan to go barefoot to the water's edge, look up to the starry sky, and cheer while sipping out of fresh coconuts. Two-hundred-dollar bottles of Cristal, anyone? No, thank you.

Miguel Baguer II
MANHATTAN

RATHER THAN THE EXCESSES DESCRIBED IN your article, may I suggest a quiet Sabbath (or other festive) meal with one's family or friends, focusing on spiritual renewal and more basic values.

Dr. Yakov Greenstein
MANHATTAN

WHY COVER THE HYSTERICAL RUSH FOR New Year's Eve 1999 parties without mentioning that it's all jumping the gun, since the new millennium only begins *after* the year 2000?

Louis Epstein
CARMEL, N.Y.

D.A. Style

APPARENTLY, NOT ALL POLITICAL REPORTING is created equal. Witness Kevin Gray's recent article on Westchester D.A. Jeanine Pirro ["Pirro-Mania," May 10]. In describing Pirro, Gray uses adjectives that are noticeably absent from *New York* profiles of male politicians. He refers to Pirro as "striking" and "glamorous" and includes quotes from others that describe her as "a fox" and "sexy as hell," the latter from no less an authority than Donald Trump. Since the editors obviously feel that physical characteristics and beauty secrets are relevant in profiles of some politicians, why not include them in profiles of all politicians? In the interest of egalitarian reporting, here are some topics that could be covered in the future:

The historical evolution of Rudy Giuliani's comb-over.

Peter Vallone: Totally buff in Speedos!

Al Sharpton's haberdashery tips for portly gentlemen.

Sheldon Silver: winter or summer?

Alan Hevesi's secret to rock-hard abs in six weeks.

George Pataki: Did he really hustle all night with Bianca at Studio 54 in 1981?

Russell Marlow
MANHATTAN

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, or sent via e-mail to NYLetters@aol.com. Please include a daytime phone number.*

Summer Pleasures

EACH SEASON, YOUR MAGAZINE PUBLISHES yet another article on what is *happening* in the Hamptons ["Friday Night Fever," by Rusty Unger, May 31]. What has happened is that *East Hampton is no longer.* The village I grew up in from 1945 to 1968 is gone; all the small-town shopkeepers have been replaced by chic city boutiques. The beautiful potato fields and farm lands have been sold to build grotesque homes, and the traffic from Memorial Day through Christmas is no different from Manhattan's at rush hour. Why anyone would want to go there is beyond me!

Sandra L. Morici
WEST MILFORD, N.J.

UNGER'S ARTICLE SEEMS GEARED TOWARD painting a picture of the Hamptons and all who summer there as people who don't know what to do with their money (or want to appear that way). The Hamptons is a second home to many down-to-earth people who enjoy the beauty of the setting and the feeling of peace that comes with getting away from one's weekday life. These people entertain at home and don't attend the $500-a-plate benefits. They go to the "in" restaurants but also seek the less glamorous places. They love the fall, winter, and spring, when the traffic is lighter and restaurants offer discounts on Sunday nights. They may even rent out their homes for the summer and realize this was one of the best investments they ever made.

Judith Roth
SOUTHAMPTON, N.Y.

The Softer Side

TEN YEARS AGO, I WANTED TO ADAPT AND direct my first stage production of *New Yorker* short stories ["Humor Became Her," by Jennifer Senior, May 17]. I wrote to the stories' authors care of *The New Yorker.* Imagine my surprise one day when I picked up my home phone and heard, "It's Veronica Geng." I gasped. She laughed. She readily gave permission for me to adapt her "Our Side of the Story" and followed it up with a letter, and then *another* letter of congratulations when I sent her a tape of the show. She was a great writer and a generous spirit—she didn't charge us a dime.

Kathryn Gallagher
Bright Arrow Theater Company
CHICAGO, ILL.

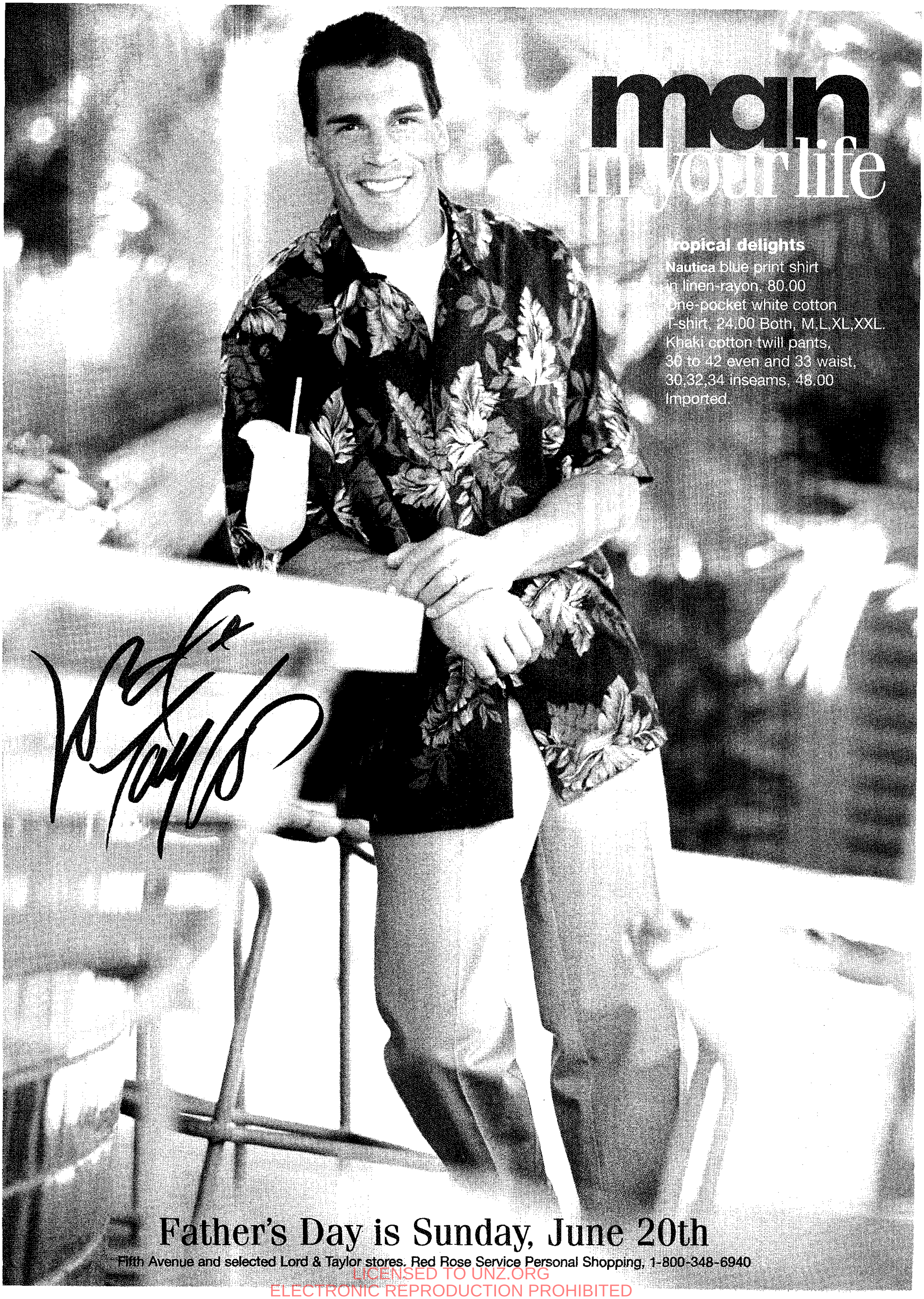
AMONG VERONICA GENG'S LITTLE-KNOWN but most quirky accomplishments was her ability to perform such oddities as the Shirley Temple number "On the Good Ship Lollipop"—all verses and the bridge. Great at parties!

Bob Stewart
CHAPPAQUA, N.Y.

GENG MAY HAVE WRITTEN "BRUTAL REJECtion letters," but when I sent her an unsolicited humor piece nearly fifteen years ago (and from West Virginia, no less), she responded with a rejection letter that was not only kind but also constructive.

Norman Oder
BROOKLYN

Correction A credit for the cover of the May 14 "Summer Food" issue was inadvertently omitted. The food stylist was Bettina Fisher.



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BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

SHOCK-WORK ORANGE FOR JULIA

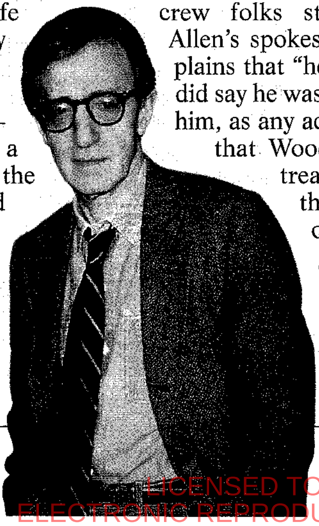
The new *Marie Claire* cover of **Julia Roberts** has some people seeing red. Or, to be more specific, seeing a weird shade of computer-generated orange. Roberts may have looked ravishing when she was photographed in an elegant pale-yellow gown, but according to magazine insiders, *Marie Claire* later decided the photo needed a bit of digital touching-up. (No, not what you're thinking—Julia's recently notorious body hair was thankfully kept under wraps for this shoot.) The magazine was apparently unsatisfied with the way the photogenic *Notting Hill* diva's dress blended with the background, an unusual (and unwearable) shade of orange. So with a few clicks of a mouse, Julia went from strikingly luminous to strikingly sallow. Though the sources say the Roberts camp was aghast when they saw the dress she had "chosen" to wear for *Marie Claire*, her rep maintains that "Julia is thrilled with the cover." It turns out the magazine is also "thrilled," according to a *Marie Claire* spokeswoman (coincidentally, the same spokeswoman who represents the thrilled Roberts): "Obviously, we are thrilled with the response to our covers. Every celebrity we have worked with, including Julia Roberts, has been thrilled, and the readers have responded with a 22 percent increase in newsstand sales." Maybe Roberts herself is buying up all those copies this month.

DONNA'S AD: PARK VUS, FRPLC, TERR

Donna Karan is a real comparison shopper. She's scouring the city for a new apartment—and she's working with at least seven real-estate brokers. The cashmere-swathed designer has been renting an apartment in the San Remo for the past two years for about $27,000 a month, according to building sources. But the landlady doesn't want to sell, so the New Age devotee has to find a new address, preferably something on Central Park West with views, a fireplace, and a terrace. Karan is working with Sotheby's **Olga Neulist**, **Allison Utsch** of Edward Lee Cave, Brown Harris Stevens's **David Anderson** and **John Sheets**, **Betsy Green** of Douglas Elliman, and Corcoran's **Sherry Matays** and **Dalia Newman**. "She's famous for looking, looking, looking—and not buying," reports one Realtor who's not on the list. Another broker reports that Karan "is all over the place," explaining that the designer has been inspecting her exclusives for years "from Carnegie Hill down to TriBeCa, the East Side and the West Side. Then, even when she likes something, she tries to rent instead of buy." Case in point: There were several rounds over a TriBeCa rental ($50,000 a month) that Karan's husband, **Stephan Weiss**, wanted, although she apparently prefers an uptown address, according to an industry source. "She's working with everyone and anyone in town," sighs yet another exhausted broker. Karan's spokeswoman doesn't have a list of her boss's brokers, but she does know that imminent homelessness is not an issue: "She has two homes in the Hamptons, and Stephan has a studio and a gorgeous place downtown."

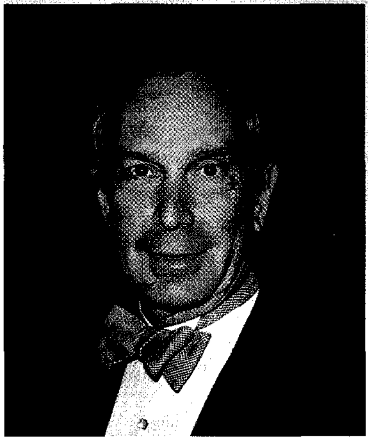
HOW SUITE IT IS FOR ALLEN IN HOLLYWOOD

Woody Allen is famous for his digs *about* Hollywood, but it's his digs *in* Tinseltown that are causing talk these days. The Woodman just wrapped a movie for director **Alfonso** (*Like Water for Chocolate*) **Arau**, starring as a kosher butcher who kills his wife (**Sharon Stone**). The black comedy also features **David Schwimmer**, **Kiefer Sutherland**, **Fran Drescher**, **Lou Diamond Phillips**, and **Elliott Gould**—quite a star-studded cast for a small-budget movie. The crew of the $20 million independent film had to be very resourceful to hold down costs, according to one Hollywood insider, and the cast "had to drive out from L.A. to Valencia in the Valley, where they were shooting, and they weren't even getting gas money." So when word started circulating that Woody and his wife, baby, and nanny were ensconced at the swank Regent Beverly Wilshire penthouse presidential suite (at $7,500 a night), crew folks started grumbling. But Allen's spokeswoman, **Leslee Dart**, explains that "he made no demands. He did say he was bringing his family with him, as any actor would." Dart insists that Woody didn't get any "star treatment." She adds: "Not that he goes to L.A. that often, but when he does go, he doesn't stay at the Beverly Wilshire. That was the producers' choice." The producers refused to comment.



BLOOMBERG FINDS A NEW *FOCUS* IN LIFE

Even though his name is branded on computer terminals and every media outlet imaginable, **Michael Bloomberg** doesn't really want to be on a marquee. He's been very quiet about his first foray into Hollywood. When **Neal Slavin**, a photographer turned ad director, asked his old friend how to line up financing to film **Arthur Miller**'s first novel, *Focus* (a tale of anti-Semitism published in 1945), the Stock-Ticker King decided to invest himself, agreeing to pick up the development costs and half the $6.5 million shooting budget. "I know nothing about producing movies," says Bloomberg, "but I fell in love with the concept and with Neal's passion." Arthur's son, **Robert Miller**, signed on as a producer, but the writer **David Mamet** was too expensive. So **Kendrew Lascelles** wrote the script that Slavin will direct next summer. "We kept it very quiet in the beginning," says Slavin, "but now Michael's getting excited." Not that he's planning to quit his day job. "When it comes to movies," says Bloomberg, "you may rest assured that I have no aspirations to be on either side of the camera or the checkbook." Once he's out of *Focus*, that is.



Michael Bloomberg: What, me produce?

MERCER-FULLY, BAR OWNER BAGS SPACE

When a prime SoHo space comes on the market, competition is fierce. **Matthew Kenney** is closing his Mercer Street restaurant, Monzú, next week, and already half the city's top restaurateurs have been in to talk to Kenney, who still holds the lease, about cutting a deal. While he was at work on his new Grand Central Terminal restaurant, Métrazur, Kenney met with Bond Street's **Jonathan Morr**, the Mercer Kitchen's **Jean-Georges Vongerichten**, **Steve Hanson** (Blue Water Grill, Ruby Foo's), and **Serge Becker** (Joe's Pub) before going with 30-year-old **John McDonald**, who owns MercBar across the street and plans an American bistro with British furniture and restaurant designer **Marc Newson**. "I think John has the exact sensibility for Mercer Street," says Kenney, who will design the menu and stay on "to support John's concept and ideas" but not as chef: "Sometimes a seasoned restaurateur would be so spread out, he'd miss the mark."

NEW ROOM AT THE INN

At this point, you're about as likely to book a room in the Hamptons this summer as you are to get courtside seats at a Knicks game. The situation should ease up just a bit as **Jeff Salaway**, co-owner of East Hampton hot spot Nick & Toni's and operating manager of Colina in New York, is adding two new Southampton hotels to his hospitality empire. First, he bought the Sandpiper, renovated it, and turned it into the Atlantic hotel, which opens July 1. Now he's purchased the Concord and the Bayberry, which he plans to keep open this summer and renovate in the fall into the Bristol and Capri hotels. "There's a master plan to totally renovate the hospitality scene in the Hamptons," says Salaway. "I want to create a centralized reservation system with the 140 rooms I have so finding a place to stay will be easier." Salaway also hopes to convert the Dah Jong restaurant, currently in the Bayberry, into a nightspot as soon as the lease is up.

TYCOON (WAY) OVERBOARD!

Is Miami Beach real-estate mogul **Thomas Kramer** one of those people who are strangely affected by the sea? Kramer (who, by the way, is currently up on rape charges in London brought against him by a secretary) boarded the luxury liner *Seabourn Spirit* for a thirteen-day Mediterranean cruise but was put off the boat after just one night. The German-born developer (who, by the way, was criticized last year for starting to date just two months after his girlfriend's suicide) was celebrating a birthday when what his lawyer deems "a dispute" erupted between the Kramer party and members of the ship's crew. His attorney says that Kramer (who, by the way, once got into hot water for reportedly barring homosexuals from his Miami nightclub, Hell) did nothing to get himself bounced to dry land and that it was in fact the Seabourn employees—not Kramer—who engaged in "excessive profanity and insulting, sexual-type behavior." A spokesperson for Seabourn Cruise Line says only, "Mr. Kramer did disembark early. Other than that, we have no comment." The Kramer lawyer says they're considering taking legal action against the cruise line.

AIN'T NO THEME LIKE THE REAL THING

Even as 42nd Street seems to be trying to ensure that native New Yorkers give it a wide berth, West 57th Street is apparently eager to welcome them back. The Motown Cafe has just shuttered, and instead of more touristy destinations, actual restaurants are coming: According to a real-estate insider, **Mario Sbarro** is taking over the Wolf's Deli site at 57th Street and Sixth Avenue to establish something along the lines of the Bice and Salute! restaurants he's backed. Meanwhile, the former owner of Wolf's, Angelo & Maxie's Marc Packer, is taking over the spot across the street, once Lucky's, to open a brasserie with an Asian influence. Winick Realty's **David T. King**, who did the Sbarro deal, says that the coming "Death of Theme," as he terms it, will make way for "more upscale, traditional installations for more sophisticated customers." Packer will also open a second Angelo & Maxie's in midtown, as well as a new seafood place near the W Hotel.

IT'S *TIMES* FOR SCHOOL

So much for the school of hard knocks. **Geraldine Fabrikant**, the New York *Times* reporter who broke the news that **Rupert Murdoch** was seeing **Wendy Deng** and had moved into "the trendy Mercer Hotel in SoHo," is headed for the Ivy League. In August, Fabrikant is taking a leave from the paper for a Knight-Bagehot fellowship, which gives her a year of graduate work in economics and business at Columbia University. "I love my job, but this is a terrific opportunity," says Fabrikant. "It's just nine months, and I think it will make me a better reporter."

Additional reporting by Ian Spiegelman.

Photograph by Evan Agostini/Gamma Liaison

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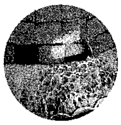

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GOTHAM

Noises Off

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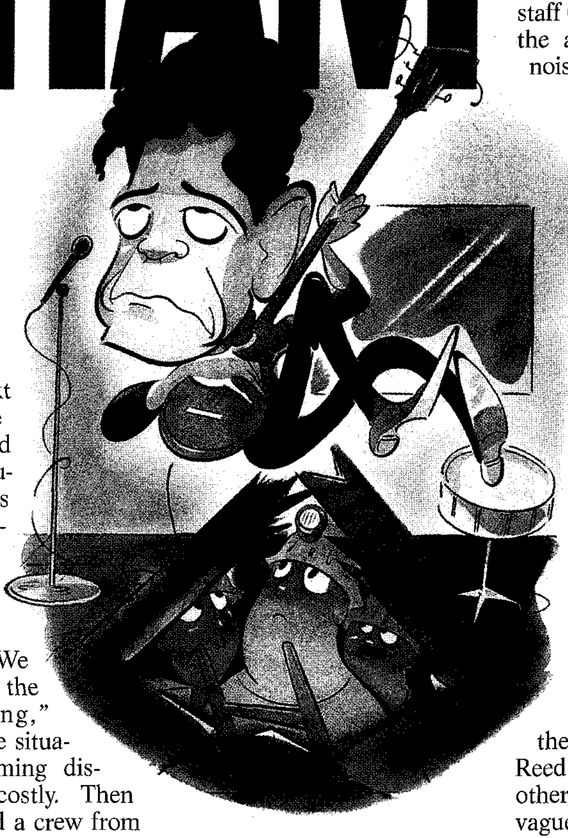


TWENTY-FOUR YEARS AFter Lou Reed released his electronic-noise opus *Metal Machine Music,* the rocker's recording schedule has been disrupted by a giant, all-too-literal metal machine—a 640-ton rock-eating monster.

In late April, just one month before Reed was slated to begin work on a new album at Astoria's Master Sound, engineer David Merrill was recording the New York Chamber Orchestra when he noticed a low-pitched rumble in Studio A1. "It sounded like a jet plane," he recalls. "Really far away." To Maxine Chrein, an owner of Master Sound, the noise was more ominous: "Like you were on the *Titanic.*"

All recording studios are, of course, constructed to minimize unwanted noise. But Chrein's 2,400-square-foot facility was designed to be even more impervious than most. Housed in the basement of the Kaufman Astoria film and television studios, Master Sound's control-room floor is filled with sand to add vibration-deadening mass; the building's pilings, sunk all the way to bedrock, insulate the studio from traffic noise. "For people who are really fussy, it makes a huge difference," says Chrein. When Master Sound opened in 1984, it made the covers of *Science News* and several audio-engineering journals. Plácido Domingo, Keith Richards, and Itzhak Perlman are a few of the perfectionists it has satisfied.

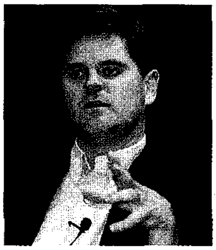
Over the next few weeks, the mysterious sound erupted at irregular—but always inconvenient—times, baffling engineers and scotching more than one recording session. "We thought it was the air-conditioning," says Merrill. The situation was becoming distressing—and costly. Then someone noticed a crew from the city's Department of Environmental Protection working near the studio. Construction on City Water Tunnel No. 3 had reached the neighborhood, and 700 feet below, a tunnel-boring machine—a Brobdingnagian drill with a bit 23 feet in diameter—was chewing its way through the ultra-hard layer of gneiss that lies beneath Queens. Ironically, vibrations from the digging were being telegraphed into Master Sound by the very pilings that normally isolate the studio from external noise.

The water tunnel, under construction since 1970, is the largest public-works project in city history—when finished, it will snake 60 miles beneath four boroughs, carrying 1 billion gallons of water per day. Despite the scale of the endeavor, though, its progress had gone largely unnoticed by surface dwellers—until the vibrations began plaguing Master Sound. "It's embarrassing for us," admits DEP chief of staff Charles Sturcken. "We're the agency you *go to* with noise complaints."

The official contrition is little comfort to Chrein, who had to cancel Reed's big-money session only a week before it was to begin. Master Sound is in deep financial trouble, with all employees laid off indefinitely. "I am rapidly going out of business," Chrein says matter-of-factly. "There's no money for payroll." She has filed a claim with the city for the income she lost on Reed's session and two other bookings—an amount "in the six figures," she says. But her business may get buried before she sees the money. For his part, Reed (who has moved to another, unnamed studio) offers vague, if sincere, condolences: "It's terrible what the city did to them."

Sturcken, while sympathetic to Chrein's plight, notes that the tunnel is an even bigger New York phenomenon than Lou Reed. "Even if we stopped," he maintains, "we'd have to start again eventually, and she'd have the same problem all over again. We're between a rock and a hard place." ETHAN SMITH

Revenge of the Nerds IV: Net Results

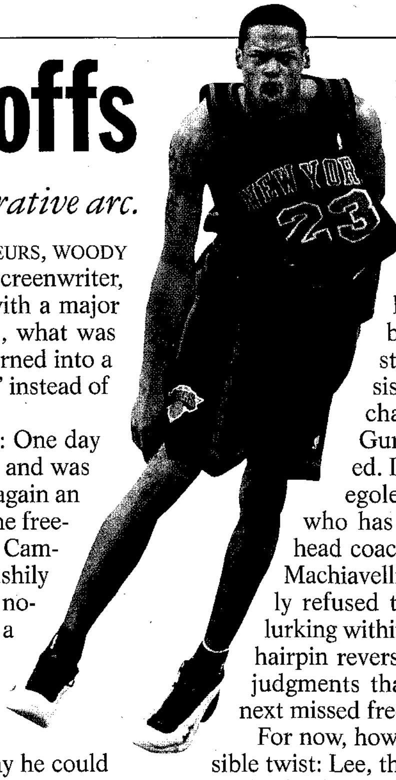


Pity the Hollywood mogul. Once, he was the star attraction at Wall Streeter Herbert Allen's yearly see-and-be-seen retreat in Sun Valley. But what's the point of even gassing up the Gulfstream V when the Internet boys are now the new happy campers? The film industry is buzzing—and bitter—about the just-mailed schedule for the July 6–10 confab. Bill Gates and bigwigs from Intel and AT&T will take turns at the mike. Apple chief Steve Jobs's boutique 'toon company, Pixar, is tinier than Universal's executive parking lot, yet he's delivering the lecture on Animation 101. (What's Daffy Duck's Warner Bros.—chopped liver?) Yes, Sony will present, but will boast about everything *except* its lousy film business. The ultimate insult? Gone is the showbiz panel. This year's centerpiece is "The Internet and Our Lives," starring Amazon.com's Jeffrey Bezos, Priceline.com's Jay Walker, and Yahoo!'s Jerry Yang. What's the entertainment world coming to when AOL's Steve Case gets the best picnic table in the place? NIKKI FINKE

ıstration by Eric Palma. Photograph by Jim Bourg/Gamma Liaison.

Morality Playoffs

Spike Lee critiques the Knicks' narrative arc.

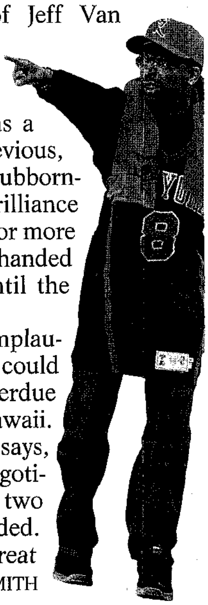


MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE THERE WERE TWO AUTEURS, WOODY Allen and Spike Lee, and an all-star screenwriter, William Goldman, at courtside. But with a major assist from overwrought sportswriters, what was supposed to be a short Knicks show turned into a melodramatic saga about "heart" and "character" instead of jump shots.

The moralizations swung with dizzying speed: One day Latrell Sprewell shed his image as a selfish thug and was rewarded with a starting role; then he was once again an erratic, shot-happy jerk; 48 hours later, he was the free-flowing soul of the new-school Knicks. Marcus Camby—formerly known as the underachieving, flashily tattooed patronizer of prostitutes who replaced noble forward Charles Oakley—was suddenly a thrillingly youthful seven-foot savior. Patrick Ewing, distant and underappreciated for most of his fourteen seasons with the Knicks, tore an Achilles tendon and was forced to watch from the bench—thereby attracting the sympathy he could never win when dragging himself up and down the court. Even Lee couldn't film this story and make it believable. "It's perverse," he says. "That's some Greek shit, some Greek mythology there. It would just be Patrick's luck—the year the Knicks get the ring is the year he gets hurt."

As for the battles in the sports pages, on WFAN, and in the stands over the significance of Sprewell, Lee traces psychological motives that are older than Euripides. "People feel they have to protect the great game of basketball from the likes of Latrell Sprewell, someone who choked a father figure, a figure of authority," Lee says. "Latrell's done a great job trying not even to listen to that stuff."

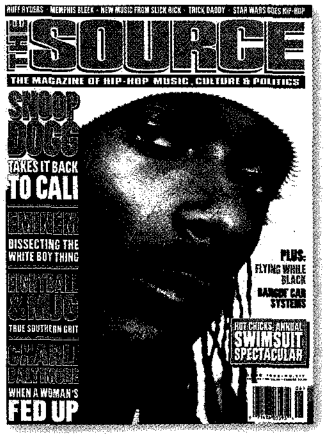
The surprising playoff run seems to have earned Sprewell and Camby absolution. But, like some over-budget summer blockbuster that studio executives can't stop focus-grouping, this morality play resists a conclusive ending. Even now, the character and future of Jeff Van Gundy are hotly debated. Is he the hardworking, egoless longtime assistant who has proved his sagacity as a head coach? Or is little Jeff a devious, Machiavellian manipulator who stubbornly refused to acknowledge the brilliance lurking within Camby? Stay tuned for more hairpin reversals, followed by high-handed judgments that will endure only until the next missed free throw.



For now, however, there's one last implausible twist: Lee, the ultimate Knicks fan, could miss the final act. He scheduled a long-overdue family vacation that began Saturday. In Hawaii. "I might miss game one of the finals," he says, sounding like a man who hasn't finished negotiations with his wife. "I'll be there for game two in San Antonio. And three, four, five, if needed. I've got the flights scheduled. This stuff is great drama." CHRIS SMITH

Pay Dirt

Is 'The Source' stiffing its stringers?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PLUS:
FLYING WHILE BLACK
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HOT CHICKS: ANNUAL SWIMSUIT SPECTACULAR

HIP-HOP BIBLE *THE SOURCE* has everything a magazine could wish for: It enjoys soaring ad pages, slavering business-page stories, and for the most part it has avoided the editorial and executive turmoil that has engulfed competitors like *Blaze* and *Vibe.* But lately, *The Source* has had some bad vibes of its own to contend with: Writers and photographers who maintain they haven't been paid by the magazine for their work are fighting back in court—and winning.

Mike Golden, a freelance writer commissioned by *The Source* to write a feature about the reopened investigation into the assassination of Martin Luther King Jr., completed his piece for the magazine's December 1998 issue, but the story was killed. Golden says his editor agreed to a 50 percent kill fee, but after the writer made repeated attempts over seven months to collect, he still had not been paid. Golden took his case to small-claims court and was awarded $2,201 on May 13.

"Mike was doing some pretty crazy shit, like driving 100 miles and expensing gas," counters *Source* editor-in-chief Selwyn Seyfu Hinds. Says Golden in response: "He's a liar. I have a $6 gas bill."

French-born photographer Patrick Ibanez was thrilled when he got the assignment to shoot the magazine's June 1998 cover featuring Silkk the Shocker, DMX, and Kurupt. Ibanez agreed to a $4,000 fee—but didn't sign a contract. "We're not used to doing that in France," he says with a sigh. "I've learned my lesson."

Ibanez says that after looking at his work, Hinds said, "You are my hero," and adds that the art director agreed to double his fee for several extra days' work—so he was shocked when the magazine paid him only $4,000. Ibanez says that repeated attempts by letter and phone to address the nonpayment were ignored. Last September, he took the magazine to small-claims court and was awarded $3,165. He took the magazine to court again, and last month was awarded an additional $1,100.

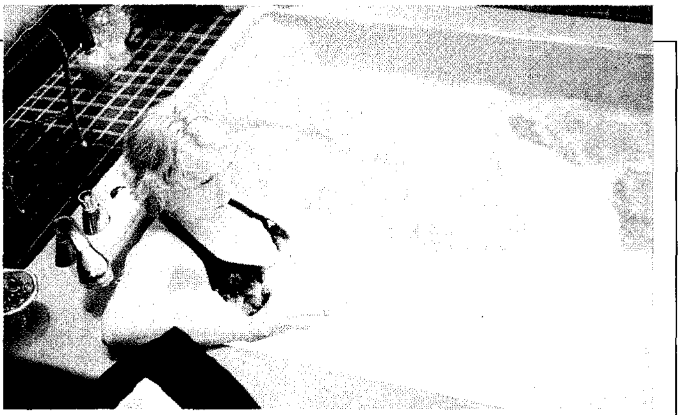
"While what happened with Patrick and Mike is unfortunate, it is not indicative of the way *The Source* treats people," Hinds says. "Our record is no worse than any of the other big magazines'."

Or is it? A writer who requests anonymity says that after she turned in a review for *The Source*'s September 1998 issue, not only was she not paid for her work, but the review was rewritten and credited to what she claims was an alias for Hinds. And a freelance editor who worked for the magazine in the summer of '98 says it took a lawyer's call to extract his payment. "I know plenty of people who won't work for *The Source* anymore," he says, "because they haven't been paid." ETHAN BROWN

Photographs: left, Alan Mothner/AP/Wide World; right, George Kalinsky/Major League Graph

Exile in Guyville

Is a film about girls and sex too hot to handle?



IF THE CAST OF *KIDS* MET UP with the cast of *Clueless,* they might make *Coming Soon,* a smart, saucy film about three Manhattan private-school girls who want personal experience of what might be called the “Molly Bloom moment.” You can imagine such a film, perhaps, but you can’t watch it—unless you have tickets to this weekend’s Nantucket Film Festival, where it plays on June 19—because no theatrical distributor will touch *Coming Soon,* even though the raciest scene involves two girls in a Jacuzzi who never remove their bikinis. Twenty-five years ago, when Fellini made *Amarcord,* in which a bunch of teenage boys bounced their way to solitary release in a parked car, critics raved. But when the young director Colette Burson allowed a teenage female character to reach a no-hands epiphany via a conveniently placed water jet, studio honchos cringed, more than one described the film as “too lurid,” and the MPAA gave the film a crippling NC-17 rating.

You might think post-sexual-revolution America had moved beyond the double standard. A quarter-century after Erica Jong’s *Fear of Flying,* seventeen years after the carrot love lesson in *Fast Times at Ridgemont High,* and months since an Oval Office cigar made the nightly news, you might think a director could make a movie about girls’ seeking what Barbara Walters euphemistically described to Monica Lewinsky as “things . . . that made you feel, as a woman, happy and contented.” Think again.

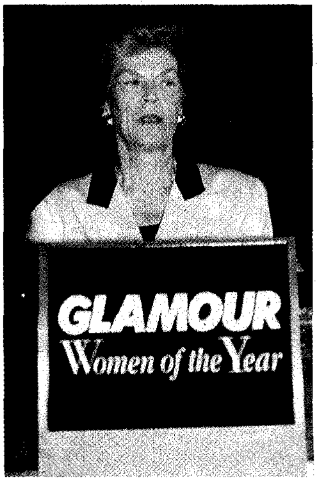
Burson, 30, knew from the start that her movie was subversive. “When I showed the script to male directors, they’d say, ‘I love it, but let’s make it less about the girl-sex thing,’ ” she recalls. “Meanwhile, every teen movie you see is all about boys’ getting lucky.” Burson decided to make the film herself, assembling a winning cast that includes the rising actors Bonnie Root, Ryan Reynolds, and Gaby Hoffmann along with Mia Farrow, Ryan O’Neal, and Spalding Gray.

Coming Soon premiered in April at the Los Angeles Independent Film Festival. Audiences raved, and teenage girls came back for a second screening. “I wasn’t surprised when women loved the movie, but I didn’t expect that so many men would hate it,” says Burson. “A production designer went up to my editor and said, ‘It really makes me mad—these girls act like they have a right to an orgasm.’ ” A female executive who tried to buy the film through a major studio was astonished when a male higher-up turned it down. “I saw it with a whole bunch of women,” she reports, “and they gave it a standing ovation.”

Jill Goode, a co-founder of the Nantucket festival, will screen the uncut NC-17 version (to get an R rating, Burson trimmed the kind of gum-cracking conversations you overhear Fieldston girls holding at Zabar’s). “I think it’s a universal film for girls,” she says. “It’s very smartly written—that’s why we’re closing the festival with it. I think it’s a crowd pleaser.” Mia Farrow, who plays a sharing-caring hippie mother, agrees: “It touches so precisely and so cleverly on so many things.” So would she vouch for the film? Yes she said yes she would Yes. LIESL SCHILLINGER

Glamour Queen

Remembering Ruth Whitney.



WHEN I WAS A JUNIOR EDITOR AT *GLAMOUR,* MOST OF the contact I had with Ruth Whitney—the magazine’s editor-in-chief for 31 years, who died June 4—was through the comments she wrote on idea memos and every piece of copy that went into the magazine. “Let’s do it,” she’d write in her schoolteacher’s elegant script, or “This is so tired,” or simply “No.” As far as I could tell, no one ever challenged Ruth on those edicts: She commanded a deference that I, at 22, had never before seen accorded to a woman.

It wasn’t uncommon to pass an editor called to Ruth’s office actually jogging down the hall, possibly applying lipstick along the way. “She snapped fairly selectively, and when she did, it was absolutely justifiable,” recalls *Cosmopolitan* editor-in-chief and former *Glamour* writer Kate White, who learned that lesson firsthand when she wrote a chirpy little piece in praise of mood rings.

But it wasn’t only within the confines of her own office that Ruth was regarded with reverence. Even in the gossipy, competitive sorority of the women’s magazines, her peers perceived her as uniquely unassailable. “Ruth wasn’t the editor you wanted to beat,” says *Good Housekeeping* editor-in-chief Ellen Levine. “She was the editor you wanted to *be.*”

“She had a message for women, *and* you couldn’t fault her on the numbers,” says *New Woman* editor-in-chief Judith Coyne, Ruth’s longtime executive editor. “She had bragging rights.” If Ruth could cover women in the military and the battle for equal pay in a magazine called *Glamour,* other editors no longer had the excuse “You can’t do that in a women’s book.”

Tall and regal in the creamy pantsuits she wore to lunches at Michael’s, Ruth always seemed utterly sure of her mission. As she walked through the halls of *Glamour* with a small smile on her lips, she’d often swing one arm back and forth in a surprisingly girlish gesture, her fingertips brushing against the wall. To me, it was the walk of a woman relaxed in her power, confident of her reign, and probably lost in some thought that would turn out to be what every editor hopes for: the Next Big Idea. SUSAN DOMINUS

hotographs: top, Tom LeGoff; bottom, Andrea Renault/Globe Photos.

1

Civil-ized Society

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

THE U.N. DELEGATES DINING ROOM WAS AT FULL CAPACITY ON June 7 when *Civilization* magazine held a reception for Kofi Annan. Given his international Rolodex and strong opinions on the subject, the appointment of the secretary-general of the United Nations as guest editor of the magazine's current issue, "How to Save Our World" (contributors include Nelson Mandela, George Soros, and the prime minister of Malaysia), made perfect sense—and added heat to the staid monthly. As reporters and politicos mingled in bow ties and checked suits, a *Civilization* editor chatted up the supermodel Iman, pointing out Jaron Lanier, a large man with long dreadlocks: "Do you know who that man is? He's the man who invented virtual reality. He was on the cover of our last issue! With that hair!" Iman giggled, "I don't know him, but I certainly can't miss him." A brief but deferential hush fell over the room when Elie Wiesel and his wife entered, followed shortly thereafter by Mary McFadden and Anthony Haden-Guest. Annan arrived and rose to the stage for a brief interview with *60 Minutes* correspondent Lesley Stahl, remaining gracious even as W. Randall Jones, the CEO of *Civilization* publisher Capital, stumbled over the guest of honor's title, referring to him as the "secretary-general of the United States." Stahl opened the discussion with the sober topic of Kosovo—"How do you negotiate with a man like Milosevic? Who will remain as the peacekeeping troops?"—before shifting her focus and asking what the crowd of reporters *really* longed to know: "How do you edit Nelson Mandela?" MAURA EGAN

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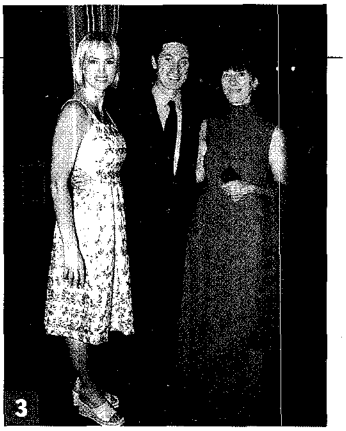
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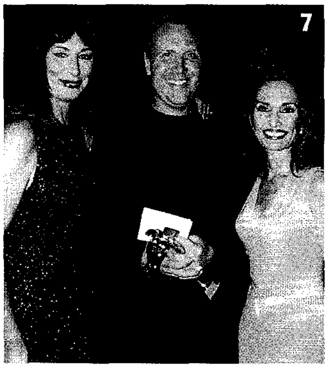
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8

1. Lesley Stahl, Joe Armstrong, W. Randall Jones, and Kofi Annan at *Civilization* magazine's program for the U.N. secretary-general at the United Nations. **2.** Allison Stern and Patty Hearst Shaw at the Great Gorilla Gala at the Bronx Zoo for the Wildlife Conservation Society. **3.** Janet Gretzky, Wayne Gretzky, and executive director Jenny Morgenthau at the Fresh Air Fund benefit at Tavern on the Green. **4.** Gwyneth Paltrow and Stella McCartney at the memorial service for *Harper's Bazaar* editor-in-chief Liz Tilberis at Avery Fisher Hall. **5.** Claire Danes and Julianna Margulies at the Perry Ellis/CFDA–co-sponsored party at Ohm. **6.** Lou Reed, Harvey Lichtenstein, and Paul Simon at the Brooklyn Academy of Music's Harvey Gala, a salute to the BAM president. **7.** Angelica Huston, Michael Kors, and Susan Lucci at the CFDA fashion awards at the 26th Street Armory. **8.** *Mirabella* editor-in-chief Roberta Myers and Germaine Greer at an editorial lunch at Le Cirque. **9.** Winners Judi Dench, Martin Short, Bernadette Peters, and Brian Dennehy at the Tony awards.

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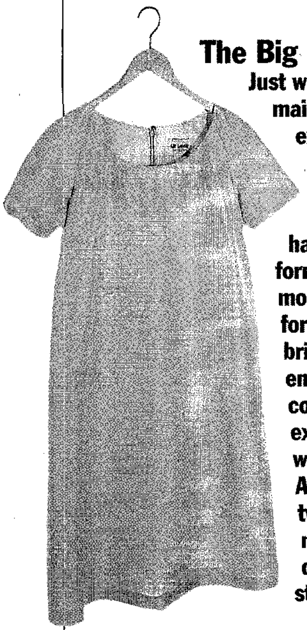
Bride Grooming

If a certain engaged pal of yours has turned into an unbearable bridezilla, a double session of shiatsu and all the aromatherapy oils in the West Village may not be enough to soothe the savage beast. With such transformations in mind, the Away Spa in the W hotel offers Javanese Lulur, an hour-and-45-minute Indonesian treatment traditionally given to a bride on each of the 40 days before her wedding. The $150 decadence drill includes a Balinese full-body massage (like Swedish, but with a lighter touch); a good scrub-down with yogurt, rice, sandalwood, jasmine, and turmeric; and, for the blissful finale, a shower in a room filled with flower petals. A portion of the bill is donated to the Javanese village where the ritual originated, so recipients can feel almost saintly about their boundless selfishness. SARAH BERNARD

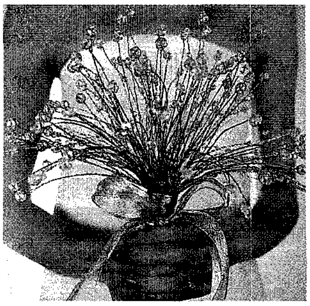


The Big Day

Just when you thought selecting bridesmaids' dresses couldn't be any more exasperating, your maid—make that matron—of honor announces she's expecting. But that doesn't mean *your* wedding has to be shotgun: Liz Lange, the former *Vogue* editor who helped moms-to-be shed tents and muumuus for cigarette pants, has taken on the bridesmaid market with twelve different styles and more than a hundred colors ($295–$425) to ensure that expectant bridesmaids can fit in with the rest of the wedding party. And Lange can whip up a dress with two weeks' notice, so there's no need to panic if the sonogram suddenly shows *two* bundles of joy instead of one. MEGAN QUITKIN

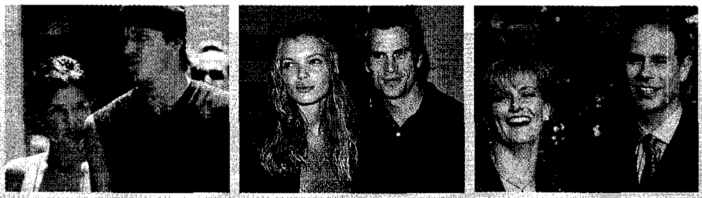
Flowers Are Forever

Most wedding planners deem the throwing of the bouquet as outdated as a big-band rendition of Kool and the Gang's "Celebration." So now, instead of tossing their flowers to the most desperate bridesmaid, some brides are opting to hold on to their blossoms indefinitely—by carrying Manolo's "Bouquet of Love," a hand-crafted arrangement of Austrian-crystal flowers and gold- or silver-plated wire stems ($350–$500) down the aisle. If the sentimental urge to throw the thing still strikes, there's one more reason to resist: One recent bride who carried the arrangement to the altar cautions, "You could take out an eye with this!" MAURA EGAN



Altar Egos

The wedding season wouldn't be complete without a few celebrities stopping for photo ops as they walk down the aisle. This summer, sentimental fans can gawk at an international roster of blockbuster ceremonies. M.E.



BRIDAL PARTIES	GOWN LOWDOWN	VIP R.S.V.P.'S	LOCATION	HOT FLASHES
Spice Girl Victoria "Posh" Adams and David Beckham	**Vera Wang—the spandex-clad pop star requested something "virginal" from the blue-chip designer**	**Various Spice Girls and Manchester United hooligans**	**July 4 ceremony will take place in Luttrellstown Castle in Dublin**	**Sold the rights to their wedding-day photographs to *OK!* magazine for more than 1 million pounds**
Prince Edward and Sophie Rhys-Jones	**Samantha Shaw—a small London designer who commands a $17,000 price tag**	**Princes Andrew and Charles are groomsmen, but Camilla and Fergie have been crossed off the guest list**	**St. George's Chapel at Windsor Castle, home of the royal family**	**BBC will televise the mass service**
Esther Cañadas and Mark Vanderloo	**Donna Karan—she designed outfits for both bride and groom, whose romance blossomed on a DKNY photo shoot**	**Donna Karan, the matchmaker—and the usual coterie of designers and models**	**Florence, Italy**	**Perfect opportunity for another DKNY fashion spread**

Illustration by Adam McCauley. Photographs: clockwise from right, Amy Freeth; Brian Smith/FSP/Gamma Liais
Evan Agostini/Gamma Liaison; Lawrence Schwartzwald/Gamma Liaison; Michael Kra

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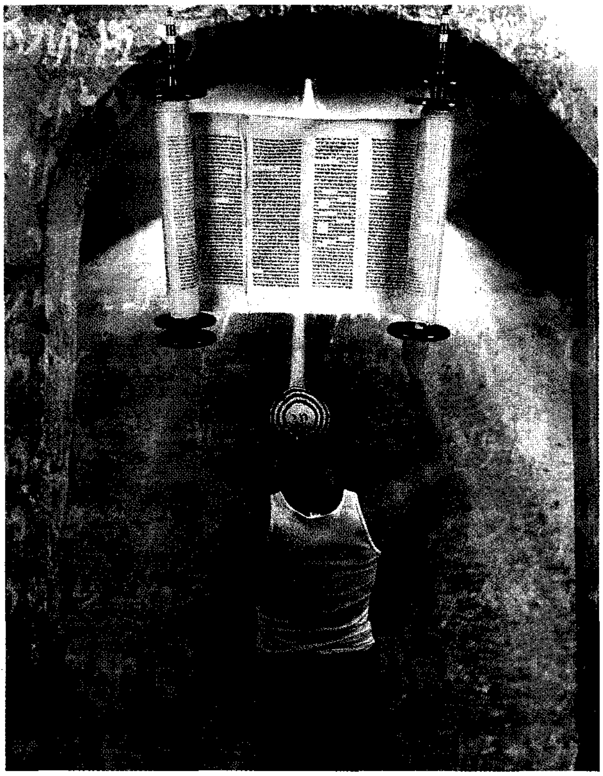
RELIGION SAMUEL G. FREEDMAN

The Un-Reformation

A new statement of principles urges Reform Jews to return to tradition; attendance at Woody Allen films no longer qualifies as religious observance.



ON THE NIGHT BEFORE AMERICA'S Reform Jewish rabbis climaxed months of cacophonous debate by voting to reclaim many of the religious rituals that their movement had once disowned, a Brooklynite named Michael Klein took to the Internet to offer his unsolicited endorsement. "I am an Orthodox Jew," he wrote on the Website maintained by the Central Conference of American Rabbis, Reform's governing body. "But I was surprised . . . that there was nothing I would object to or disagree with, save for a few paragraphs . . . It's not sufficient, of course, because it does not accept G-d as the Commander and ultimate Authority, and neither does it state an ironclad commitment to *Halacha* [religious law]. But it's a good start."

Compliments from such quarters demonstrate exactly why the new Reform principles have so deeply divided the largest branch of American Jewry. Even as the Central Conference's members approved the platform in late May by a lopsided tally of 324 to 68, scores of the nation's 1.5 million Reform Jews continued the controversy that has raged since the guidelines reasserting traditional values, including Hebrew literacy, Torah study, and observance of Shabbat and kashruth, were introduced last December. As if the text alone were not divisive enough in Reform circles, it went by the provocative title "The Ten Principles."

From the very outset, opponents of the platform have attacked it as a concession to Orthodoxy. "I thought the proposed principles were almost 'fundamentalist,' " Dr. Frank Miller of Greenville, South Carolina, wrote on the Website. Jean Hecht, a member of Temple Concord in Binghamton, New York, warned of "a fear out here in congregation land that we are turning into Conservadox congregations." Max Wiesenfeld, who identified himself only as a resident of New Jersey, contended that "it would be a terrible mistake for the leadership, for whatever reason, to force the views of the minority on the majority."

Given the rancor within Judaism—the *haredi* attacks on mixed-gender worshippers at the Western Wall, the dismissal by fundamentalist rabbis of Reform and Conservative practice as "not really Judaism"—one can understand a certain demagogic temptation to attack the principles by linking them to Reform's enemies. But that misses the point. Less than proving the triumph of Orthodoxy, the platform attests to the demise of Jewish ethnicity as the basis of Reform. By urging a return to the rites that their forebears deemed atavistic, the Reform rabbis are acknowledging that ethical precepts and communal bonds alone can no longer provide for Jewish continuity. Even a religion founded on the altar of Enlightenment rationalism has decided that it has to be, well, more religious.

"It you remove belief from the mix of tradition and history, you weaken the entire identity structure," the author Anne Roiphe put it in an essay about secular Judaism several months ago in *The Jerusalem Report*. "It's all very well to speak of the Yom Kippur ball on the Lower East Side and the deep Jewish feelings of skeptics such as Freud and Herzl, but their descendants have trouble hanging on. The rituals turn empty, the knowledge of Hebrew, of Jewish culture, of Jewish history fades. Without religion or Jewish nationalism heated up to a fever pitch, or Holocaust memory fresh in the mind, what remains is pale and limp and hangs around for only a generation or so."

A major study of American Jewry released last October lent statistical credence to Roiphe's argument. Stephen M. Cohen, a Hebrew University sociologist specializing in the Diaspora, found that contrary to conventional wisdom, American Jews are becoming not less religious—but less ethnic. "Younger Jews," he wrote, "are just as religiously committed, God-oriented, and ritually observant as their elders." But in a variety of secular measures—attachment to Israel, attitudes toward intermarriage, membership in communal organizations—Jewish identity is waning.

No fact speaks more profoundly to the Reform conundrum than Cohen's finding about the decreasing importance of political activism. While half the Jews older than 65 in Cohen's sample considered social justice integral to their identity, only one-sixth of those aged 25 to 34 felt similarly. "Even if Jewish political views remain as far to the left of the American center as they

Illustration by Rosa Lee

always have," Cohen concluded, "Jews are apparently attaching declining significance to politics as an expression of their Jewishness."

THE REFORM BRANCH, MORE THAN ANY other in American Judaism, has defined itself by political action, from the Triangle Shirtwaist Company protests in 1911 to the March on Washington in 1963 to the Washington rally for Soviet Jewry in 1987. Reform began ordaining women as rabbis in the seventies, a decade before the Conservative movement. These days, however, the closest thing Reform has to a central controversy is the question of accepting same-sex marriage—a cause that polarizes rather than unifies the ranks.

> *The Reform rabbinate is* **taking refuge in the prayer shawl and skullcap** *it once disdained, in Shlomo Carlebach's Hassidic 'nigunim' rather than the Christian-like hymns of yore.*

So it should come as no surprise that the Reform rabbinate is taking refuge in the tallith and *kipah* (prayer shawl and skullcap) it once disdained; that today's Reform cantor is more likely to lead the faithful in one of Shlomo Carlebach's Hassidic *nigunim* than in the Christian-like hymns of yore. The female clergy whom Reform's Hebrew Union College have been training at an increasing pace—clergy who, on matters except those of gender, often admire the Orthodox model—figure prominently in the neo-traditional faction. And most congregational rabbis know that, in a marriage requiring a conversion, it is generally the Jew-by-choice rather than the lifelong variety who craves a more substantial religious experience.

Still, all these forces are pushing against history itself. The founding document of the American Reform movement, the Pittsburgh Platform of 1885, depicted ritual as anachronistic, even anathema, in an enlightened age. "[W]e accept only the moral laws and statutes as divine," the platform declared, "but reject all those so-

(continued on page 98)

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MEDIA MICHAEL WOLFF

Truman Being

James Truman is Condé Nast's international man of mystery. His most visible job now is decorating the new building. But what, exactly, does he whisper in the boss's ear?

IN MY DREAMS OF BEING RICH BEYOND all reckoning, one of the things I do is hire someone whose job it is just to talk to me, to amuse me, most of all to understand me—to know what I want before I want it. This is, obviously, an ignoble thing to desire, much less admit, but perhaps a helpful character flaw when it comes to trying to analyze the dynamic of the relationship between 71-year-old S. I. Newhouse, chairman of Condé Nast, and his editorial director, the 41-year-old James Truman. By all accounts, such a relationship is the younger man's key advantage within the Condé Nast organization: He is comfortable with the exceedingly awkward billionaire, and, of certainly greater importance, Newhouse is comfortable with him.

"With both of them," observes an editor who has often been in their company, "birds fly north and birds fly south in the middle of a conversation. They do this halting, tentative, incredibly polite stuttering thing as they try to guess what the other is thinking. It's like two vacuums facing each other. If you have a problem with awkward silences, you will never have that problem more so than with Si and James."

In theory, Truman is charged with the editorial oversight of Condé Nast's seventeen magazines, a role he took over from the legendary Alexander Liberman upon his retirement in 1994. Except that the editors of all but the most poorly performing titles continue to report directly to Newhouse—or to the company's president, the aggressively territorial Steve Florio. Some observers argue that Truman has recently solidified his standing at Condé Nast with his appointments of three key editors—Mark Golin at *Details,* Bonnie Fuller at *Glamour,* and Ruth Reichl at *Gourmet*—and will extend his influence when *The New Yorker* moves into the new Condé Nast building nearer (in theory) to James's thumb. And then there's the new building itself, which the company starts to move into this week. The tower, which dominates Times Square, and which the company has lavished all its vast taste and style resources upon—a kind of living, ultimate Condé Nast magazine, not to mention a monument to Si Newhouse himself, who, sooner rather than later, will be passing the company to the next Newhouse generation—has been Truman's preoccupation for the past two years. He's hand-selected the furniture and worked with Frank Gehry on designing the dining room. While obviously Si wants him to be doing this—it's a big responsibility at a place like Condé Nast to be trusted with the furniture—being put on that detail has also provoked quite a bit of tittering.

The Truman show: Tasteful, elusive.

Truman's problem is not an atypical one in royal courts and large corporations. Without fixed responsibilities and a true power base—a profit-and-loss statement and a staff that owes you its loyalty—you're pretty much dependent on the whims of your patron, even if your patron is the king. In many respects Truman's position, or speculation about the nature of his position, provides a way for people to analyze the particularly complex corporate culture at Condé Nast. Is he powerful? Is he not? Is he meaningful? Is he a joke? Is he a viable business model or a sui generis one-off?

While Newhouse intimates speak of Truman with due respect (although constantly weighing his mettle, too: "With the completion of the building, I've noticed that Si's confidence in James has clearly increased," says one), throughout the rest of the kingdom there is one recurring question, which sums up both the vagaries of his character and the mysteries of Condé Nast:

"What exactly does James do?"

Indeed, everybody seems to turn into a novelist when it comes to trying to describe his role:

"He is Chance the Gardener."

"He has a studied sexual ambiguity, so he can appeal to women like Anna Wintour and men like Billy Norwich—women and gay men being Condé Nast's largest power blocs—as well as a class ambiguity. It's unclear where he's come from."

"He is a mysterious, fey, ephemeral figure."

"He has a weird kind of Zen cryptic authority."

"He has exquisite, impeccable, faultless taste."

"It's all about how he wears his clothes—which he does like no one else."

HOW CONDÉ NAST BECAME SO CENTRAL TO American journalism and magazines and media—a position meant to be immortalized by the magnificence of its new building—and how James Truman became so central to Condé Nast is not exactly an inevitable tale.

Condé Nast was a carriage-trade publisher fallen on hard times when it was rescued in the fifties by Sam Newhouse, father of Si and of Donald (who runs the

Photograph by Gregory Pace/Retna.

larger and more lucrative side of the family business, its newspaper chain and cable stations) and husband of Mitzi (for whom he is said to have bought Condé Nast as a present). Sam Newhouse promptly reinvented Condé Nast as a rag-trade publisher. Its lot was fashion magazines (not to be confused with women's magazines) at a time when fashion was something for your mother. The company was not—nor did it aspire to be—part of the journalism or cultural world.

Three things changed in the eighties. Sam Newhouse died, and the awkward and unhappy but socially envious Si Newhouse took over. Fashion designers came to occupy a major role in the life of the city. And the bull market ushered in the age of status and acquisitiveness. Around his increasingly important fashion titles, Newhouse added a lineup of affluent lifestyle magazines, including *Gourmet, Architectural Digest,* and *Condé Nast Traveler.* He added journalism too: relaunching *Vanity Fair,* buying *The New Yorker,* and inflating editorial budgets. Sparing no expense, the company again remade itself, and the New York media world flocked to its doors, attracted by its parties, its courtlike atmosphere (who was in and who was out), its salaries, its perks, its curbside rows of black Town Cars. (It is odd, though, that this normally combative world was so attracted to a company that prized English manners and frowned on the garrulous, or argumentative, or even expressive.)

> *“Truman became Condé Nast's what's-next prince. In him, rock and roll mixed with fashion sense mixed with Englishness mixed with sexual ambiguity mixed with crypticness, adding up to* **a strange, compelling authority.**

MEANWHILE, JAMES TRUMAN WAS GROWING up in Nottingham, England, in a middle-class family. A teenage pop-culture autodidact (in the age of punk), he forswore college, took a training course in journalism, moved to London, and joined a local weekly, the *Hampstead & Highgate Express,* as a cub reporter. He was the sitcom character: the punk-rocker covering town meetings as he tried to write for London's cooler rock magazines. After a few years, he told the *Hampstead & Highgate Express* he was leaving for Hollywood to try his hand at screenwriting. He ended up in New York, where he freelanced for *The Face,* the coolest of England's rock magazines, and then got a job at Bob Guccione Jr.'s start-up, *Spin.* Within a year, he was the executive editor, and he and Guccione were inseparable friends. “We were together every night. Our girlfriends were jealous,” says Guccione, who speaks of Truman through the bittersweet filter of a broken friendship. “I always thought he could have been one of the best writers of his generation. But it seemed to be a miserable existence for him”—late deadlines, agonizing rewrites, paralyzing perfectionism are a part of Truman lore—“and at some point he just decided he didn't want to do it anymore.” Quarreling over the direction of *Spin*—“James wanted it to be *The Face,*” says Guccione—Truman headed back out to Los Angeles to try screenwriting again.

Failing (or not succeeding) at the movies, he arrived back in New York and famously caught the attention of *Vogue* editor Anna Wintour—the story, perhaps apocryphal, has her captivated by the way he wore a checkered Armani jacket—and shortly joined her staff.

The magazine business in the late eighties and early nineties was deep in recession and identity crisis. Where the eighties had been about upscale titles, there was a recession-born belief that magazines needed to speak to a new, hipper, more jaded generation. “What's next?” became something of an obsession even for the exceedingly aloof, deeply unstreetwise Newhouse. Indeed, if you were a passionate what-next person and managed to get his ear, you were in the chips. Newhouse's what-next forays included investing in *The Face* in London and *Wired* in San Francisco and buying New York's downtown fashion magazine, *Details,* which, in a turnabout, he grafted onto James Truman's what-next idea for a young men's Gen-X magazine.

As *Details* grew and seemed to thrive, Truman became Condé Nast's what-next prince. In him, rock and roll mixed with fashion sense mixed with Englishness mixed with sexual ambiguity mixed with Chance the Gardener crypticness and added up to a strange, compelling authority that appealed most of all to the equally delphic Alexander Liberman. It was Liberman, at age 81, planning his retirement as editorial director and as tutor and confidant to the company's chairman, who made the match between Newhouse and Truman. “Liberman saw James as a kindred soul, because James saw court life the way Liberman did—as a circus, as an aesthetic phenomenon,” analyzes a former Condé Nast editor. “Liberman was Machiavellian, and James was amused by Liberman's Machiavellianism. The twosome of Liberman and Newhouse become a threesome for a while. And while it was necessary that James get along with Si, James was also chosen for the job because Condé Nast had a pop-culture problem—it was out of touch. James Truman was a rock journalist, perhaps the only rock journalist they had ever met, and they believed he was in touch with what they didn't understand.”

TO BE THE HIP PILOT FISH, THE HARBINGER of things to come, sounds like a better job than it probably is.

Indeed, all the problems of what-nextness—i.e., that you almost always guess wrong when you're trying to guess—unfolded at *Details.* Truman's vision of the magazine as a modified downtown-nirvana-slacker-what-are-we-going-to-do-and-what-are-we-going-to-wear-when-we-do-it youth-culture magazine was almost immediately eclipsed by bull-market-hip-hop-Internet culture. (Hence, the decision to buy *Wired*—although in fact, Condé Nast is perhaps the least wired of all major media companies.) After the fading of Generation X, *Details* became, in a process one editor characterized as the “long, horrific struggle,” a magazine about work and entrepreneurship, then a magazine about Frank Sinatra–Rat Pack–style cool, and now, with the recent decision to hire *Maxim* editor Mark Golin, a magazine dedicated to beer and boobs.

Truman, uncoupling himself from *Details* in time to avoid the fate of its next three editors (Truman himself fired them all), managed to get the classic be-careful-what-you-wish-for promotion. His job, in effect, is to be the infinitely hip friend of the truly clueless Newhouse. That is, in such circles as Newhouse moves, a fairly common role for your decorator.

Which is not necessarily to minimize that role. If the Times Square building becomes a symbol of a new, millennial Condé Nast, Truman's stock rises, too.

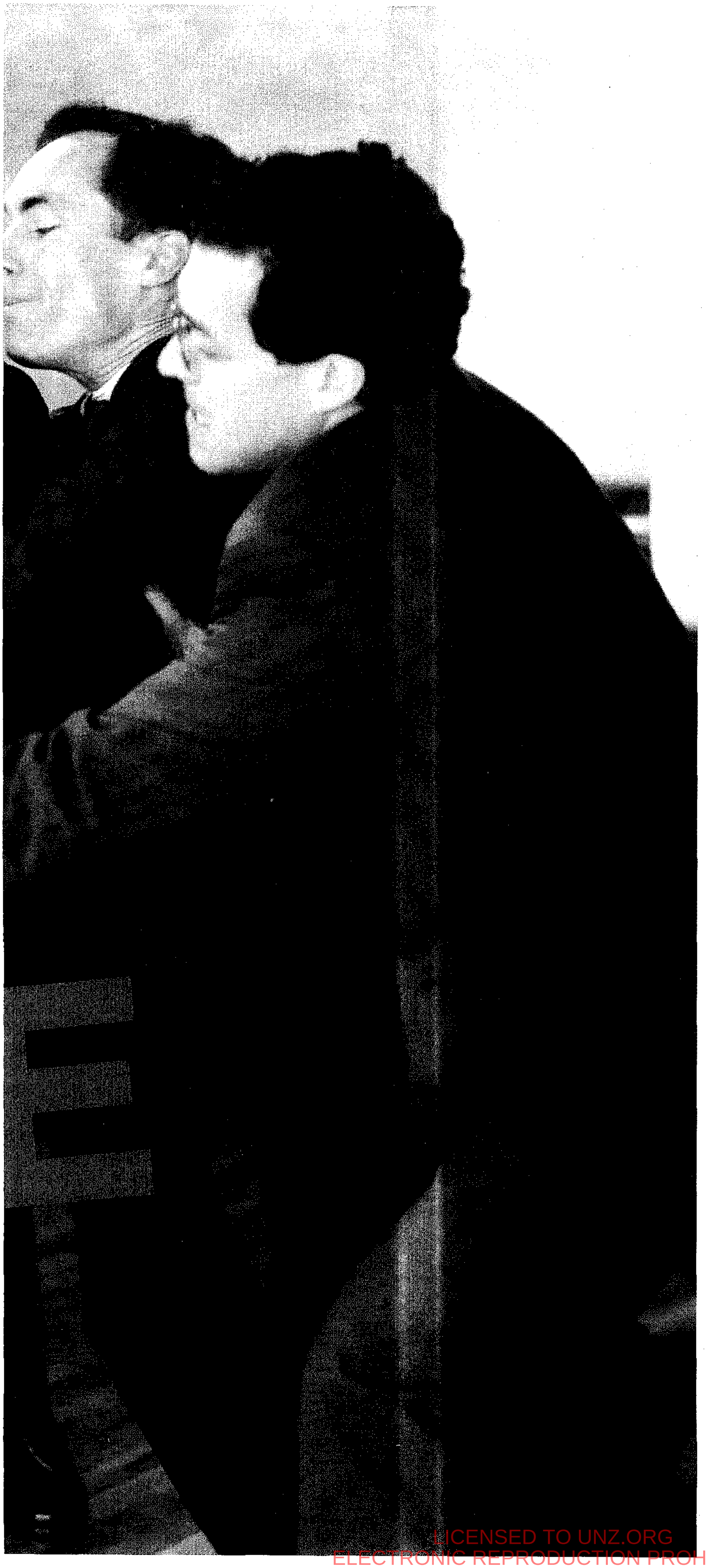
Still. As a more or less immutable corporate law, almost anyone who gets stuck with planning the new office is cursed for years to come. ■

E-mail: michael@burnrate.com

THE DR REPORT

The white-shoe firms are making more money than ever, but success bears an **onerous** price tag. It's the blood, sweat, and tears—outrageous hours and brutal **infighting**—that have made practicing law no fun anymore.

By T. Z. Parsa



“I CAN RELATE TO THE RUSSIAN general defecting during the height of the Cold War,” says a partner at one of Manhattan’s biggest law firms. “Everyone knows which partners are likely candidates to leave the firm, and they watch you closer than the KGB, especially if you have a portable practice. They look at it as their money you’re taking with you when you leave.” ◦ He recalls how he was approached by his new firm after the legal press reported that he’d won a large chunk of business—a big securities offering by a *Fortune* 500 company. Over several weeks, the defecting partner met with key lawyers from the suitor firm during a series of clandestine lunches at different SoHo bistros—the kinds of places more often patronized by German models, disinherited counts, and hipster tourists than by Wall Street lawyers. Negotiations about compensation took place in the lobby bar of the Peninsula Hotel, the preliminary agreement sketched on the back of a cocktail napkin. ◦ “It was a little cloak-and-dagger,” he says, laughing. “We chose places where I was unlikely to run into anyone from my old firm. If anyone had found out before a deal was struck, it would have been worse than awkward. It would have been *war.*”

Photographed by Hugh Hales-Tooke

THEY'RE WEARING COMBAT BOOTS AT the white-shoe law firms these days. Only ten years ago, news of a partner's leaving his longtime firm had the shock value of an archbishop's joining the rabbinate. People once hitched themselves to a firm for better or for worse. Today, big law is a fast and dirty profession, with impulsive Vegas-style firm-to-firm nuptials, rancorous partner divorces, and he-who-leaves-with-the-most-clients-wins game plans. A young partner at one big Manhattan firm tells of being threatened with bodily harm by an older partner when he tried to deal with a big client directly. "He was joking, but not really," says the more junior esquire. "He made me swear that I would never meet with the client unless he was in the room." A senior partner who recently left his longtime firm says the aggressive maneuvers pulled by his younger colleagues made him feel like grizzled Santiago from *The Old Man and the Sea,* dragging his marlin to shore: "You win a big client, and you can't even finish one deal before other people are trying to tear a chunk off for themselves."

Firms tend to lose their cool o
at the pram," says one partner. "It's not G

Whatever happened to firm loyalty? The institutional pride that made these firms as prestigious as the Ivy League schools where they recruited? Whither the eminent *consiglieri,* the trusted advisers who had the ears of corporate titans and who for generations enjoyed a sense of leisurely superiority to their banking and business clients who spent their time chasing after the bucks?

"We made a Faustian pact," says another partner. "In the eighties, business was so good that the partners got rich beyond their wildest dreams. [The firms] did anything to accommodate the flow of business—hired associates that they had to fire later, set aside traditions. We got used to big profits. As a result, we compromised our dignity and respect."

"The day of the firm as family has passed," admits Francis Morison, senior partner at Davis Polk & Wardwell. "As is the case with sports teams and *Fortune* 500 corporations, lawyers are now free agents."

The most recent high-profile partner defections include Dennis Block, who left Weil, Gotshal & Manges for Cadwalader, Wickersham & Taft last July, and Rigdon Boykin, the head of Chadbourne & Parke's Hong Kong office and the heart of its international project-finance practice, who went over to O'Melveney & Myers in October.

Block and Boykin were just following the examples of lawyers like John Kirby Jr.—whose jump from Mudge Rose Guthrie Alexander & Ferdon to Latham & Watkins in 1995, while he was still the head of the firm's executive committee, was widely regarded as the bullet that slayed Mudge Rose—and litigator David Boies, who quit Cravath (the firm nobody *ever* leaves) in 1997 to hang out his own shingle in Washington, D.C.

And those are just the marquee names. Hundreds of young rainmakers are now playing musical firms. Flip backward through the 1999 calendar: There are the five Paul, Hastings, Janofsky & Walker litigation partners who skipped over to Proskauer Rose in May; an intellectual-property partner at Fish & Richardson who swam over to Rogers & Wells one month before; and the three partners from Anderson, Kill & Olick who high-tailed it to Davis & Gilbert in March. Then there's Ellen Werther, the Liz Taylor of law partnerships: Since 1993, she has been attached to at least three firms, including Coudert Brothers; Akin, Gump, Straus, Hauer & Feld; and Milbank, Tweed, Hadley & McCloy (which she left this year). Major defections in 1998 include the four partners from Milbank, who jumped to the New York office of U.K.-based Freshfields last September. A conga line of three partners, nine associates, four secretaries, and a paralegal at White & Case shuffled off to Linklaters & Paines, another English firm, last May.

Fierce salary scuffles are breaking out as the biggest firms attempt to lasso high-yield partners and the most competent associates. And though both associate salaries and partner profits have exploded over the past twenty years, surveys indicate that big-firm lawyers are less satisfied with their jobs than ever. An *American Lawyer* survey this month reports that 93 percent of all partners are pleased with their decision to practice at a large firm, but, as one recently made partner countered on the newly founded Yahoo! club Distressed Partners, "If I were unhappy . . . I still couldn't see expressing my dissatisfaction, even anonymously, to *The American Lawyer.*"

"I must get twenty résumés from junior partners every week," says Stephen Revell, head of Freshfields's New York office. "They want out, a better deal, a surer future."

This isn't your father's country club. Lawyers have started treating one another like, well, lawyers.

"Everyone fights over who gets credit for bringing in business," says Marianne Rosenberg, a White & Case partner who jumped to the more collegial English megafirm Linklaters & Paines in May 1998. "Older partners shield their clients. Younger partners try to steal them."

"REAMERS AND DREAMERS" IS HOW ONE EX-associate who recently took a job as an investment banker classifies his colleagues of the past three years—the partners who mercilessly bombard associates with work and the associates who desperately yearn to escape as soon as a dent is made in the law-school loans.

"The partners scream at me, and I scream at the paralegals," says one Sullivan & Cromwell associate. "And the paralegals scream at the word processors. I hope the word processors go home and scream at their dogs or something, because if not, we're going to have a real postal situation on our hands."

The dissatisfaction is plain on every level. Young law-school grads used to yoke themselves to the city's big firms with the understanding that good work would lead them inevitably to the grail of partnership and the status that once went with it. (The author was an associate at Cleary, Gottleib, Steen & Hamilton from 1996 to 1997.) But today's associate regards the firm as a mere stepping stone to investment banking, or an in-house job at a company that will treat him better. "For this I killed myself to get an A in constitutional law?" asks an associate at Davis Polk & Wardwell. "To pull three all-nighters a month chasing commas in a document and then get yelled at when a partner finds a typo I missed?

Partners smile with pride and point to their firms' expanding ranks, new foreign offices, and mounting lucre. "Business is booming," exclaims Stephen Volk, senior partner of the bulging-at-the-seams 725-lawyer firm Shearman & Sterling. "We're doing great!" The bigger the better is the partner mantra these days—merger fever is spreading fast among the city's firms, touched off by the recent announcement that the 1,990-lawyer English firm Clifford Chance stands to acquire the 128-year-old, 425-lawyer Manhattan-based Rogers & Wells in the coming months.

A merger between White & Case and

Photograph, preceding page: fashion styling by Joseph Delate for Link; prop styling by John Robinson; grooming by Regina Harris for L'Atelier. Suits by Hugo Boss, Ferragamo, Polo Ralph Lauren from Barneys New York, and Paul Stuart; shirts by Thomas Pink;

Brown & Wood that would have resulted in the nation's fourth-largest firm, with more than 1,200 lawyers, was scotched in March. But many more mergers are in the works, driven by the city firms' desire to have an international presence and foreign firms' seeking a beachhead in the world's top financial center. Chadbourne & Parke is reportedly looking to join forces with a European powerhouse after a shaky couple of years marred by partner defections and slow-growing profits. England's Freshfields has been sniffing around Milbank; Fried, Frank, Harris, Shriver & Jacobson; and Paul, Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton & Garrison. Curtis, Mallet-Prevost, Colt & Mosle is rumored to be deep into merger negotiations with the British law firm Norton Rose. "It's a bit like elephants mating," says Stephen Revell, the managing partner of Freshfields's rapidly growing New York office. "But if the banks can do it and the insurance companies can do it, there is no reason the law firms can't do it, too."

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e *Mr. Chips.* They do not wish them we"

Revell predicts that at least five midsize New York firms (150 to 250 lawyers) will disappear in 1999. Indeed, merger mania is driven by the fear that today's large firms of 300 to 400 lawyers won't be able to compete with the new global megafirms offering one-stop shopping for all legal needs across many jurisdictions. "There is a growing fear that everyone will rush to the church at once, and there won't be enough brides," says a Morgan, Lewis partner.

Today's typical big Manhattan law firm is like a soaring skyscraper hastily constructed on the eighteenth-century foundation of a Beaux-Arts gentlemen's club—and the stress fractures are showing. "It used to be the firm against the world. You really were brothers," says an ex-Coudert Brothers partner. "Now you can't trust anyone. You have lunch with a colleague, and the next week, he's taken his clients to another firm. Watch your back, or the guy down the hall will try to have you kicked out because your billings are down that year. It's every man for himself."

TAKE SUPERLAWYER DENNIS BLOCK; Weil, Gotshal & Manges is still smarting from his defection. Block packed up his 24-karat corporate-law practice—reported to be more than $15 million in annual billings—and moved from Weil's midtown office tower to 207-year-old Cadwalader, Wickersham & Taft's old-style Wall Street offices. The 56-year-old senior partner spent almost three decades at Weil, building an impressive roster of clients including General Electric and Bear Stearns.

Both of those companies' general counsels have stated publicly that they will continue referring matters to Block. "Clients don't hire law firms anymore—they hire lawyers," Block says emphatically. "My clients didn't select Weil; they selected Dennis Block, and most, if not all, of my old clients followed me to Cadwalader."

Bad news for Weil, but deeply satisfying to Block, a small man with graying hair and a slight paunch who is wearing a rumpled maroon tie when we meet in his document-cluttered Maiden Lane office. He is soft-spoken until a call interrupts our early-morning chat. Then his tone becomes one of intense authority—impatience and control. "What the fuck is that?" he hisses, hunched over the phone. "That is the stupidest fucking thing I ever heard. Listen, goddammit, this is the way it's going to happen . . ." It's $500 an hour's worth of legal lash, well spiced with profanity—and a Block signature.

Block claims he went to law school because he lacked the will to follow through on his undergraduate plans at SUNY Buffalo to be a dentist. He made his name advising the eighties' most infamous corporate raiders—Carl Icahn, Ronald Perelman, and Sir James Goldsmith—on their hostile takeovers and later litigating on their behalf when the inevitable shareholder suits were filed.

Block says he often works from six thirty in the morning to ten at night, seven days a week, and says that not a Sunday dinner in 30 years has gone by that has not been interrupted by an urgent phone call. "I didn't build Weil's corporate practice," he says, "by working shopkeeper hours."

Most partners who leave their old firm announce their departures only after they have secretly negotiated a new job; the New York State Bar Association's rules of ethics prohibit lawyers from trying to woo clients away from their old firms before they leave. But in the increasingly mercenary law-firm world, such niceties are seldom respected. Block announced his departure and then spent three months dangling his client list in front of a dozen of Manhattan's largest firms, all as he continued to conduct business from Weil's midtown offices. A manic phone campaign ensued, with Block and his ex-partners both calling the big-ticket clients to win them over to their respective sides. He shrugs off the hot glares and icy treatment he received from many of his old partners in his months of limbo. "If you're not getting support at what you're doing—and I never got support at Weil—if you're feeling that everybody is sort of out for themselves trying to build their own little fiefdom, then the satisfaction . . . isn't there."

"They've been having a great time [in Block's department] since Dennis left," says Stephen Dannhauser, a member of Weil's five-man executive committee. "It's been great to see so many leaders emerge and really come into their own." Dannhauser insists the firm's business-and-securities department is having one of its best years ever—even without Block—and that many of Block's clients, including Bear Stearns, continue to use the firm. "I personally cannot imagine leaving all the close professional, personal, and client relationships that I have built here," says Dannhauser, who has spent almost 25 years at Weil. "But then again, Dennis is a *very special person.*"

IT'S TELLING THAT BLOCK FINALLY SETTLED on Cadwalader—a firm that is itself a case study in how many New York law firms have reinvented themselves. "It's certainly not kinder and gentler, but they are doing what works," says one retired big-firm partner who admires what Cadwalader has done. "They buy the best lawyers away from other firms. Those lawyers bring big clients. Those clients generate big fees."

In 1994, a cabal of young Cadwalader partners won control of the firm's management committee. Adopting an initiative with the Orwellian name of Project Rightsize, the committee managed to oust seventeen older partners—partners who were being paid far more than their practices were worth, it was felt. More than twenty associates were also pushed out. (To help recruit new associates and to stay competitive with other firms also out there fishing for the best people, Cadwalader is paying first-years who start this fall an unprecedented $114,500.) Dusty and outdated practice groups, such as utilities and ship finance, were shut down, and so was a Palm Beach office, as the firm shifted focus to high-margin businesses like counseling on mergers and acquisitions, IPOs, and corporate restructurings—sexy Dennis Block-type deals.

It was an ugly affair, by most reports, a

ties by Thomas Pink and Paul Stuart; shoes by Ferragamo; briefcase from Barneys New York. Models: John Kern/Lifestyles, Alexander Blaise/Lifestyles, Robert Trumbull/Lifestyles, Curzon Dobell, Garth Mark/Lifestyles.

night of long knives in an erstwhile chummy environment that underscored the priorities phased in at most big firms over the past ten years. “There is no more patience for lawyers not focused on profits,” says management-committee member Christopher White, one of the coup's leaders. When he was being deposed in the course of one subsequent lawsuit, Jack Fritts, a former Cadwalader chairman who supported Project Rightsize, stated: “Life is not made up of love. It is made up of fear and greed and money.”

Today, Fritts laughs ruefully at his testimony but says he was explaining how other big New York firms would steal away Cadwalader's most productive lawyers if things didn't change. Fritts points to the fact that one of the ousted partners has returned to Cadwalader as special counsel (essentially, a senior lawyer drawing a fixed annual salary). Still, two ex-partners are supposed to be getting a total of more than $5 million after suing the firm for breach of the partnership agreement.

Fritts was right to have been worried—more than 1,100 of the city's big-firm partners have defected over the past ten years. Mudge Rose Guthrie Alexander & Ferdon, the 126-year-old firm where Richard Nixon was a partner before he became president, was sunk by a slew of thirteen partners and twenty associates who walked away in 1995. In 1998, 127-lawyer Donovan, Leisure, Newtown & Irvine dissolved after most of the litigation department marched off to another firm. The partner defections were prompted by different factors—declining profits, dissension over a proposed merger, or power struggles over firm management. But they illustrate only that it takes the defection of a few key partners to deal a death blow to firms with hundreds of lawyers.

“Observe the drones in their cells,” says an as
offices late at night. “Quite a life. Do I need to mention the

“Even a few partners leaving looks bad,” says Morison of Davis Polk, a firm that he maintains has suffered no partner defections. “Clients don't like to think that their counsel is distracted by internal problems—they'll send their work somewhere else.”

FIRMS TEND TO LOSE THEIR COOL OVER partner defections. “They throw their toys at the pram,” says one New York–based partner of an English law firm that has swiped more than ten American lawyers over the past few years. “It's not *Goodbye, Mr. Chips.* They do *not* wish them well.”

Jonathan Rod remembers how some Milbank partners behaved when he announced his imminent departure late last year: “They yell at you about being disloyal, ungrateful. Some of the hostility is heartfelt, some tactical, to guilt you into staying,” he says. “Then when you are gone, they circle the wagons, send a notice around wishing you luck but saying that your contributions to the firm were minor and easily replaced.”

When Jonathan DuBois, a Coudert Brothers banking partner, announced he was leaving the firm to join Morgan, Lewis & Bockius after a power struggle with firm management in 1996, a Coudert source says, disgruntled partners immediately locked DuBois out of Coudert's Grace Building offices. (DuBois had to return with a lawyer in tow and a temporary restraining order to remove his personal effects.)

DuBois had previously rankled Coudert leaders by opening merger discussions with San Francisco–based Pillsbury, Madison & Sutro without telling the management committee, one Coudert partner recalls. An ex–Coudert partner claims the new committee stalled for six months on pursuing the merger—some suspect because its members were afraid of losing their positions of power. By the time DuBois was officially appointed to investigate mergers, Coudert was thought to be too weak to be attractive to potential mates. “We missed our window,” one ex–Coudert partner laments. “We could have been a contender in New York.”

IT'S LIKE *THE TREASURE OF THE SIERRA Madre,*” says one big-firm partner. “Everyone is so intent on getting the gold that it destroys the firm.” All but a handful of the city's big firms have rushed to prevent a similar partner flight by replacing their century-old “lockstep” compensation plans (under which all partners of the same seniority receive the same share of profits, irrespective of how much business they bring in) with an “eat what you kill” policy, awarding bigger draws to the rainmakers. A single-minded focus on profitability guided firm policy, and if that meant firing dewy-eyed associates or exiling loyal old partners, then so be it. “Management by terror” is what Jon Lindsey, New York–based principal at legal recruiter Major, Hagen & Africa, calls it, noting that a firm in which all the partners and associates are just looking for the next better-paying job is not a firm that has very good long-term prospects.

The short-term benefits, however, are clear. Now it is Cadwalader that is skimming the cream off competing firms. Christopher White says that the firm has poached almost twenty new partners from other firms over the past five years. It is also luring top mid-level associates with some of the highest salaries in the market. Cadwalader is now a lean, mean billing machine, its per-partner profits as reported in *The American Lawyer* soaring from from a low of $425,000 in 1994 to more than $800,000 in 1998.

Like an NBA franchise bidding for a top forward, the hungry management at Cadwalader won Block (as well as two other Weil partners and six associates) by handing him partial control of the firm's corporate and litigation departments and meeting his astronomical salary demands—more than $2 million a year plus substantial retirement benefits.

Block points out that he was the highest-paid lawyer at Weil and denies that money was the primary motivation for his move. But Weil sources disagree. They trace his disaffection to his claim that Weil's foreign offices were hemorrhaging cash and sucking profits away from the firm's New York headquarters. There was a power struggle with Weil patriarch Ira Millstein and the firm's management committee, which Block describes as “Millstein's brownnose lackeys.” Weil's Dannhauser claims that the firm's ten satellite offices are all profitable. Block insists that branch offices in places like Budapest, Warsaw, and Prague are useful only if they direct big clients to the New York office; branch offices require huge investments, Block says, and they aren't worthwhile if they are going to generate only low-end, less-interesting, and less-profitable legal work. “[Weil] wants to have an office in every nook and cranny of the world,” Block snorts. “They want to do real estate in Hungary!”

“At some of these firms, you're asking older partners to direct some of their profits to offices whose monetary benefits they may never receive,” Davis Polk's Francis Morison explains. “The gloves come off, and they come off quicker than ever these days.”

IN TODAY'S LAW FIRM, there are the rainmakers, and there are the sponges, who absorb the work as best they can, producing thousands upon thousands of billable hours through a painful metabolic process involving eighteen-hour workdays, 24-hour word-processing departments, and piles of late-night delivery menus.

In the old days, it was those associates passed over for partnership who quietly booked passage to work in-house for the firm's corporate clients. But increasingly, many young lawyers are fleeing to in-house legal departments that offer reasonable hours, great pay, and the long-term security that was once the hallmark of the big law firm. A 1998 survey done by PricewaterhouseCoopers's Law Firm and Law Department Consulting Practice indicates that top in-house positions pay as much as the average partner earns at a top-50 law firm. "And you get options," crows Michael Prior, an ex–Cleary, Gottlieb associate who is now in-house at a Seattle investment-advisory firm.

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ows don't open?

In the current big-firm factory atmosphere, it's hardly surprising that mid-level associates are fleeing their firms in record numbers, even though they've never been paid more. The problem is so severe that the New York State Bar Association has a committee dedicated to issues of associate retention and quality of life. "People leave to run chocolate shops in Vermont or work at investment banks," says one legal headhunter in Manhattan. "Some move to other firms, but many, many do not want to see the inside of a big law firm ever again."

"Observe the drones in their cells," says a senior associate as we wander late at night past rows of cramped fluorescent-lit offices at one midtown firm, each occupied by a grim-faced associate stoically digesting stacks of paper with his or her back to a spectacular view of Manhattan. "It's quite a life. Do I need to mention that the windows don't open?" In 1992, a Cleary, Gottlieb associate on leave of absence actually jumped to his death from the top of a building sometime after being released from a hospital where he was being treated for depression.

And law firms wonder why their most talented associates are leaving for the city's investment banks. "Lots and lots of them want to go over," says Toby Spitz, a legal recruiter in Manhattan. "They impress a managing director while doing a deal, and the next thing you know, they're making three times as much as a banker on the other side of the table."

Adding insult to injury, the bankers all but use their lawyers to polish their wingtips. "I remember years ago seeing some very junior banker screaming at a very senior associate from a big law firm because the investment bank's name wasn't properly placed on a bond prospectus," says a 41-year-old senior managing director at a major investment bank, laughing.

"There is something almost feminine about the work that the lawyers do—conforming documents and checking for typos," his 28-year-old co-worker, a vice-president, snickers. "They tidy up and put everything in its place. The difference between banking and lawyering is the difference between hunting and weaving."

Adds the managing director, "The big law firms are like standing armies, and you need that when you are trying to put a deal together quickly. But I've been in the Army, and it's not much fun."

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, THE LEGAL-search business was virtually nonexistent in New York. But today, advertisements for dozens of legal-search firms crowd the backs of the trade papers, packed in tight beside tombstone notices announcing firms' newly admitted partners. Headhunters stay busy playing both sides—promising associates deliverance from the chain gang and offering the firms fresh bodies to plug the gaping holes in their pyramid of lawyers.

"They start calling as you approach the end of your second year," says Sascha Rand, a litigation associate who left Weil three weeks ago to study constitutional law at Oxford. "Everyone seems to leave after two years."

"The headhunters euphemistically call these other firms they're pitching you 'lifestyle' firms," adds an associate at Davis Polk, who says they like to rattle off billable-hour stats—"2,200 at this firm versus 2,800 at the one you're at."

At the higher altitudes, firms develop hit lists of key partners who have expertise and clients in areas the acquiring firms want to build. The headhunters pore over *The American Lawyer*'s annual survey of the 100 most profitable firms—widely credited as a catalyst for all the firm-hopping—because firms with the slowest profit-per-partner growth are the best hunting grounds.

Big-firm vets are secretly aghast at some midst, like the Davis Polk associate everyo

Ratcheting up the pressure at the megafirms is the fact that every time an associate migrates over to a client, the firm isn't just losing another associate but gaining an auditor. "I feel no personal bond at all with Skadden," says one lawyer of Skadden, Arps, Slate, Meagher & Flom, where he was an associate for almost five years; he now works in the legal department of a large manufacturing company as in-house counsel. "I occasionally use them," he says. "But I don't let them get away with the kind of stuff that *I* got away with." Corporations are increasingly motivating their in-house lawyers by paying bonuses for cost-cutting.

"There is much more scrutiny of bills than there was before," affirms Stephen Volk at Shearman & Sterling. A booming legal-audit industry has been feeding on a steady diet of fatty firm bills and growing client suspicion since the early nineties. As partners try to transform almost every part of a firm's infrastructure into a profit center, including the word-processing, fax, and photocopying departments, law firms became ripe auditing targets. "It isn't just the 50-cent photocopies, $2-a-page faxes or $500 meeting-room snack plates that really drive up costs," says Judith Bronsther, a principal at Manhattan-based Accountability Services, Inc. "Law firms aren't dishonest, but they have purposefully selected practices that tend to maximize profits and not efficiency—the billable hour being the clearest example."

LEGAL AUDITORS RAISE THEIR EYEBROWS high at such recent tactics as paying associates bonuses based on billable hours. Since the salaries and overhead of associates are fixed, every dollar of fees generated through billable hours by an associate that exceeds the costs to keep him becomes profit for the partners. "It's an invitation to fraud," says Bronsther. Yearly billing targets that five years ago were aspirational are now mandatory at many firms, according to Bronsther; time sheets are kept even at such firms as Cravath and Sullivan & Cromwell that say billable hours do not directly determine how much a client pays or associate compensation.

What does it mean for an associate to bill 2,500 to 3,000 hours a year? It means billing more than ten hours a day, assuming the standard four-week vacation and weekends are sacred. However, most complain that working at least one day on the weekend is expected. Many also admit a tendency to overstate the number of hours worked.

As one third-year associate who billed 2,900 hours in 1998 explains: "If I am at the firm for fifteen hours, I bill for all fifteen, even though I may only work twelve or so after personal phone calls, lunch, whatever. You feel justified if you are there until midnight every night on a deal—it's sad, but my biggest sense of progress at the firm is watching the hours build up on the billing-status reports that the firm sends me every month."

"The big-firm practice breeds freaks!" shouts one associate who recently crossed over to the investment-banking side. "Look at the kind of person you have to be to put in the time to make partner," says an ex-Cleary associate. "These are people who put their heads down in high school and never picked them up again."

Associates cynically refer to themselves as billing units, but partners maintain that bonuses are dispensed out of fairness, to ensure that all associates pull their weight. "There have to be incentives," says Cadwalader's Christopher White, whose firm paid up to $32,500 apiece last year to associates who billed more than 2,500 hours. "Clients have been demanding more and more from us, and you can't ask associates to give up so much without spreading the wealth."

AND THE FIRMS NEED TO STAY COMpetitive, especially with all the newcomers sharp-elbowing their way to the table. Roughly 100 out-of-town U.S. firms have opened New York branches. The five principal U.K. firms—Clifford Chance; Linklaters & Paines; Freshfields; Allen & Overy; and Slaughter and May (the Magic Circle, as they are known in England)—are gunning for IPOs and bond issues and are agreeing to cap their fees, a practice that is giving their Manhattan counterparts night sweats. Although technically restricted from practicing law by the New York State Bar Association, the Big Five accounting firms are also worming their way into the gray area of tax consulting; each currently employs more tax attorneys than most big New York firms.

Firms have suddenly found themselves in the position of having to convince company CFOs that they can do the best job at the lowest price. "For many years, there was very little competition for clients," says Charles O'Neill, the operations partner at Chadbourne & Parke, who joined the firm in 1972. "You weren't always hustling for business. Partners spent very little time managing and a lot of time practicing law. Now you have to consider competition, management techniques, marketing, and long-term planning. You have to keep more balls in the air these days."

Recruiting is one of them, since associate bodies equal more billable hours, which equal more profits. Reports have the 500-lawyer Coudert Brothers panning for legal talent as far away as New

Zealand, and many big firms have been browsing at top Canadian law schools. For the past ten years, first-year-associate classes at Manhattan's most prestigious law firms have been ballooning. That means some hapless Debevoise & Plimpton junior partner with an affinity for grits flies to Atlanta and checks into the Westin to participate in Emory Law School's recruiting day. Emory is ranked No. 28 in *U.S. News & World Report's* 1999 "Best Law Schools" survey, but that doesn't mean that a good number of the top ten New York firms won't be battling to lure the school's top students.

With its 1999 first-year class numbering 143, Skadden is recruiting at 43 law schools. The partners make light of school rankings today and argue that getting top grades just about anywhere is a fair signifier of professional promise. B students at Fordham are suddenly finding they have the leverage of *The Firm's* Mitch McDeere; they command signing bonuses and salaries that topped $100,000 in 1998.

All this confounds the partners, especially the older ones, for whom being elected to the firm was something akin to being knighted. The vets are secretly aghast at some of the oddballs who have dropped into their midst. There was the Davis Polk associate who is said to have shaved his eyebrows; people also believed he was sleeping under his desk. Some at Skadden still remember the summer associate who arrived at a firm dinner in jeans and a T-shirt that read I FUCKING LOVE NEW YORK CITY.

oddballs in their
spected was sleeping under his desk.

"I don't give a damn about race or religion," a senior partner at a big firm tells me over drinks at the Yale Club. "Smart, cultured people—who cares where they pray? It's not the diversity that's the problem, it's—what? It's hygiene. It's taste.

"You should see some of these kids," he continues. "I had an interview lunch with one a month or so ago. You should have seen him attack his food—like an animal. He did everything but bang on the table with his knife and fork to get the waiter's attention. And all the time talking and chewing with his mouth open—I swear, I didn't hear a word he said the whole meal."

He stares into space for a moment. "Twenty years ago, that would have been it—you couldn't have a client see something like that," he says, shaking his head. "But this kid was smart and a hard worker, evidently. So we took him."

Client contact is now rare for young lawyers at the vast majority of firms. Nor is a partner likely to find himself mentoring this associate at close range. "I used to spend most of my time working directly with one partner for a single big client—that's how you learned," says Jack Fritts, who joined Cadwalader, Wickersham & Taft in 1959 as part of a five-man associate class (Cadwalader's 1999 class comprises more than 60 associates).

"Cravath is sink-or-swim," complains one associate. "They don't want to hear your questions. There's no formal or informal training. They want you to be a Green Beret—go into a situation and blow things up like Rambo."

"It was a much more social and friendly atmosphere before," says another large-firm partner. "There were a lot of good old functioning alcoholics back then—the three-martini lunch really happened. You'd go out and get all the gossip and then come back and work. Unfortunately, the nature of the work doesn't allow that anymore."

"The partners have gotten caught up in all the extra pressure to be more and more productive, and probably have forgotten how important it is to make associates feel they are part of the firm," Stephen Volk admits. "I think associates don't recognize that it is not impossible to become partner."

Only one in every ten associates eligible for partnership at Manhattan's biggest firms is elected, according to the *New York Law Journal.* They wait between eight and twelve years to cross the threshold—longer than ever before, even if it's true that more associates are making partner in the aggregate. But with partners in their mid-sixties pulling back-to-back all-nighters these days, making partner is certainly looking less and less attractive.

AS IS AN ASSOCIATE POSITION, WHICH has become an ongoing negotiation at Manhattan's big firms: An associate will break rocks in the hot sun, but his sweat now goes to the highest bidder. If the partners are astonished by this approach to the venerable profession, they shouldn't be—at Manhattan's big law firms, greed flows downhill.

"They're just imitating the partners," says Bradford Hildebrandt, president of Hildebrandt International, a law-firm consultant. "They see the partners leaving or fighting for more money, and they do the same."

It is no coincidence that firms announce staff bonuses in October and November, around the time that most students are culling their summer offers. And the associates manipulate the process, too: In September of last year, Manhattan associates received anonymous e-mails announcing huge boom-year bonuses at several large firms, including Skadden, Cravath, and Simpson Thacher & Bartlett. Panic rippled through the firms that didn't give such high bonuses as disgruntled associates forwarded the e-mails—containing bogus information, as it turned out—on to partners. A compensation war ensued, and big firms revised their bonuses upward with each new announcement. Cravath and Willkie Farr & Gallagher reportedly prevailed, with special minimum bonuses of $15,000 for associates and special counsel.

Firms are coming up with all kinds of silver seat belts to keep the help: In January, Shearman & Sterling announced that it would pay an estimated $50,000 bonus to each associate after the completion of his or her third year and an additional $50,000 to associates whose chances to make partner or counsel are deemed good after their sixth year.

"Feeding the monkeys," says a senior partner at one of Manhattan's most prestigious firms, laughing. "Every year, they rattle the cage a little louder. I wish I had known that you could complain like that back when I was an associate. I would have rattled the cage, too. But, you know, it just wasn't done."

It's a changed culture. Among the rank and file, ancient white-shoe folkways are the subject of endless ridicule. "There are a few of the old guys still around wearing bow ties and leaving the first button on their suit sleeves unbuttoned to show that they are the real deal," says one big-firm associate. "There's this one guy who is always saying I should come to his club to play squash, and I'm like, You have to be kidding me. I'm this kid from Staten Island. The pinkie rings and the white hair, you know—nice guys, but you want to shake them and say: 'Hey, listen—I've been here for three days straight, and I smell terrible.' There's nothing clean and noble about this stuff. It's down and dirty, like Uncle Lou's retail. It's business, baby, so let's not pretend." ▬

the *other* philad

Twenty years ago, *Gemini,* a comedy of minors set in South Philly, g
Broadway hit. A new revival finds the playwright finally putting

FOR ALBERT INNAURATO, THE HUMILIATION NEVER seems to end. Channel-hopping one winter night, the playwright paused when he saw Wayne Knight, late of *Seinfeld,* now performing on Broadway in *Art,* talking to Conan. "I thought, *Oh, he's a funny actor.* I haven't seen him in years, but he was a nice guy back then." Back, that is to say, in 1981, when Knight played Herschel in Innaurato's four-year Broadway hit *Gemini.* His interest, however, quickly turned to dismay. "He said, 'Oh, I was in this awful play called *Gemini,* and we used to have to throw food at the audience.' I thought, *Oh God, it's not enough that it can just die, but I have to be made fun of on* Conan O'Brien*!*"—here Innaurato, 51, tall and round and pink-faced, breaks into a booming, articulated laugh—"by an actor whose career it probably helped!" His voice sinks to a theatrical whisper: "I don't think he was working that much then."

Innaurato has not been working much recently—at least not as a playwright. He pays the rent on his Chelsea apartment by writing for newspapers and magazines about opera, music, even starlets. He spends an inordinate amount of time cruising opera Websites, where he is not always welcome, given his affiliation with the Establishment press. "I am hated, I am *loathed,* I was tossed from AOL for starting flame wars. Without warning, a cabal went and got me thrown off. Opera people are *nuts,*" he comments, without irony. And he watches nature shows "about insects who devour other insects." And reads the New Testament, in Greek.

He hasn't had a play produced in New York in ten years. Even now, as he tells of his humiliations, his eyes take on a steely glint. *Gemini* helped launch the careers of actors like Danny Aiello and Kathleen Turner, but they appear to have forgotten that fact. Then there was his William Morris agent, who rolled his eyes and said, "Oh, that's just what I need to circulate, another Albert Innaurato play." And there was Richard Eder, briefly the *Times*'s drama critic, who, Innaurato recalls, declared in his review of *Ulysses in Traction* that the author celebrated "perverted lifestyles" and that his "promise was broken." It was 1977; he was 30 years old. "You know? That's very hard to deal with. It's very embittering." In truth, Eder's review makes no mention of perversity, calls *The Transfiguration of Benno Blimpie* "extraordinary," and concludes, "It is premature to say that Mr. Innaurato's promise is broken in *Ulysses.* But it certainly is dispersed; no doubt, temporarily." Hardly a career-ending pan.

Yet Innaurato-as-playwright has always seemed to be anticipating his own (Catholic, operatic) martyrdom. Just look at the titles of his plays: *Passione* (Italian family reunites, compares attempted suicides, with fat daughters-in-law and lots of food), *Benno Blimpie* (500-pound youth eats himself to death), the low-cal *Ulysses in Traction* (drama students are trapped in the theater during a race riot). *Gemini,* his sole hit, was his most baldly commercial effort—zero mutilation, self or otherwise. Anyone who watched New York late-night TV can remember the *Gemini* ad's two indelible lines: "Take human bites!" and "No thank you, Fran, I'll just pick." Plus a 16-year-old fat kid riding around and around on a trike (that's Herschel). It was as ubiquitous (and loud) as Crazy Eddie.

"You really think outrageous comedy and large-breasted women," says Second Stage Theatre artistic director Carole Rothman, who decided to bring *Gemini* back despite its burlesque reputation. Opening June 16, it's staged by Off Broadway's superstar director Mark Brokaw (*How I Learned to Drive, This Is Our Youth*). "It's really a wonderfully written play, very funny, very uplifting," Rothman says. "It had a dark side to it, a human, real side that got a little bit overlooked." A year and a half ago, Second Stage did a reading of *Gemini* to see if it still worked; at the end of the afternoon, everyone cried.

Innaurato was 25 when he wrote *Gemini,* just out of Yale Drama School and working as a messenger. "I had the freedom of youth when I wrote it," he says. It concerns an Italian-American boy, Francis Geminiani, home from Harvard to spend the summer in South Philly, about to turn 21 and sexually confused. His Waspy sometime girlfriend, Judith, shows up with her brother Randy, whom Francis thinks he rather prefers. Then there are Francis's reformed gambler of a father, Fran, and his uptight girlfriend, Lucille; their oversexed next-door neighbor, Bunny; her fat transportation-obsessed son, Herschel. Cultures clash, food flies, hearts break.

If *Gemini* as written attempted something subtle in bridging high comedy and low, Broadway in the era of *Annie* and *I Love My Wife* wasn't having any of that. "In 1977 and 1978, the only way to play it was to play it as a cartoon," Innaurato recalls. "A lot of it was about the bad language, the outrageousness of it. There are people like this all around you, but society didn't allow entertainment to acknowledge that. It's much more realistic now."

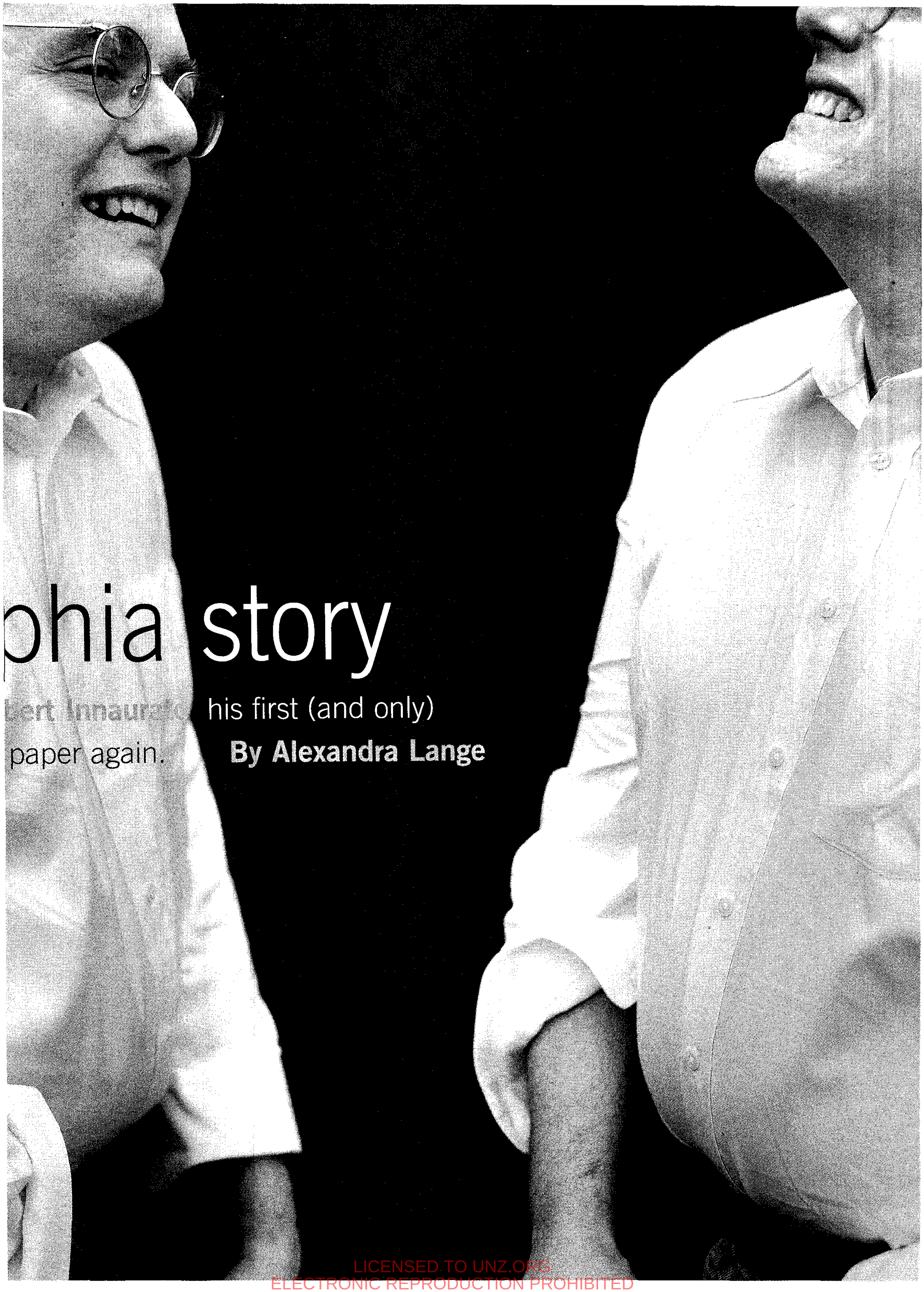
Brokaw didn't see the original production (or the TV ads, for that matter) but has been directing scenes from the sections-with-heart in acting classes for the past twelve years. "I always loved the people in it," he says. "It's about a real collection of misfits who find acceptance in the most unexpected place." In a post-ethnic world, do Italians and Wasps still count as misfits? "They still are strangers in a strange land in the world of the play," says Brokaw. "That still holds true."

Two years ago, Innaurato's play about an obsessed actress, *Dreading Thekla,* was produced at the Williamstown Theater Festival. He couldn't get a New York company interested, not even in a workshop, and he gave up, yet again, on the theater. With *Gemini,* however, Brokaw invited Innaurato to the rehearsals, and Innaurato sent Brokaw to his Philadelphia neighborhood to get a feel for the setting. That give-and-take (here's when you should mist up) inspired Innaurato to write again. "Playwriting's about being there, about being in touch," he says. "If you get isolated—novelists have to be isolated or they won't get their pages done every day unless you're in your cabin in Montana without water, that's when you do it—but when you're a playwright it's all about the chemistry and the people and the excitement.

"There are two actors in *Gemini* that triggered something in me," he continues, "and I had this idea and I thought, *No, I don't want to have my heart broken again. I can't do it again.* Then I started just writing." The new play is called *Life After Sex.* He won't say much more about it than that "it's an Albert play.

"It's very crazy, out there, sexually deranged," he adds. "*You* know." ■

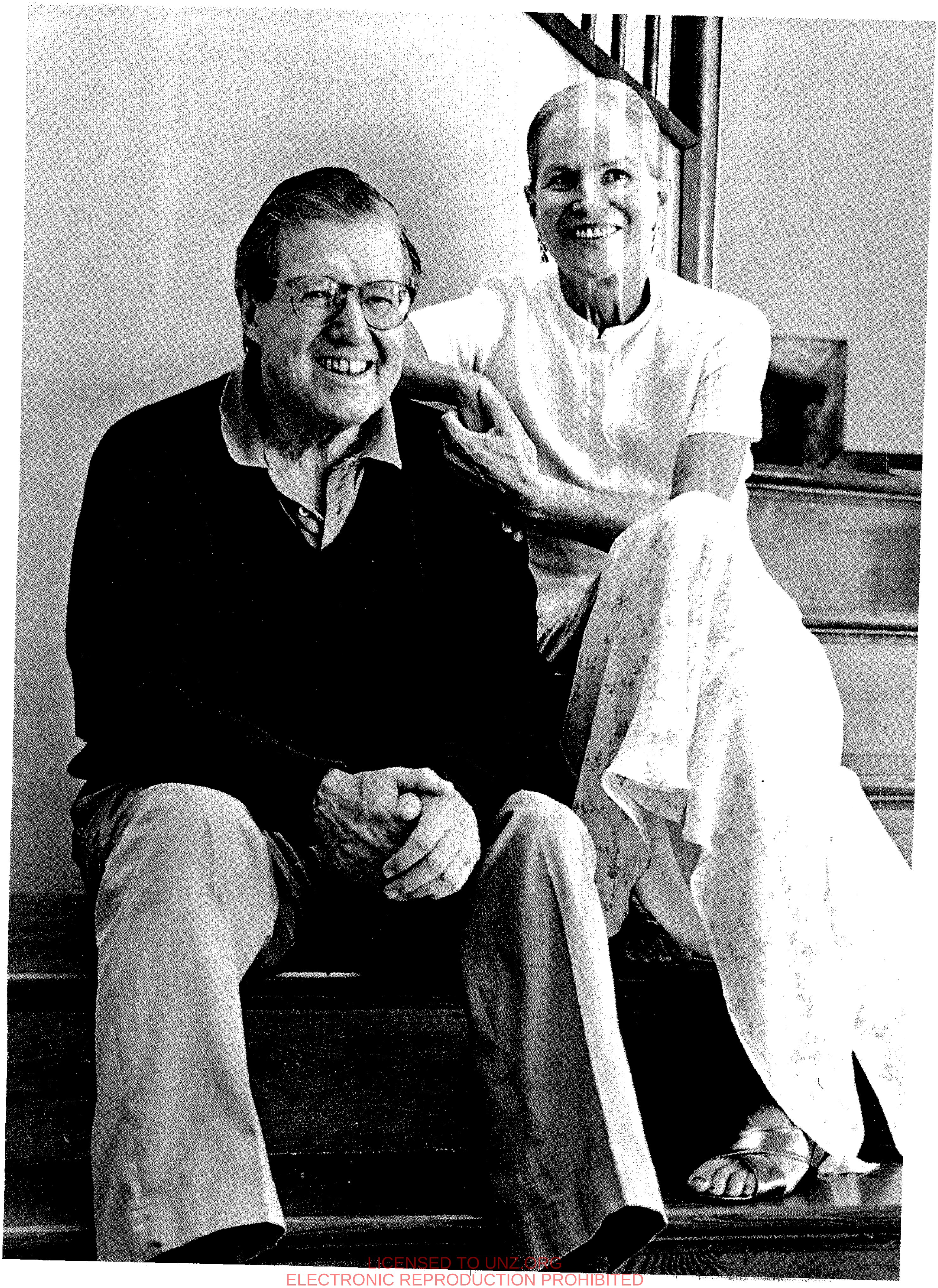
Photograph by Chris Buck.



phia story

ert Innaurato his first (and only)
paper again.

By Alexandra Lange



Kosovo's Unlikeliest Casualties

The extraordinary life and tragic death of David and Penny McCall, power couple—and patron saints.

BY CRAIG HOROWITZ

WHEN DAVID AND PENNY MCCALL LEFT THEIR Manhattan penthouse for Albania eight weeks ago, they knew they were headed to the poorest country in Europe, they knew getting around wouldn't be easy, and they knew the depth of suffering they'd see in the refugee camps along the northern border with Kosovo. But the difficulties and the potential risks of the trip didn't really matter to them.

What did matter was the possibility of doing something to ease the pain of families driven from their homes by the Serbian army. What mattered was their mission, their excitement about it, and their determination not to waste even one more day. They left on short notice only hours before the party celebrating the sixth anniversary of David's marketing-and-communications company. There was no way they could have known they'd never see any of their friends and colleagues again.

Working as volunteers for Refugees International, an independent advocacy group they'd been involved with since the early nineties, the McCalls were rushing to Albania to test a newly designed radio receiver about the size of a small boom box with a three-inch satellite dish on it. The receivers could be used to help reunite exhausted and traumatized refugee families. They might even provide some small measure of psychic comfort by broadcasting CNN and Albanian music. The McCalls were so taken with the project, they not only wanted to be there for the trial run but also committed $150,000 of their own money to buy receivers for the refugee camps.

DANGER MINES

Good lives: David and Penny McCall, facing page, at their Bridgehampton home in 1995 and, above, with Yvette Pierpaoli (second from right) in Burma for Refugees International in 1998.

"The McCalls had been looking for something they could do, some way they could have an impact on the suffering," says Dennis Grace, former vice-president of Refugees International. "This project was simple and could be done relatively quickly. It was exactly the kind of micro-project David was attracted to. It was an idea he could fund for something less than an enormous amount of money and that gets some kind of aid directly to those who need it."

It's hard, at first glance, to imagine two more unlikely aid workers. There was Penny, 57, the tall, lean thoroughbred

Photographs: opposite page, Tom McCall; this page, Sygma.

from Greenwich, the granddaughter of one of the founders of the 3M company, with her blonde coif, upper-class bearing, nipped-and-tucked face, drop-dead clothes, Manolo Blahnik heels, and personal trainers.

Then there was David, 71, who spent his early childhood in France and went to Hotchkiss and Yale, and whose grandfather was a founder of the New York Life Insurance Company. David grew up to be an unassuming, slope-shouldered advertising copywriter who, as co-founder of McCaffrey and McCall and the creator of such memorably flossy lines as "coffee that tastes as good as it smells," became a legend in the advertising business.

Yet it was this same David and Penny, with their impeccable pedigree, who had traveled extensively over the past eight years to places where there were people in need—Malawi, Rwanda, Eritrea, Mozambique, Thailand, Cambodia. This same David and Penny with their magnificent house on Sagg Pond in Bridgehampton, nicknamed the Taj McCall, with its panoramic water views, Tuscan tower kitchen, and climate-controlled art gallery, who were creating an international center devoted to the overwhelming problem of land mines.

"People of their station, the McCalls' peers, who are interested in philanthropy," says Balkans expert Richard Holbrooke, who is also the chairman of Refugees International and President Clinton's nominee to become ambassador to the United Nations, "usually go the more traditional route. They attend black-tie dinners and write checks to support things like the Met or the library. They're not interested in sweaty causes. Refugees are a sweaty cause. You can understand George Soros—he's a refugee himself. But the McCalls? Well, the McCalls were just different."

So different that there they were, this wealthy Manhattan couple who clearly had an enormous appetite for the good life, spending what would have been a lovely spring weekend in Bridgehampton among the Kosovar refugees in Albania. The McCalls flew to London, then on to Bologna, where they met up with Yvette Pierpaoli, a revered international-aid worker from France. Then they all flew on to Tirana, Albania's capital.

On their first full day together in Albania, they went to a town called Durres, not far from Tirana, to test the satellite receivers at a refugee camp. It was a Saturday in mid-April, and that night Pierpaoli called the Washington headquarters of Refugees International. "She told us the receivers worked beautifully," Dennis Grace remembers, "and they were all in high spirits. They believed this was something special, something that could, in all the madness, really help put families back together."

But the equipment had to pass one more critical test: Would it work in the mountains? The plan was to drive north to the town of Kukes. Located only minutes from the Albania-Kosovo border, Kukes has been virtually overrun by more than 300,000 ethnic Albanian refugees in recent months.

The McCalls had been to Albania the previous summer, and they knew that even in good weather the drive to Kukes would be a grueling eight-hour ordeal, most of it through the mountains on precarious, heart-stoppingly narrow roads.

Nevertheless, on Sunday morning they began the long journey. There were two jeeps. The one in front had a local driver; an Albanian man who had handled logistics for the trip; a German technician named Max, who worked for World Space, the company that developed the receivers; and Yvette Pierpaoli. In the second jeep were another local driver and the McCalls.

When the convoy left Tirana, the weather was fine. But about two hours into the trip, it began to turn ugly. Sheets of rain pounded the jeeps. Pierpaoli decided she should be with the McCalls and asked the driver to stop. Once she switched jeeps, they drove on through the storm for several more hours. The roads were steep, narrow, and winding, often rutted, unpaved, and without guardrails. Not very good to begin with, the roads had gotten even worse from all the truck and heavy-vehicle traffic since the war in Yugoslavia started.

By the time they reached a tiny town high in the mountains called Puke, the rain had turned into a raging hailstorm that was periodically blinding.

"People of their station usually attend black-tie dinners and write checks," says Richard Holbrooke. Not David and Penny McCall.

Concerned now about the deteriorating weather and road conditions, the Albanian point man asked the driver to stop in Puke. He walked back to the second jeep to suggest that perhaps they should spend the night in town. Quickly, however, he returned to the first jeep and told his companions the word was to press on.

"All of us in refugee work deal with bad weather and crummy roads," says Grace. "You expect it."

As they moved out of Puke along a winding stretch of road, the jeeps were proceeding carefully. Within five minutes, however, it was so bad that the first jeep just stopped. But when the driver looked in the rearview mirror, there was nothing. The second jeep wasn't there. They waited and waited, but still there was nothing.

Finally, they turned around and headed back to Puke. Still no second jeep. In town, they went to the police station to report the disappearance, thinking at first that maybe—given northern Albania's Wild West atmosphere—their comrades had been kidnapped. Then they went back out along the road and even went past where they'd initially stopped. Nothing. Once again, they turned around and covered the same ground back to Puke, but there was still no sign of the second jeep. On the third time out, however, they spotted several other vehicles stopped along the roadside.

Well served: Left, the McCalls with Pierpaoli on a mission to Cambodia in 1998, where they installed pumps to bring fresh water to ten villages; below, from left, David, Harvey Loomis, Penny, and Linda Bird Francke at the Hampton Classic in the eighties.

Max, the World Space technician, took out his binoculars and looked down over the edge; there, 1,200 feet below at the bottom of a ravine, was the jeep. Using helicopters, it took several Swiss Army medics several hours to reach Penny and David McCall, Yvette Pierpaoli, and their Albanian driver. But given the height of the drop and the wreckage visible with the binoculars, there was never any hope of finding survivors. The McCalls were the first American casualties of the conflict in Kosovo.

IT WAS ONE O'CLOCK EAST COAST time when Dennis Grace got the call on his cell phone. It was a beautiful Sunday afternoon, and he was out walking with his wife and son on Connecticut Avenue in Washington. "It simply tore the heart out of us," he says.

Grace immediately called Lionel Rosenblatt, the president of Refugees International. "Are you driving?" he asked him. "Well, pull over." Rosenblatt, who'd just finished interviewing two Kosovar refugee women who'd come to the U.S. to detail some of the atrocities committed by Slobodan Milošević's army, had gone out to buy flowers to plant in his yard. Quickly, he pulled into a Roy Rogers parking lot and Grace told him the devastating news. Rosenblatt drove straight home and began to pack. Barely twelve hours later, he was in Tirana. The French authorities were taking care of Yvette Pierpaoli's remains, and Rosenblatt went to the morgue to I.D. the bodies of David and Penny McCall.

"Advocacy work on behalf of refugees is about trying to give a voice to the most voiceless people in the universe," says Rosenblatt, who took the McCalls on their maiden aid trip in 1992 when they all traveled to Cambodia. "It's fighting for the underdog in a bare-knuckled way, and the McCalls understood this completely. A lot of people in their situation want credit or recognition. They want publicity, and they want to see their name on a hospital or something. But not the McCalls, though Penny certainly *looked* like someone who'd want recognition. For David and Penny, doing the work was always satisfaction enough."

In fact, their charitable works had, over the past decade, come to occupy more and more of the McCalls' life. Penny and David still skied at Sporthotel Lorunser in Austria along with Felix and Liz Rohatyn and stayed at the Gritti Palace in Venice every year. They still had long, entertaining lunches and dinners with people like Bob Dash and Rafi Ferrer every weekend at their house in Bridgehampton. They even still threw raucous parties that often as not would end with a giant conga line snaking its way down the moonlit drive outside the house.

But they had this whole other side, this other element of their lives. And their widely diverse efforts to help people, their humanitarian work, had, as much as any business success or social circle, come to define who they were. When the McCalls became interested in a cause or a person or an institution, they rolled up their sleeves and went to work. This was participatory, first-person philanthropy.

And so, when they became interested in the international refugee crisis earlier this decade, they took out their checkbook, but they also took out their luggage. They went to the Cambodian refugee camps along the Thai border to assess the situation themselves. They traveled the back roads in Southeast Asia with Lionel Rosenblatt to see what was going on, to find out what the people needed, to understand what Refugees International did, and to offer ideas of their own.

When they were in Cambodia in 1997, for example, they visited a number of remote villages whose only source of fresh water was rain. This lack of water resulted in a great deal of preventable sickness and death, particularly among the small children, from malaria and dengue fever. Penny asked what would have to be done to get fresh water to the villages. Wells would have to be dug and pumps put in, she was told. How much would this cost? she asked. One hundred fifty dollars for a well and a pump for each village. The McCalls were incredulous. Within a week, ten villages had new wells and what became known as "Penny Pumps."

Though David was scheduled to replace Richard Holbrooke as chairman of Refugees International if and when Holbrooke's nomination for the U.N. job was confirmed, his charitable interests and Penny's extended well beyond refugee issues. The McCalls were fully engaged in creating something called the Independent De-mining Assessment Center. After meeting so many men, women, and children in Southeast Asia missing limbs, David was determined to find practical technology to do something about the millions of land mines scattered mostly in Third World countries.

They were also in the very early stages of funding a performing-arts center for Harlem, an idea that came from a casual comment the Reverend Calvin Butts had made to them: "You only have a community if you have culture." One possible location was the famed but now abandoned Renaissance Ballroom.

For her part, Penny had started 14 Angels, an organization created to teach the students at the Thurgood Marshall Academy on 135th Street in Harlem—a public

Photographs: top, Sygma; bottom, courtesy of Linda Bird Francke.

school established under the New Visions program six years ago—how to start and run a business. The business was fashion and the kids were going to design, manufacture, and sell the clothes.

Penny and her partner in the project, an educator and activist named Naomi Barber, came up with the idea after several trips to Bahia in Brazil. There they saw innovative programs being used to save street children. Penny was so impressed, she took Butts and Thurgood Marshall's principal, Dr. Sandye Johnson, down to Bahia to see the programs for themselves. "The thing about Penny," says Johnson, "is she was genuine. There was no hidden agenda. She simply wanted to help." (Penny's 31-year-old daughter, Jennifer McSweeney Reuss, has said she is determined to follow through with 14 Angels as a tribute to her mother.)

David loved her often outrageous behavior. "He always looked at her," says Naomi Barber, "as if he were seeing her for the first time."

And then there was the Bridgehampton Day Care Center, the Abyssinian Development Corporation, the New Museum, sports programs for New York City schools, artist residences in Harlem, the Central Park Conservancy, Citymeals-on-Wheels, and literally dozens of artists Penny funded with individual grants from her eponymous foundation—started with $1 million in seed money David gave her as a birthday present. Among the artists were avant garde sculptor Nari Ward, who uses everyday objects; black sculptor Willie Cole, whose work mocks racial stereotypes; performance artist Ann Hamilton; and Colombian sculptor Doris Salcedo. (Ann Hamilton, who represented America at this year's Biennale in Venice, has dedicated her exhibition to Penny.)

On top of all this, David was still actively involved in the advertising business. Though he and Jim McCaffrey had sold their agency to Saatchi & Saatchi nearly twenty years ago, David was the chairman and one of the founding partners of a six-year-old advertising, marketing, and communications company called SS&K (Shepardson, Stern, and Kaminsky). Located in SoHo, SS&K counts Ralph Lauren and Time Warner among its clients.

So it's not as if David McCall needed to find ways to fill his time. What, then, pushed him to maintain such a large and remarkably varied portfolio of charitable projects? And what about Penny? What would motivate a woman with her background, a woman who had her grandchildren call her "duchess," to trek through the backwaters of Southeast Asia or Albania—or even Harlem, for that matter?

"They were creatures of the sixties," says writer Linda Bird Francke, whose most recent book is *Ground Zero: The Gender Wars in the Military* and who was one of Penny's best friends and a Bridgehampton neighbor. "David was an absolute liberal Democrat, and he did not deviate from that. He was 71, but he hadn't mellowed one bit."

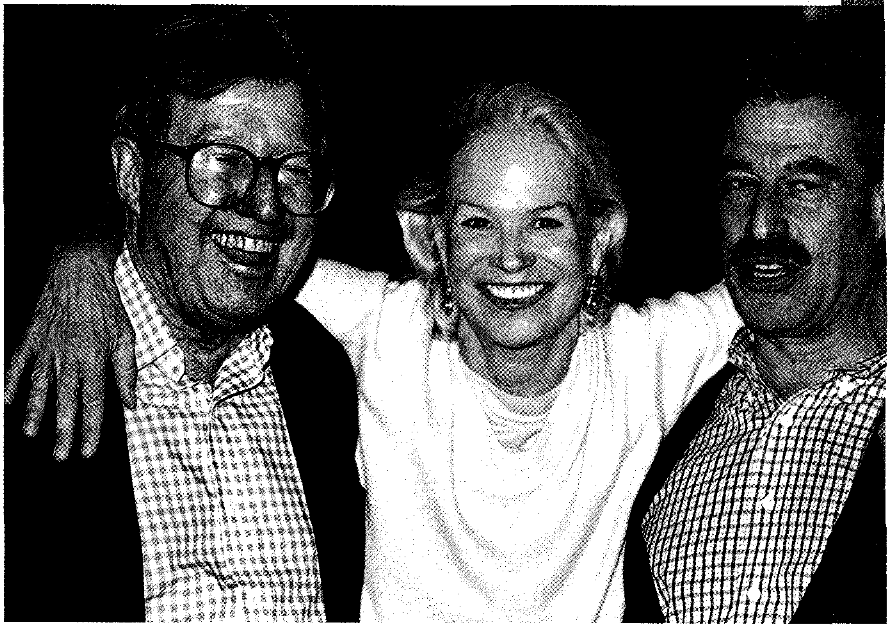
There was more to it than that, however. The McCalls were a unique pairing of quirky personality traits. David was always interested in politics, always ready to side with the underdog, and always instinctively ready to do the right thing. These characteristics were in evidence even when he had a lot to lose.

"In 1963, when he started McCaffrey and McCall," says Jerry Traum, McCall's lawyer for more than 30 years, "tobacco advertising was the industry's largest category. However, David pledged that the fledgling agency would not take tobacco business. (Decades later, he even produced the haunting anti-smoking ad with Yul Brynner that ran after his death from lung cancer.)

"And it was the same with his 'Unsell the War' campaign during Vietnam," Traum says. "At that time, most of bedrock industrial America were hawks. Somebody once said to me that there's no real integrity without pain. Anybody can do the right thing when it doesn't cost anything."

Before she met David, Penny was socially rebellious and unconventional as well, but in a less overtly political way. "She used to say to me," says Naomi Barber, " 'I'm the only one who left Greenwich. All my friends stayed and married the men next door.' " Penny, on the other hand, was married and divorced twice before she was 30, and had her daughter Jennifer when she was 26. (Penny and David were together for twenty years.)

Several of David's friends told me that he was determined to make a difference, while Penny was determined to have the best time possible. But it was her life lust, her manic energy, and her hunger for thrills and adventure—she was a horsewoman, she jumped out of airplanes, she lived on a boat in Puerto Rico—that probably had as much of an impact on the kinds of philanthropic projects they chose as David's politics.

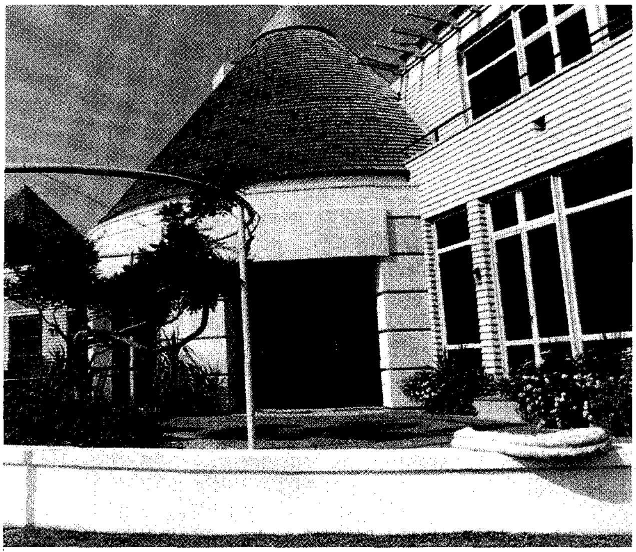


What made their choices so interesting is that the McCalls weren't bleeding hearts. They made no pretense of being embarrassed by their good fortune. And it is hard to imagine Penny's being satisfied working the benefit circuit, with its boring dinners, stilted small talk, and gassy speeches.

Not this woman, who used to delight in saying, "There isn't an inch of my body someone isn't assigned to," and whose collection of edgy contemporary art included torture chairs with spikes;

the shoes of disappeared women; phallic paintings; and a beautiful white frock that hung on the wall of her apartment and looked, from several feet away, like a rich girl's communion dress. However, a closer inspection and an enthusiastic explanation from Penny revealed the smocking to be made of male pubic hair.

"She and David had this remarkable ability to transform themselves from these very rich, very New York people," says Lionel Rosenblatt. "With her phenomenal enthusiasm, her blonde hair, and her body English, she had a mesmerizing effect in the camps."



Sheltered island: Above, the "Taj McCall" in Bridgehampton; on facing page, from left, David and Penny with Lionel Rosenblatt of Refugees International at David's 70th-birthday party last year in Bridgehampton.

As soon as David and Penny found out the satellite-receivers were ready to be tested, they made the decision to go to Albania, only two days before their departure. Penny immediately called Linda Bird Francke and practically everyone else she knew. "Guess where I'm going," she said, in her best stretched-out, overarticulated, trust-fund-baby voice. "You're just going to be green with envy."

DAVID AND PENNY COULDN'T have been more different. She dressed as if her life depended on it, while he wore the same frayed, faded polo shirt all summer. David was unpretentious, almost painfully shy, while Penny was radiant, kinetic, and disarmingly gregarious. She collected people with the same energy she devoted to collecting contemporary art. Everyone became her friend, at least for a time, including the people who cooked for her, drove her around, or worked on her body.

She offered one of her personal trainers a face-lift as a wedding present. At a party, she walked across the room when she saw Carole and Richard Rifkind, the chairman of the Sloan-Kettering Institute and his wife, and said, "I want to know you." Being her friend was thrilling and always a little risky. People fell out of favor like last season's fashion. Penny was demanding and quick to pass judgment. She was also an insatiable gossip. "It was very much like being friends with the most popular girl in high school," says someone who was close to her. "She'd always be challenging you to do something, and everyone would think you were so lucky just to be her friend."

"Penny wanted to see everything and she wanted to know everything," says Naomi Barber, her partner in 14 Angels. "She was extremely unsparing and demanding as a friend. She forced you to be completely open all the time. If you didn't feel like being open, then you couldn't be with her. At times, being her friend could be a little scary. But she wasn't afraid to engage people, whether she was at a Hamptons party or sitting on the floor with the students at the Thurgood Marshall Academy and telling them where she bought her sunglasses or explaining some cashmere wrap thing she had on."

And David apparently loved every moment of her exciting, often outrageous behavior. He called her Pansy. "He always looked at her as if he were seeing her for the first time," Barber says.

For his part, David was, at 71, remarkably enthusiastic about new experiences for someone who'd been married three times, fathered six sons, had so much success in business, and generally done as much in life as he had. Though he was at an age when most people have long since strapped on the blinders and shifted into cruise control, David was still reaching to bring new people into his life. He brought this fresh outlook to politics as well.

"When you're young and you get involved," says Lenny Stern, one of David's partners at SS&K who has a background in politics, "you're all bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, and you do it because you think you can change the world. But when you work in politics for a while, you can get pretty jaded. Well, all these years later, David still believed that while the system wasn't perfect and it could be enormously frustrating, you could do wonderful things."

IT IS ALWAYS DIFFICULT TO ACCURATEly uncover the cause and effect of someone's life, particularly someone as complicated as David McCall. But in his case, there are a handful of events and circumstances that shaped the basic architecture of his personality. His grandfather was a man so wealthy he had his own eighteen-hole golf course. David's father, consequently, lived the luxurious, leisurely life of a rich man's son, essentially roaming from estate to country club to yacht.

But the family's fortune was decimated by the Depression, and David's parents moved everyone to France, where the money they had left would last longer. David learned French before he spoke English. When they moved back to America, however, David, who was 5 years old, didn't fit in.

Even worse, while he still lived among the rich, his family no longer had real wealth. David found himself in a kind of socioeconomic purgatory where he wasn't really comfortable with either the rich kids or the middle-class kids. He was a member of the genteel poor. He spoke French, he had nannies, and he went to private school. His father, meanwhile, was forced to take a job as a receptionist at Metropolitan Life. "His mother was ferocious about keeping him in the best private schools," says Lenny Stern. "She managed to do this even though they didn't have the money."

It was, however, a mixed blessing for David, who was always embarrassed by his comparatively shabby clothes and, when he got a little older, his inability to buy his friends drinks when they went out. "He was forced by his early life," says Jerry Traum, "to face a lot of issues related to money and class."

David went to Yale in 1948 but dropped out after his first year when his father died. He needed to go to work to help his family. "David really was an outsider when he was younger," says someone close to the family. "He felt and experienced something all the rich people who give to the library could never understand."

After a very brief shot at the insurance business, he went to work in the mailroom at Young & Rubicam, where success came quickly. Eventually, he became chief copywriter at Ogilvy & Mather, and then in 1963 co-founded

Photographs: left, Tapp Francke; right, Tom McCall.

Inseparable: David and Penny embracing at his 70th-birthday party.

McCaffrey and McCall, whose clients included Mercedes-Benz, Tiffany, Norelco, and Exxon.

"He often discussed how wonderful it felt not to have to worry about money," says Traum, "but he always had strange ideas about it. He was afraid he'd leave his sons too much money. He'd seen the debilitating effects money had on people around him. So he set up a family partnership in which the boys would gain increasing shares as they got older. They wouldn't be rich, but they'd always have money if they needed it."

"I can't tell you how much fun it is to have money," Penny told a Harlem audience. "But it's an even greater kick to give it away."

Throughout his career, David enjoyed a kind of serendipity that was, almost Hollywood-script-like, born of his determination to stick to his principles. In 1972, when he came up with the idea for *Schoolhouse Rock,* the Emmy-winning animated television shorts designed to help kids with math by using pop music, he needed to show it to one of the networks. Though he could have taken it to someone high up at any one of the three, McCaffrey and McCall was, at the time, doing work for ABC.

And through this work, he'd met a young man just coming into middle management who'd been assigned the then-lowly position of head of children's daytime programming. David took the idea to him, rather than go over his head, because he felt it was the right thing to do. The man was Michael Eisner, who gave *Schoolhouse Rock* the green light. Years later, after David sold McCaffrey and McCall to Saatchi & Saatchi, he took some of the profits and bought Disney stock.

"It was just at the time when Eisner was going to take charge at Disney," says Traum. "David's investment decision was easy. He knew Eisner, he believed he was talented, and he felt if Eisner was going there it was to do something with the company. And of course he was right. But it was this way throughout David's career. By reaching principled decisions, through some act of the cosmos, it always paid off."

Unlike David, Penny had always had money, and she was always ecstatic about it. "Penny used to love to say, 'Oh, my God, we got so rich today,' " says Naomi Barber. Last June, Penny was honored by the Abyssinian Development Corporation at the annual Harlem Renaissance Day celebration. "I can't tell you how much fun it is to have money," she said when she stood up to accept the award. The laughter was so loud on 138th Street, the crowd almost missed the second half of her sentence: "But it's an even greater kick to give it away."

A FEW WEEKS AFTER THE McCalls died in Albania, on a rainy Friday morning, there was a memorial service at the Abyssinian Baptist Church. Dark limos and Town Cars were triple-parked on Odell Clark Place (138th Street) from the middle of the block all the way out to Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Boulevard and the old Renaissance Ballroom. The church started to fill at 10:30, and by 11, when the Reverend Calvin Butts rose to speak, there were nearly 2,000 people packed inside the intimate, horseshoe-shaped sanctuary.

Some of the tasseled-loafer crowd from Connecticut thought having the service at Abyssinian in Harlem was a bit over the top, but those who were closest to the McCalls knew the choice was just right. David and Penny often said it was the only church in which they'd ever felt comfortable.

Richard Holbrooke talked about their courage and commitment; family members recalled small poignant moments, the moments that define a life and a family; and the kids from Thurgood Marshall sang a stirring version of the old spiritual "Elijah Rock." Butts acknowledged that the McCalls weren't believers, but he said, "They must have had a lot of God inside them to do the work they did."

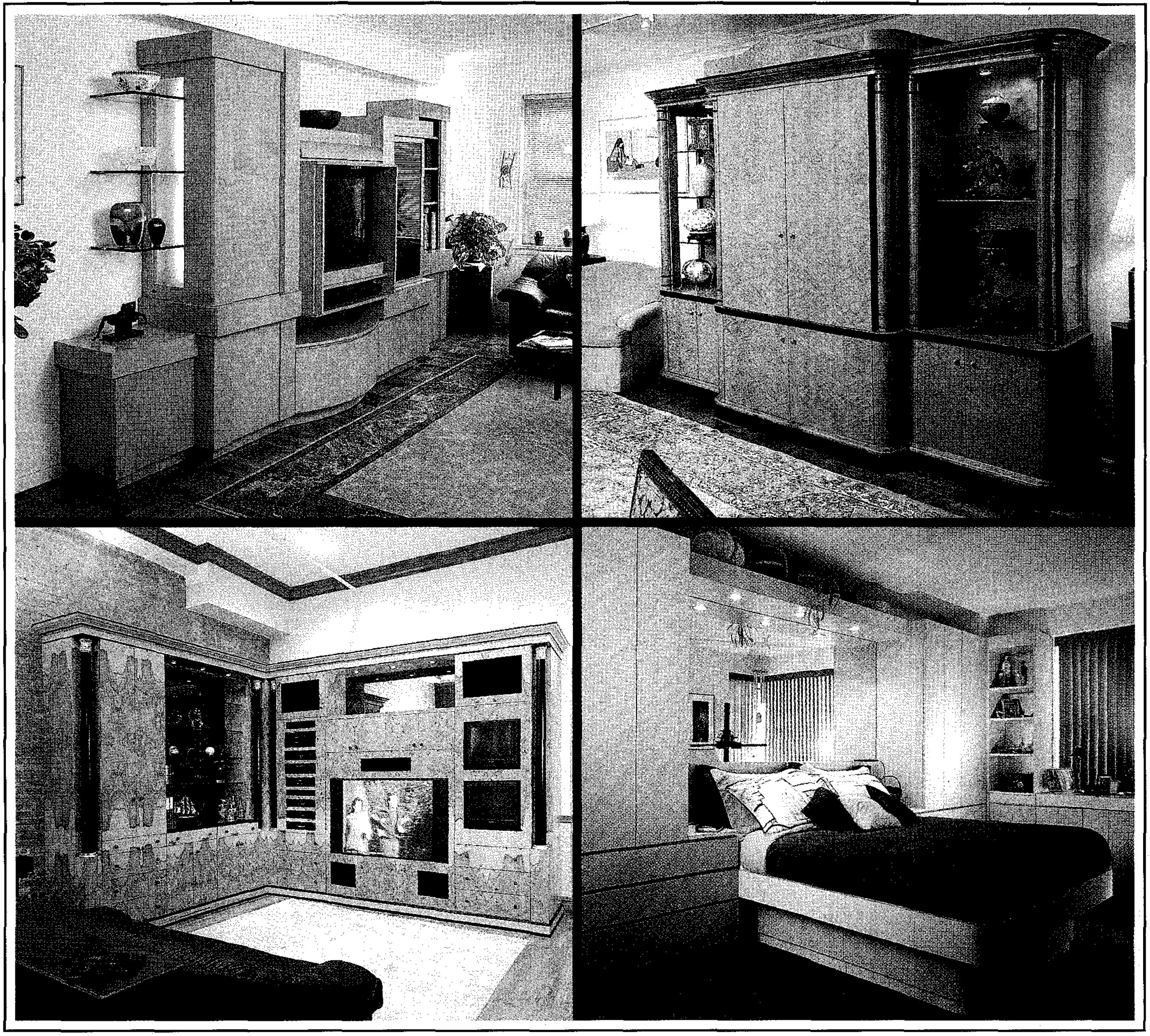
"We put a positive spin on their deaths," Linda Bird Francke told the mourners near the end of the service, "by saying they went out at the top of their games. Or, isn't it wonderful that they went together? But it isn't wonderful. Not one bit. A great hole has opened in all of our lives, and I want them back."

But just when you could feel a great and heavy sadness begin to settle over the church, Francke took back the moment. She knew Penny wouldn't have wanted her to leave it that way.

"Wherever they are," Francke continued with the hint of a smile, "Penny is addressing a new captive audience. And she can't wait to get to the payoff. 'You'll never guess where *we* died,' she is saying. 'We died in *Albania.*' " ■

Photograph by Tapp Francke.

If you can **imagine it,** we can **build it.**



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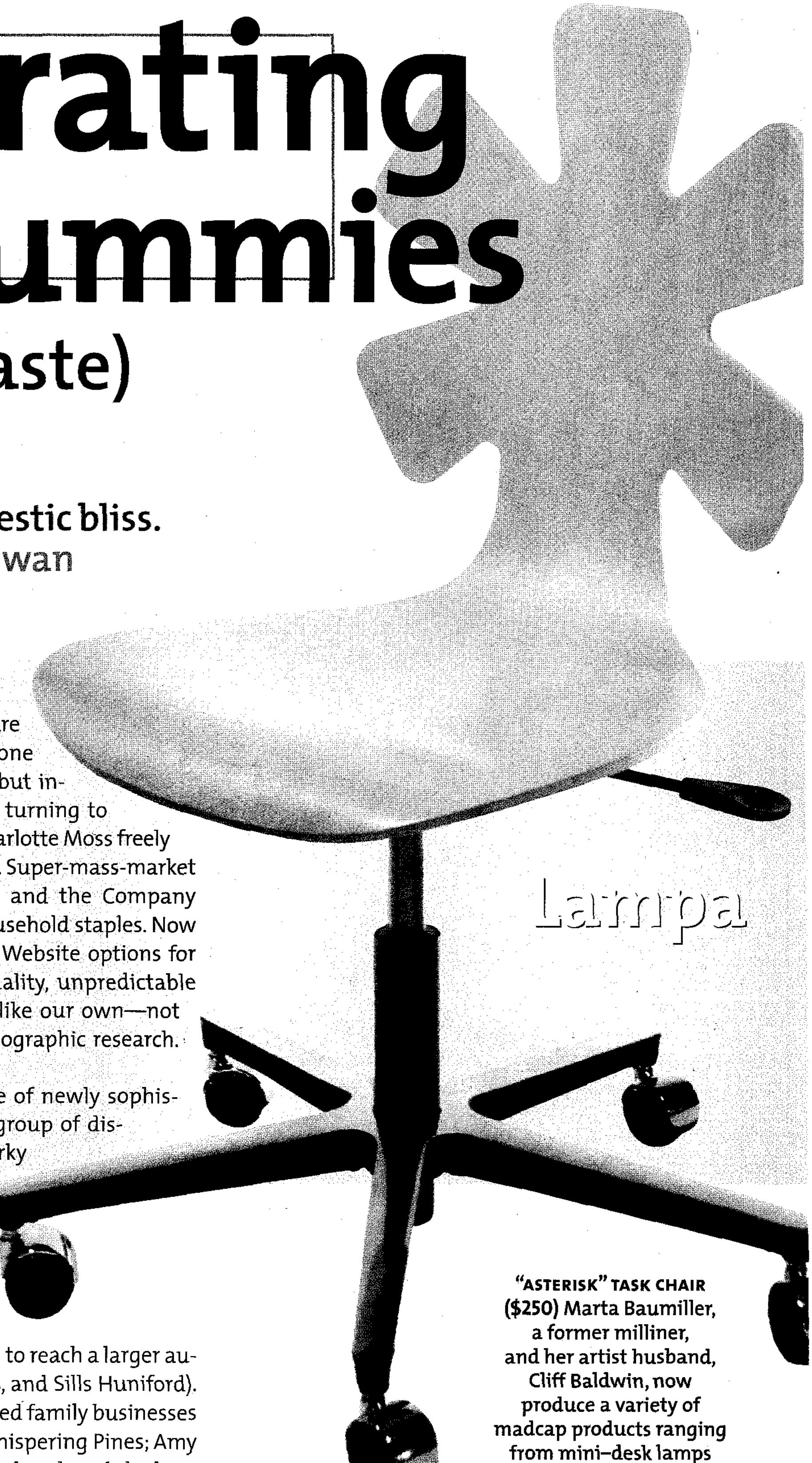
Decorating for Dummies (with good taste)

Click (and drag) your way to domestic bliss.

By Victoria C. Rowan

Interior designers and architects are constantly busy fluttering from one market appointment to another, but increasingly they take breathers by turning to catalogues—Mario Buatta and Charlotte Moss freely admit to being mail-order junkies. Super-mass-market champions like Hold Everything and the Company Store have long been great for household staples. Now there are also a ton of new print and Website options for non-trade types in search of high-quality, unpredictable items that will make our homes feel like our own—not some lifestyle concept devised by demographic research. The only problem is finding them.

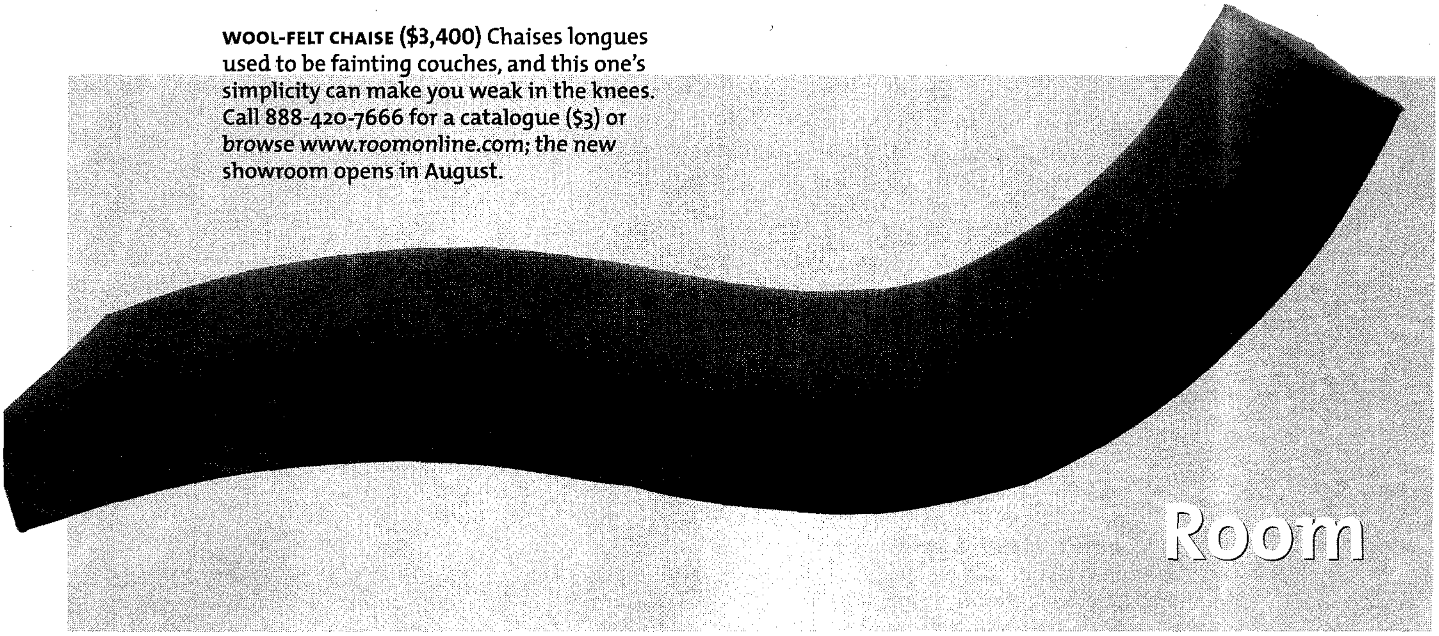
Snowboarding the recent avalanche of newly sophisticated catalogues and Websites is a group of distinctive New York City retailers—quirky Mxyplyzyk, post-mod-squad Totem, ethnically elegant Tucker Robbins, and retro-chic Urban Archaeology—that have decided to take their vision beyond the walk-in traffic. Then there are the marquee designers who've worked for VIPs for years and now want to reach a larger audience (Philippe Starck, Michael Graves, and Sills Huniford). Some are taste-endowed folk who started family businesses that boomed, like the Kelly sisters at Whispering Pines; Amy Crain, who kicked off Room with her husband; and the husband-and-wife team behind Lampa. Savvy larger companies like Anthropologie and Elements (by Spiegel) are zeroing in on this consumer craving for obscure *objets*, too. So if you hate the chair you're sitting in, you could be just a mouse click away from replacing it with something surpassingly stylish. Something like Room's red wool chaise, perhaps?



"ASTERISK" TASK CHAIR ($250) Marta Baumiller, a former milliner, and her artist husband, Cliff Baldwin, now produce a variety of madcap products ranging from mini–desk lamps with straw-brimmed shades to their seating line, which includes letters and the asterisk above. Call 516-722-9450 for tear sheets or order on the Web at www.lampa.com.

Photograph by Joshua McHugh (breadbasket).

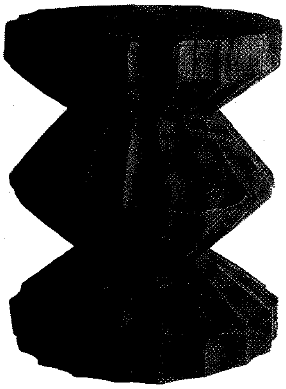
WOOL-FELT CHAISE ($3,400) Chaises longues used to be fainting couches, and this one's simplicity can make you weak in the knees. Call 888-420-7666 for a catalogue ($3) or browse www.roomonline.com; the new showroom opens in August.

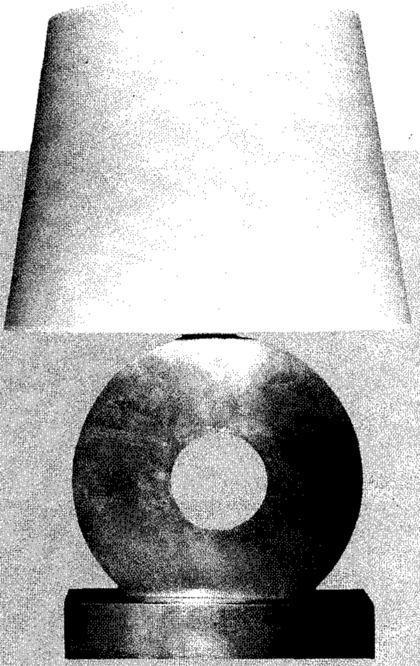


Room

Tucker Robbins

ROSEWOOD AND MAHOGANY STOOLS ($900 TO $1,500) Tucker Robbins, a globetrotting former monk, is one of the best-kept secrets on the Rolodexes of Kitty Hawks and many other decorators. In addition to selling tribal and Asian artifacts and antiques, Robbins has his own "Tukuro" modern-primitive furniture pieces, which he creates both in cooperation with native peoples and in a Manhattan workshop. These eighteen-inch-high barrels were made with assistance from the Guatemalan Lacandón Indians. Call 366-4427 to request tear sheets of the Tukuro line. Or browse the online catalogue at www.tuckerrobbins.com.



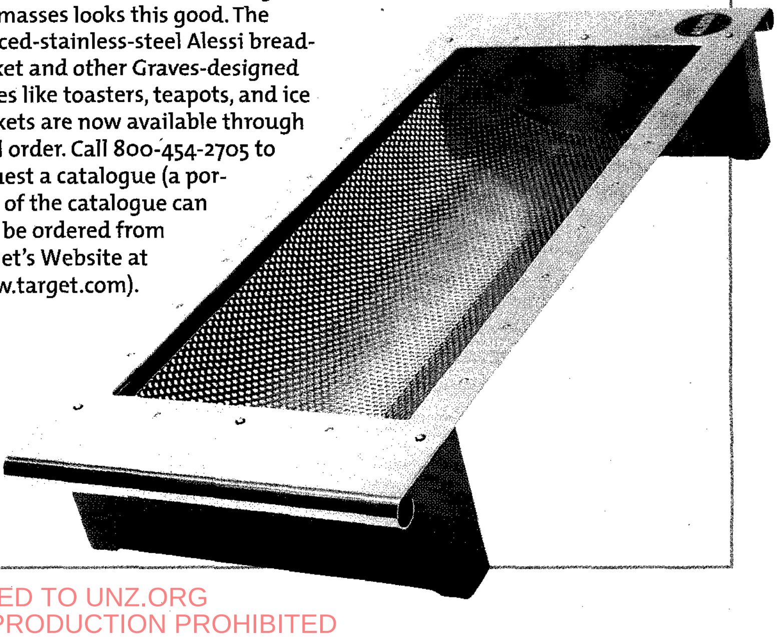


Dwellings
by Stephen Sills & James Huniford

CAST-BRONZE "DONUT" LAMP ($2,200) Of course, it's what *isn't* there that makes all the difference in this lamp from the new Dwellings furniture line, launched six months ago by celebri-designers Stephen Sills and James Huniford. Their hip neoclassical line also includes tables, lamps, and a sofa. Request tear sheets at 717-5753 or 800-95-DÉCOR.

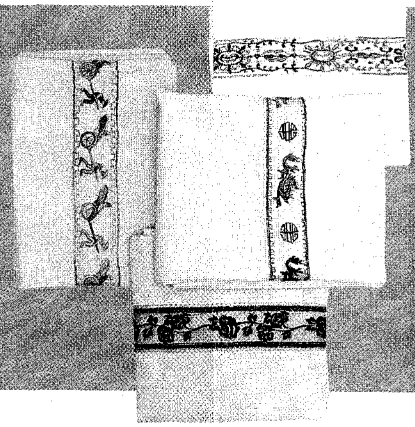
Alessi
by Michael Graves

STAINLESS-STEEL BREADBASKET BY MICHAEL GRAVES FOR ALESSI ($169) Some snicker that architect-designer Michael Graves has sold his post-modern soul to Disney and now Target, but it's rare that marketing to the masses looks this good. The pierced-stainless-steel Alessi bread-basket and other Graves-designed wares like toasters, teapots, and ice buckets are now available through mail order. Call 800-454-2705 to request a catalogue (a portion of the catalogue can also be ordered from Target's Website at www.target.com).



House Inc.

COTTON BED LINENS ($60 PER PILLOWCASE, $370 FOR ALL-OVER-EMBROIDERED KING DUVET) Annette Tatum, general manager of Tocca Casa, has founded House Inc., whose duvets, pillowcases, chemises, p.j.'s, slips, tap pants, and camisoles all embrace the same pastel, welcome-the-wrinkles look. On the Website (www.houseinc.com), you're allowed to mix and match colors and borders (like dragon, English rose, and paisley) to create your own custom design.



Urban Archaeology

BULKHEAD SCONCES ($480 TO $690) With salvaged classics all the rage, Urban Archaeology is offering its own line of reproduction period lamps and hardware in a variety of styles. These bulkhead lamps recall a prototype that came off a twenties American freighter. Call 431-4646 or fax 343-9312 for a catalogue.

Mxyplyzyk

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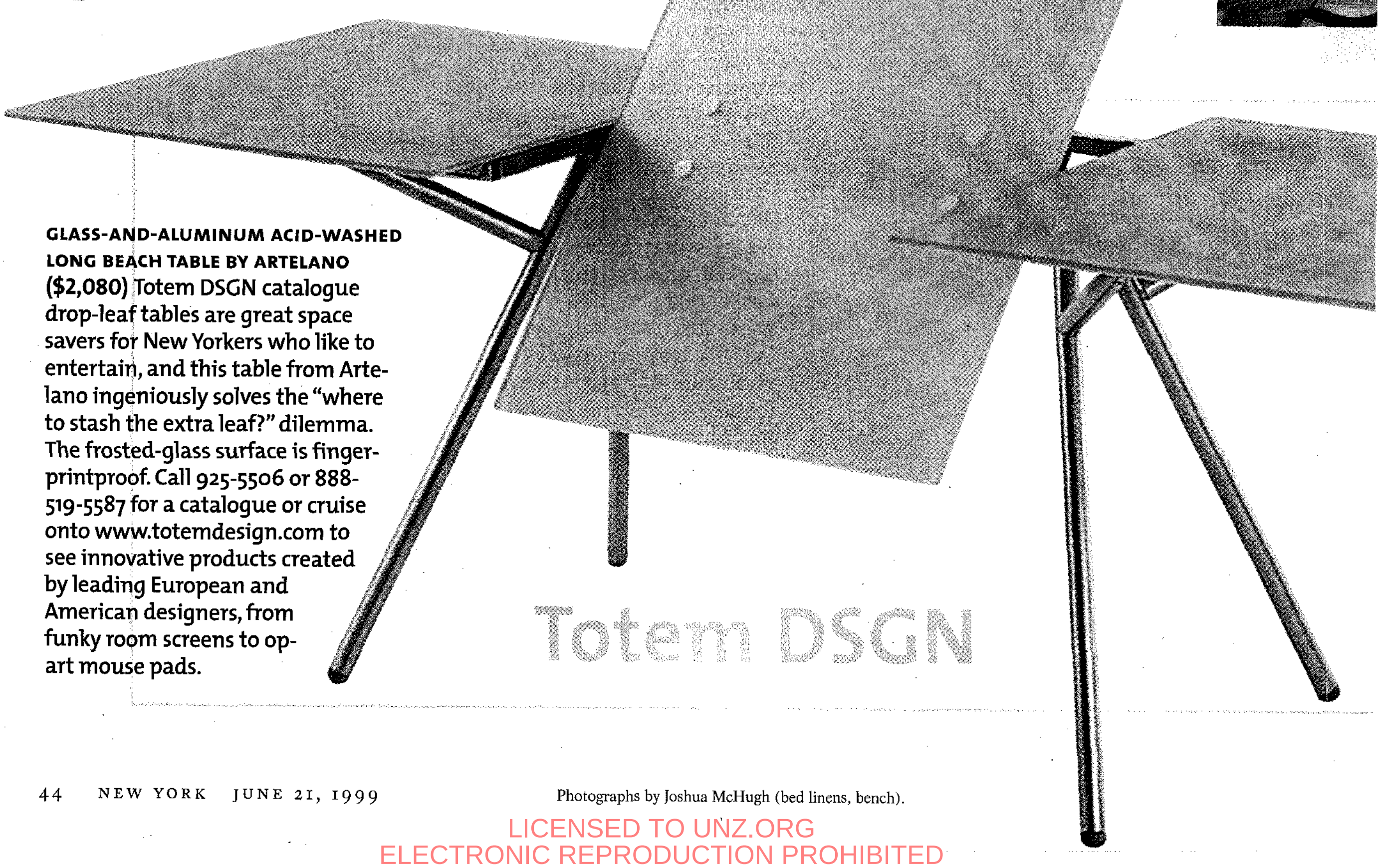
CAPSULE DESK CLOCK ($75) Mxyplyzyk, the impossible-to-pronounce, difficult-to-find design store, is making it easier for everybody to shop here: You can now fulfill your design-fetish cravings in slick style, without the Lillian Vernon–esque clutter your granny loves. This capsule clock is one of many witty home accents the catalogue carries; check out the standing-wand lighting, the colorful glassware, and the coolest tricycle on three wheels. Call 800-771-4328 for a catalogue.



Totem DSGN

GLASS-AND-ALUMINUM ACID-WASHED LONG BEACH TABLE BY ARTELANO ($2,080) Totem DSGN catalogue drop-leaf tables are great space savers for New Yorkers who like to entertain, and this table from Artelano ingeniously solves the "where to stash the extra leaf?" dilemma. The frosted-glass surface is fingerprintproof. Call 925-5506 or 888-519-5587 for a catalogue or cruise onto www.totemdesign.com to see innovative products created by leading European and American designers, from funky room screens to op-art mouse pads.

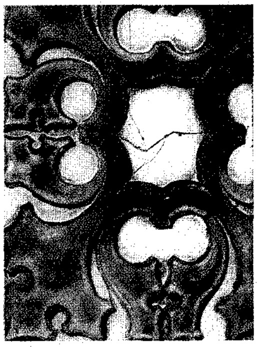
Photographs by Joshua McHugh (bed linens, bench).

GoodGoods
by Starck

"MR. X" ROCKING CHAIR ($238) Design's enfant terrible, Philippe Starck, serves up his trademark sleek irreverence. In addition to his comical teddy bear–gorgons (with different animal heads hanging off various limbs—*et voilà!* Four toys in one!), many chic pieces of furniture like this folding rocker can be found in his catalogue (request one at www.goodgoods.tm.fr; prices are in French francs).

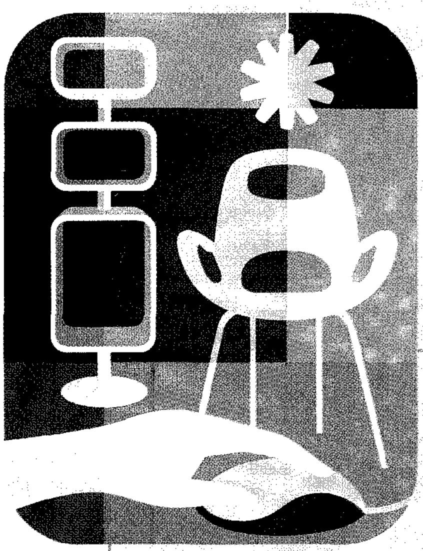
"MEMORY BLOCK" TILES ($65) Vancouver artist Sid Dickens has created enigmatic decorative tiles that seem at once ancient and contemporary; they're popular with glitzy folks like Cher, Sharon Stone, and Bryan Adams. His Website allows you to create a trial-run wall arrangement of your very own. Log on to www.sidinc.com or call 800-677-7808 for information.

Sid Dickens



Elements
by Spiegel

CURVED WOODEN BENCH ($248) Spiegel's new Elements catalogue assembles some of the best in handcrafted, elegant design. This curved, slatted bench with split rattan bindings is just one example of the excellent variety of global rustic furniture available. Call 800-778-5555 to request a catalogue, or surf the merch and place an order at www.elementscatalogue.com.



Catalogues and Catalogue Websites

www.bluefly.com The popular designer-clothing discount site has now expanded to selling end-of-season and excess stock on designer bed, bath, and tabletop collections. Here you can get your Calvin Klein, Nautica, Ralph Lauren, and 525 Made in America products at significant discounts ranging from 25 to 75 percent.

The Federalist (203-625-4727) For meticulous adaptations of period pieces (1700–1840) that make connoisseurs look twice, consult the Federalist. Its craftsmen reproduce pieces using traditional techniques, like a Dunlap chest-on-chest-on-frame for $12,500 that is a doppelgänger for one that sold at auction for $310,500. Call for color brochures or Polaroids. The new chinoiserie-furniture collection is a smashing addition.

Once Upon a Table (413-443-6622) Carol Levison may not have online or print catalogues, but she does have vintage kitchen, bar, and tabletop accessories. If it's enamel bread bins, Bakelite napkin rings, or English toast racks you're looking for, this is the person to call.

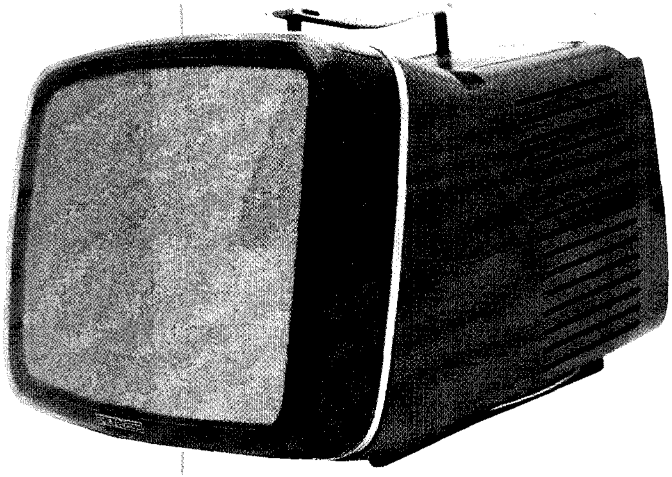
Architectural Products by Outwater (800-640-1817; www.archpro.com) Outwater has the most incredible range (thousands of items in its 228-page catalogue) of trompe l'oeil–quality molded plastics. Particularly useful are intricate moldings and ceiling bas-reliefs that can be installed as-is. It also sells such other hard-to-find architectural details as tin ceiling tiles in old-fashioned patterns and spools of flexible lighting.

Pastense (800-556-2608; 415-242-0128; www.pastense.com) Whether you're driven by boomer nostalgia, retro-kitsch

>>

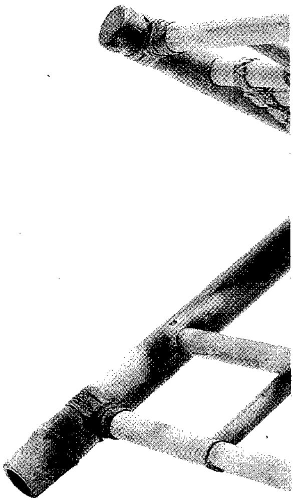
"CABIN" LAMPS (SMALL, $58; LARGE, $84) These endearingly hokey lamps are a Whispering Pines classic: Every season brings a new batch of whipstitched shades appropriating art from stashes of period postcards. Sisters Susan Kelly Panian and Mickey Kelly founded Whispering Pines out of their undying affection for the northern-Wisconsin trading posts they visited every summer vacation of their lives. And as they're native Northeasterners, there's an Adirondacks inflection to the mix. Designers like David Rockwell and Charlotte Moss have been known to stock up here on rusticana for clients' homes in the woods and on the slopes. Call 800-836-4662 or visit www.whispering-pines.com for a catalogue.

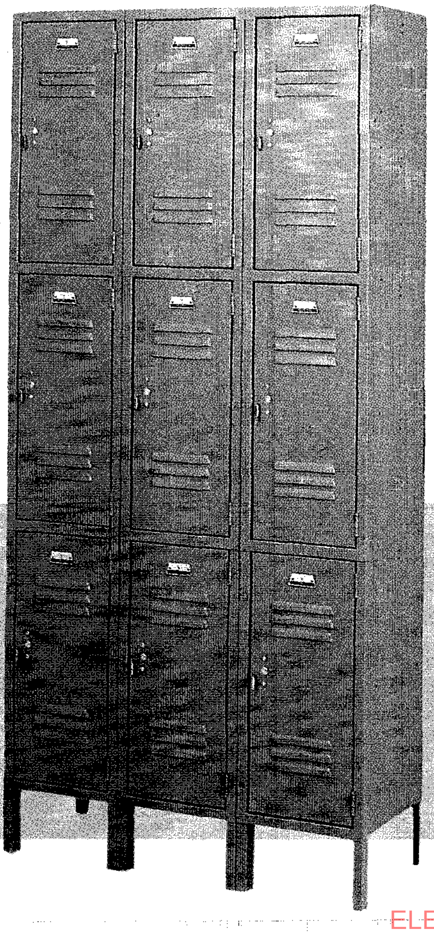
Whispering Pines

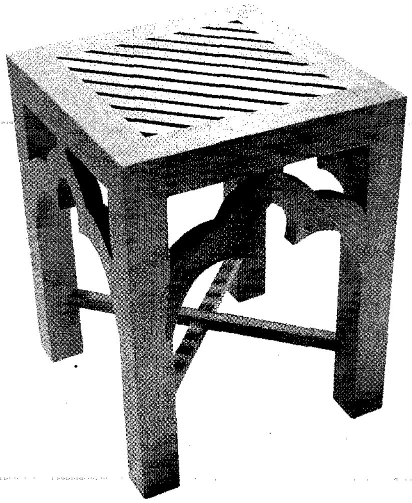


Industrial Home

1962 BRIONVEGA "ALGOL" TV ($750) Suzanne Demisch was a folk-art collector who now travels to Europe every six weeks to find the best functioning examples of twentieth-century European design. This funky TV set, designed by Marco Zanuso and Richard Sapper for Brionvega, is also available in white, black, and yellow. To order, call 260-3132 or log on to www. industrial-home.com.







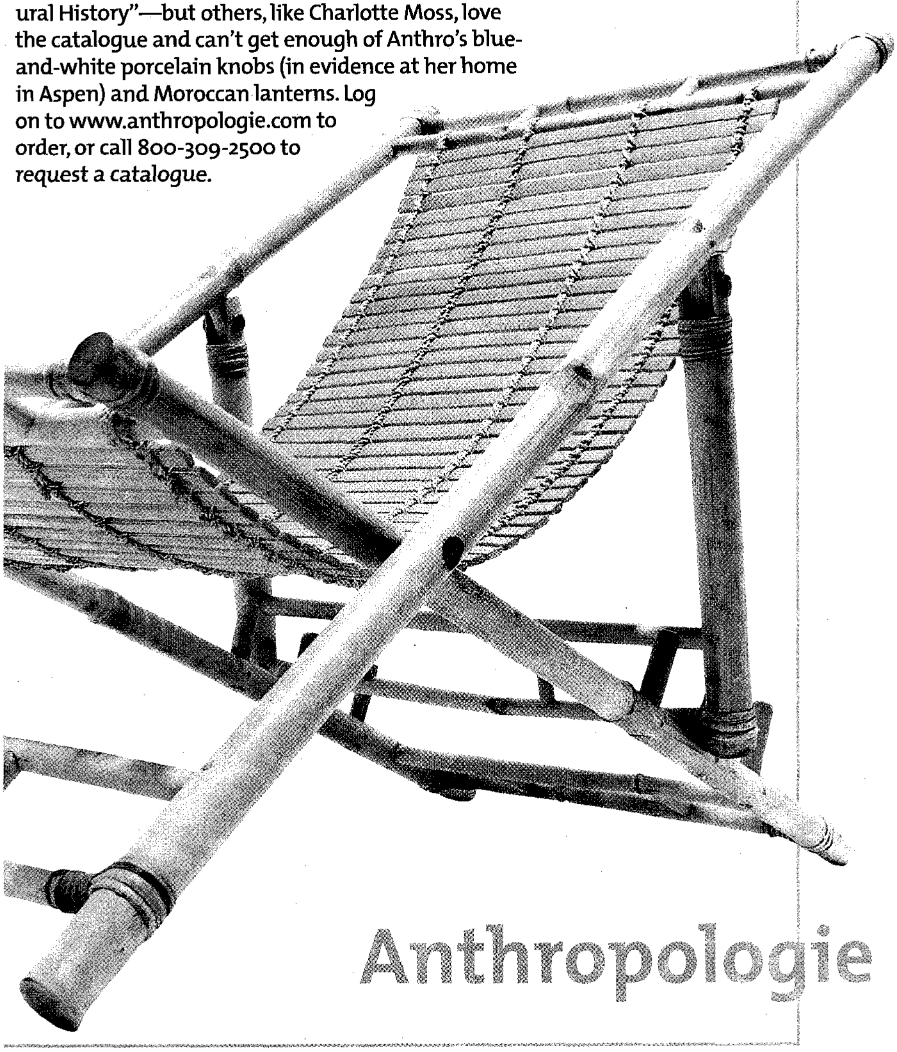
Munder-Skiles

MAHOGANY "EMBLEM" TABLE ($675) Gothic dash has been writ across this divine end table, sturdy enough for indoor or outdoor use. Danny DeVito, Mike Nichols, and Barry Levinson are among the notables who've snatched up high-end Munder-Skiles items like the 1770 garden bench and the first ergodynamic wooden garden chair. The catalogue of historic garden furniture costs $4; call 717-0150.

C&H Distributors, Inc.

NINE-COMPARTMENT LOCKER ($286.20 KNOCKED DOWN, $378 ASSEMBLED) Interior designer DD Allen of Pierce Allen recommends C&H lockers to clients for junk-stashing. While you may not require a portable jib crane, C&H stocks a plethora of maintenance equipment like galvanized-steel wash buckets and products like stainless-steel shelving tough enough to withstand the most active family's industrial-strength abuse. Call 800-558-9966 or fax 800-336-1331 to request the 580-page catalogue; there is also a Website you can peruse, at www.chdist.com.

BAMBOO FOLDING RECLINER ($138) Anthropologie may be a little crunchy for much of the D&D crowd—Jeffrey Bilhuber calls it "decorating à la Museum of Natural History"—but others, like Charlotte Moss, love the catalogue and can't get enough of Anthro's blue-and-white porcelain knobs (in evidence at her home in Aspen) and Moroccan lanterns. Log on to www.anthropologie.com to order, or call 800-309-2500 to request a catalogue.



"COMBY" STAINLESS-STEEL TOILET-SEAT UNIT ($1,500) This sink-toilet unit devised for penal-institution use can render your bathroom criminally chic. A new residential catalogue can be ordered from Acorn at 800-591-9050.

obsessiveness, or pragmatic kidproofing concern, Pastense is the place to get that *Happy Days*–style breakfast nook. Find bar stools, booths, and Formica-and-aluminum-edged tables here that go perfectly with malteds and root-beer floats.

Williamsburg (800-446-9240) Though this catalogue is a bit heavy-handed in the ye-olde-tchotchke department, the furniture, mouth-blown-glass hurricanes, candlesticks, glassware, silverware, rugs, and china are generally of very fine quality in the classic Colonial vein.

www.conran.co.uk (011-44-171-589-7401) You don't have to wait for Terence Conran's new store to open under the 59th Street Bridge in the fall: The designer's marvelous range of domestic *objets* is now available to Americans—from hand-blown vases to stylish pullout couches to mod geometric rugs—online or via a $16 catalogue. Regarding aesthetics and cost, think Barneys' swank sensibility with prices in the Bloomingdale's range. Americans must call for the price conversion and to order merchandise.

The Noguchi Foundation (718-721-2308; www.noguchi.org) Interior designer Jeffrey Bilhuber "can't seem to finish a job" without snapping up functional light sculptures from the Noguchi Foundation that were designed by Japanese-American artist Isamu Noguchi in 1951. They're still fashioned out of handmade mulberry-bark paper by the same manufacturer Noguchi chose in Japan; prices range from $75 to $950.

www.guild.com Artisans had never had such bigwigs batting for them before the launch of www.guild.com. The Guild was founded fifteen years ago as a publishing company dedicated to promoting craftsmen's careers. Today, www.guild.com is "curated" by Michael Monroe, former curator-in-charge of the Smithsonian Institution's Renwick Gallery; Richard Marcus, former CEO of Neiman Marcus, is overseeing customer relations; and, perhaps most important, Benchmark Capital (the major money behind eBay and Palm Pilot) has invested in the month-old enterprise. Its sophisticated interface allows browsing options not available on other sites.

Rabid Home (627-2700, or fax 627-3054; www.rabidhome.com) What started as a graphic-design firm has since morphed into an online gift retailer as well, featuring New York City designers and small boutiques. Serious home-outfitting was the natural progression. A sophisticated bench with *faux*–Persian lamb upholstery is among the tastefully quirky items available here.

Photographs by Joshua McHugh (TV, end table, lounger).

BEST BETS

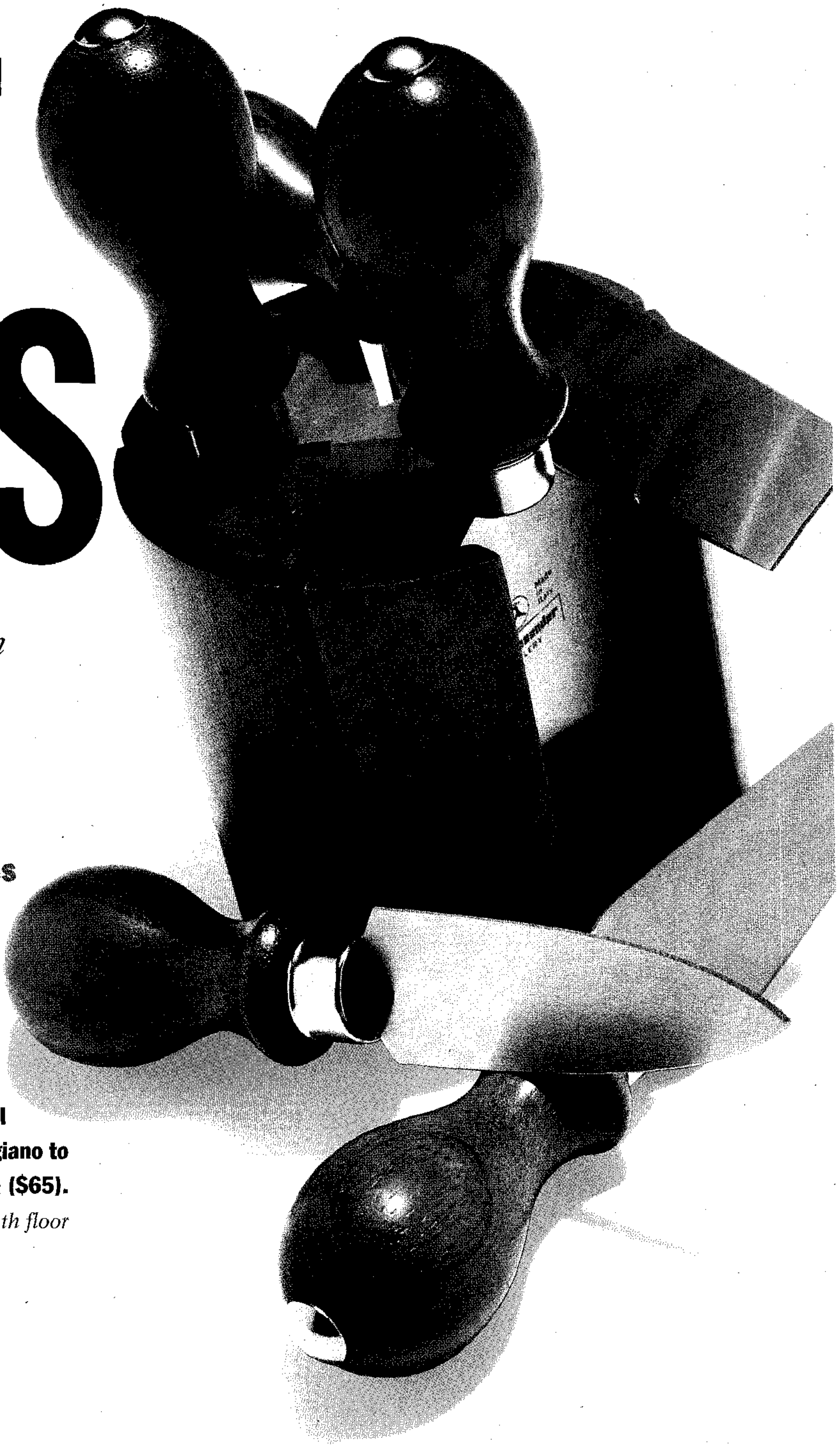
The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

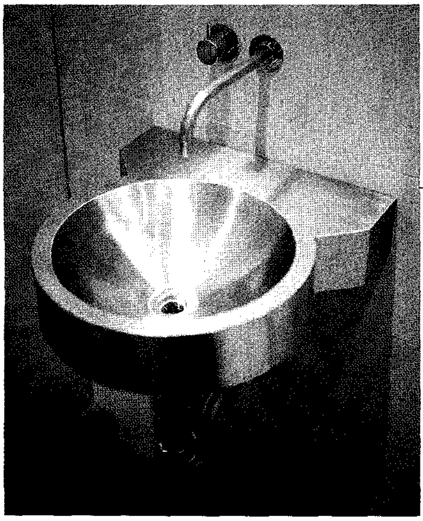
BY CORKY POLLAN

Five Cheesy Pieces

Now that nuts and eggs are back in the good graces of the gurus of healthy eating, can cheese (that delicious high-fat source of concentrated calcium) be far behind? Bergdorf Goodman is prepared for that happy day with a spiffy Italian cheese-knife set. The walnut holder houses five rosewood-handled knives with stainless-steel blades, perfect for every cheese, from Reggiano to Taleggio to Gorgonzola ($65).

BERGDORF GOODMAN/*Seventh floor*





Micro Management

High-tech bathrooms demand high-tech sinks: At least, that's the thinking of Mark Abolafia. But when this contractor-cum-designer couldn't find any on the market, he created one of his own. It's stainless steel, sleekly unadorned, and small enough (twenty inches wide and nineteen inches deep) for New York's microscopic bathrooms. It comes as shown for wall-mounted faucets, but can be ordered with center faucet holes ($950).

EDC CORPORATION/*243-1319/By appointment only*

Puppet Regime

These fiendishly funny puppets are the work of David Wool, a former children's-book illustrator. Most of his finger puppets are characters from fairy tales ("The Frog Prince," "Little Red Riding Hood," "Hansel and Gretel") or from such kids' favorites as *The Wizard of Oz.* Wool hand-makes the heads and hands of plaster of Paris and fashions the clothing from felt. Whether as a result of their rolling eyes or baby-bird lips, the puppets manifest looks of surprise tinged with terror: Given the grisly nature of many fairy tales, their expressions are rather apt ($20 for a set of four).

DINOSAUR HILL/*306 East 9th Street/473-5850*

Tanked Up

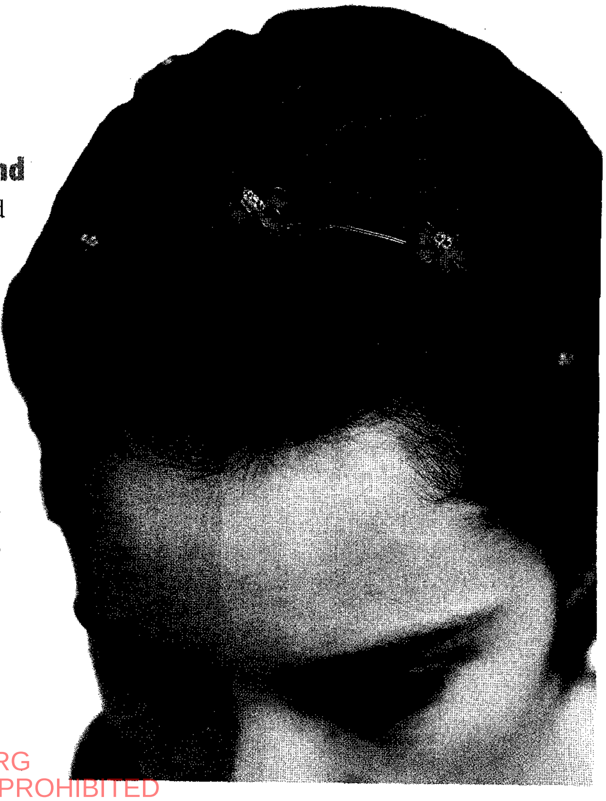
Whiz designer Lucien Pellat-Finet has been instrumental in changing the perception of cashmere from dowdy to hip. Not daunted by hot weather, Pellat-Finet has created neat little two-ply ribbed tanks in colors that quietly shout *summer.* He knows that after a day in the sun, nothing feels better on bare skin than cashmere ($400).

LUCIEN PELLAT-FINET/*226 Elizabeth Street/343-7033*

Bare in Mind

This headband is barely there, but it's still *très* chic and sure to be scooped up by the fashion flock in its current craze for illusion accessories. Japanese designer Kazusa Jibiki and her partner, Be Inthavong, string Swarovski crystals or tiny frosted-resin flowers onto stretchy polyurethane bands. The result is so ethereal that except for admiring glances, you'll forget it's on (single strand with crystals, around $25; double strand, around $30; single strand with flowers, around $36).

ANTHROPOLOGIE/*375 West Broadway/343-7070*
BLOOMINGDALE'S/*Main floor*
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE/*Main floor*



Send shopping queries to Corky Pollan, New York Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999.

NEW YORK SIMPLIFIED

SMARTCITY

Screen Dreams

New York's alternative movie houses can cure *Phantom Menace*-itis and Multiplex Personality Disorder.

By Patricia Falvo

AGING CINÉASTS STILL MOURN THE "golden" years of art-house theaters, when die-hard film buffs had their daily pick of revivals, rarities, and foreign fare, whether it was a Sturges fest at the Thalia, a midnight *El Topo* at the Elgin, recherché noir at Theater 80 St. Marks, or nonstop Bresson at the New Yorker. Those screens are history now, victims of video, cable, and DVD. But nostalgia can be pointless, especially now that a new generation of eager movie nuts has fueled a revival-house revival. Over the past year, theatrical rereleases of *8½*, *Touch of Evil*, *Nights of Cabiria*, and *The Third Man* have all become surprise hits, sparking renewed interest in mint-condition prints for us to watch the way God intended: on a big screen, in the dark, surrounded by strangers. Offbeat venues have also been popping up—bars, small cine-clubs, even all-night-marathon outdoor screenings—and foreign-film societies have become the best places to catch distributorless foreign releases. Herewith, a brief and highly prejudiced guide to places where you can realize your celluloid dreams.

The Classics

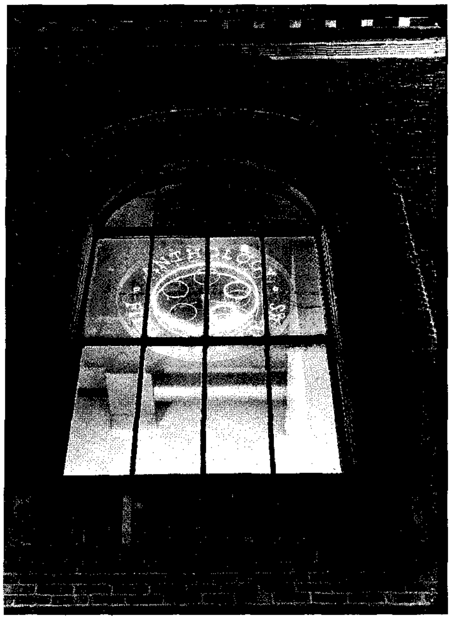
MOMA (11 West 53rd Street; 708-9480) is the Mount Sinai of serious filmgoers, handing down the law since 1935. The museum currently screens more than 1,000 films a year in two basement auditoriums. (Coming up in July are retrospectives of Kubrick and Hungarian director Márta Mészáros.) Across the street, for almost as long, the **Donnell Media Center** (20 West 53rd Street; 621-0624) has been unspooling films and videos from its 5,500-strong collection. The summer lineup includes Spielberg's *Close Encounters* (July) and Lubitsch's *Lady Windermere's Fan* (August). And it's free. The **Whitney Museum** (945 Madison Avenue, at 75th Street; 570-7722) is not known for its film program, and the yearlong series it's offering as part of the gargantuan "American Century" exhibition is predictably unoriginal in its programming; still, it's probably your only chance this summer to see two noir gems, Anthony Mann's *T-Men* (July 27–28) and Jacques Tourneur's *Out of the Past* (July 29–30). And even though you may think the venerable **Anthology Film Archives** (32 Second Avenue; 505-5110; $7–$8) never shows anything but Eisenstein and Brakhage, consider this: It has more than 12,000 titles in its vault, and the curators have been loosening up. "We used to show only the independent and avant-garde," says program director Jonas Mekas, who has introduced several generations of filmgoers to several generations of avant-garde film, "but we lost money." Anthology still offers a rigorously defined canon of essential classics, but it's

EXPERT TESTIMONY

Salsa Caliente

With performers like Ricky Martin and Jennifer Lopez burning up the airwaves, New York's long, hot summer may require one more adjective this year: *Latin.* But popular acts notwithstanding, where can you find some *música auténtica*? Platinum-selling merengue superstar Sergio Vargas goes to La Movida (1610 St. Nicholas Avenue, at 190th Street; 781-8575). "They have music that's hard for me to find," says Vargas, plus "I'm also hanging out with old friends." With only 3,500 titles in stock, La Movida won't be mistaken for a Virgin Megastore, but that's no problem for Vargas. "I get every album I need there," he notes, including his favorites: salsa king Ruben Blades and *merenguero* extraordinaire Johnny Ventura. ERIKA KINETZ

Photographs: clockwise from bottom left, Bernd Auers (3); Andrew Garn.



Reel life: Counterclockwise from above, Anthology Film Archives; the café-lounge at Cinema Classics; the theater at Cinema Classics.

also embraced more-commercial indies: This summer, it shows four by Wong Kar-Wai and personal selections by Jim Jarmusch. In August, it's even scheduled a drug-film festival based on *High Times* magazine's top 100.

The Indies

"Bette and Joan are our guiding lights," says Dan Seitler of **A Different Light** (151 West 19th Street; 989-4850), referring to a series of camp classics offered free every Sunday night at 7 P.M. July is "Growing Up Gay at the Movies" month, with screenings of *The Poseidon Adventure* and *Hello, Dolly!* (Don't ask.) The technical quality is poor (it's just a video-projection system), but the audience is the real draw. "People cheer and applaud and occasionally recite lines," Seitler admits.

A former kosher winery is an odd spot for watching movies, but **Tonic** (107 Norfolk Street; 358-7501; $4) manages to make it work. Presented in its vast, garagelike performance space, the Monday-night film series draws cinéasts (not to mention Julia Roberts, spotted once) for screenings of Italian classics like Bellocchio's *Fist in the Pocket* and Visconti's *Rocco and His Brothers.* It's also one of the few places where filmgoers can drink and smoke in their seats. In July, catch "Cold War Dance Party" (government-made films from the fifties).

Despite the metal chairs and fans blowing from the back of the room, Sunday-night screenings at **Ocularis at Galapagos** (70 North 6th Street, Williamsburg; 718-388-8713, www.billburg.com/ocularis) are always packed. Being attached to Williamsburg hot spot Galapagos helps. Recent screenings include 16-mm. prints of Ermanno Olmi's *Il Posto* and Errol Morris's *Gates of Heaven.* Starting July 14, the program moves outdoors for the summer, with Lina Wertmuller (*Love and Anarchy*) and Marcel Camus (*Black Orpheus*) at Socrates Sculpture Park in Astoria; shorts on Thursday nights at P.S. 1 (22-25 Jackson Avenue, Long Island City); and impromptu "covert" screenings around Williamsburg (check the Website for locations). Also offering screenings alfresco this summer is Luca Pizzaroni's **NY Open Cine** (252-3465), Friday nights in Little Italy's De Salvio Park and Saturday and Sunday nights at Pier 40 (at the end of West Houston Street). Pizzaroni is not too organized yet, but he likes to show Fellini and De Sica. July 4th weekend, he's planning an all–Frank Sinatra marathon from 9 P.M. till whenever. **Void** (16 Mercer Street; 941-6492) offers videos of sixties and seventies favorites on Wednesday nights with a one-drink minimum. **The Pink Pony** (176 Ludlow Street; 253-1922; free) shows silents with jazz accompaniment at 10 P.M. on Mondays. **La Vista** (303 East 8th Street, No. 1R; no phone; free) has informal programs every Sunday at 7:30 P.M. in the Segue Foundation's community arts space. Screenings include experimental shorts and documentaries like Jean Rouch's *Jaguar.*

The Golden Age

True heirs of the great old revival houses, these three theaters trump their precursors by offering better facilities and smarter programming than anyone ever had back in "the good old days." "I have a little bit of everything," boasts Bruce Goldstein, repertory program director at **Film Forum** (209 West Houston Street; 727-8110; $8.50, $4.50 members). This summer he's got two weeks of Erich von Stroheim, two weeks of Douglas Sirk, and a series of pre-code Hollywood films, along with a continuing Harold Lloyd–fest. The Film Society of Lincoln Center's **Walter Reade Theater** (70 Lincoln Plaza; 777-FILM, ext. 954; $8.50, $5 members) has an awesome Max Ophuls retrospective (through July 15) featuring titles even hard-core know-it-alls have never seen, like *The Bartered Bride* and *The Woman With Everything.* There's also a Claude Chabrol retrospective (July 23–August 5) and a Latin American Film Festival. At the **American Museum of the Moving Image** (35th Avenue at 36th Street, Astoria; 718-

(continued on page 61)

NAVIGATOR

Q: I found a great steel cabinet with glass doors at an office-liquidation sale. But it doesn't look like the polished stuff I see in design magazines—it's this horrible green, with rust spots. Who'll strip it down and clean it up?

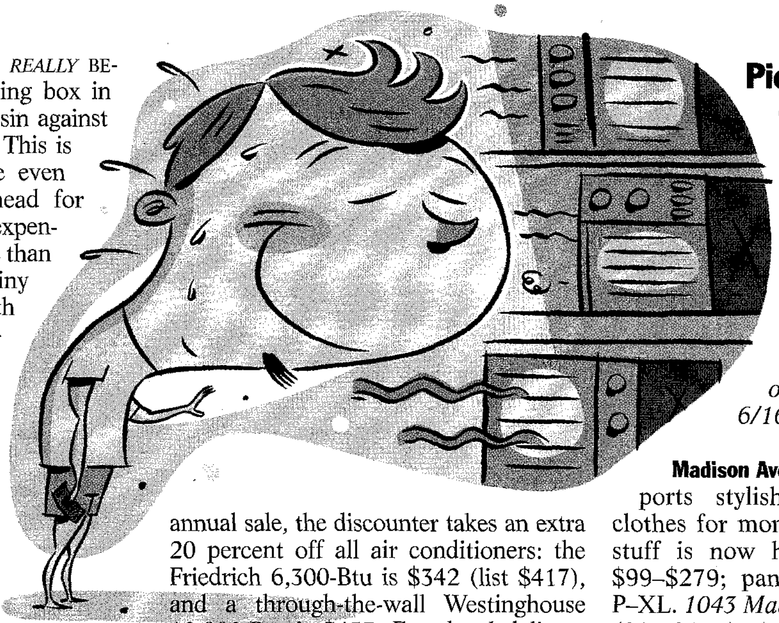
A: Brace yourself. New customers are always "a little shocked" when they bring a piece in, says Gil Shapiro, co-owner of Urban Archaeology (143 Franklin Street, 431-4646; and other locations). "You can find a metal barrister bookcase for $60, $70, $80 for the whole stack, and the restoration can cost a couple of thousand." It's not just a matter of taking the paint off, he explains: Once stripped, the piece has to be polished—requiring hours of hand work—and then clear-coated or painted. "Otherwise," says Shapiro, "it'll rust if you *breathe* on it."

Most furniture dealers suggest an auto-body shop to strip and repaint, but in practice few are willing. One notable exception is Cooper Classics, the downtown antique-car specialists (132 Perry Street; 929-3909). For a dressier finish, try Hygrade Polishing and Plating (22-07 41st Avenue, Long Island City; 800-427-7472 or 718-392-4082). This custom shop will take on small jobs, and even picks up and delivers (for a fee). Ballpark prices, according to owner Ed Byers: For a six-foot-high glass-door medical cabinet, expect to pay about $250 for stripping. Clear-coating that piece runs about $400; plating in satin-finish nickel is about $500; a black-nickel plating job ("really nice," says Byers) will be about $1,000. CHRISTOPHER BONANOS

SALES & BARGAINS **SHYAMA PATEL**

Don't Sweat It

Freeze without getting burned: *One-room air-conditioners at blowout prices that won't send* **cold shivers up your spine.**



COME ON—DO YOU *REALLY* BElieve that a whirring box in your window is a sin against nature? Chill out: This is New York, where even the mosquitoes head for the East End in July. An inexpensive, 5,000-Btu unit is more than adequate to cool your tiny bedroom—and anyone with a glass cutter and a screwdriver can install one in a standard window. Convinced? Shop here.

EBA Wholesale Corp. sells mostly to the trade but has recently begun filling phone orders for the public. Prices here are usually 15 to 20 percent off list (sometimes much more): a General Electric 5,000-Btu is $170; a Friedrich 6,300-Btu is $343. Manhattan and Brooklyn delivery is $30. No installations.

For a deal on a used A/C, call **Ace Air Conditioning** in Astoria ("It's all by phone," says the manager). The warehouse has about 2,000 secondhand units (plus tons of discounted new ones). Used stuff is from $150 for a 5,000-Btu General Electric to $700 for more powerful items. Delivery, basic installation, and one-year guarantee included.

In June, call **Home Sales Enterprises**. In an annual sale, the discounter takes an extra 20 percent off all air conditioners: the Friedrich 6,300-Btu is $342 (list $417), and a through-the-wall Westinghouse 10,000-Btu is $457. Free local delivery (extra for New Jersey, Connecticut, and Suffolk County). Installation starts at $75.

Lugging your purchase home cuts delivery costs and waiting. In Manhattan, avoid upscale home shops (which charge list price) and head to **Bernie's Discount Center** for 20 percent lower prices: The Friedrich 6,300-Btu is $359, a hefty Panasonic 11,500-Btu is $429. Delivery is $15 (in elevator buildings, more for walk-ups), and the most basic installation is $40–$65.

EBA Wholesale Corp., 2361 Nostrand Ave., Brooklyn (718-252-4000); Ace Air Conditioning, 24-81 47th St., Astoria (406-2256); Home Sales Enterprises, 1253 E. 70th St., Brooklyn (718-241-3272); Bernie's Discount Center, 821 Sixth Ave., near 28th St. (564-8582).

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.

ALWAYS A DEAL

Punch Line

"WE DEVELOP THE MIND *AND* THE body," sighs an instructor at **Bo Law Kung Fu Association** when asked if the group's martial-arts workout will make you skinny. (The answer's yes—plus you'll come away stronger and more focused.) Classes are led by kung fu champ Paul Koh and a team of black-belt instructors. Take a free trial class, then mention *New York* Magazine to get a twelve-class card (valid for a year) and a nifty black kung fu suit for $100. *385 Broadway, near White St., Suite 3R (925-3339).*

Picks of the Week

Leigh Bantivoglio's lacy silk lingerie can be worn out in warm weather. At the sample sale, pay half price: panties are $35, camisoles are $50, slips are $65. Sizes S–L. *230 W. 41st St., Suite 1805 (398-4772); cash only; Wed–Thurs. 11–7; 6/16–6/17.*

Madison Avenue Maternity & Baby imports stylish French and Italian clothes for moms-to-be. Most summer stuff is now half price: dresses are $99–$279; pants are $49–$99. Sizes P–XL. *1043 Madison Ave., near 79th St. (988-8686); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 10–7, Sat. till 6, Sun. noon–5; 6/14–6/28.*

Tardini's sleek Italian leather accessories, sold at Bergdorf's and Saks, are about 60 percent off here: belts are $30–$180; leather bags (pictured) are $90–$200; alligator bags are $600–$3,000. *12 W. 57th St., Suite 1005 (664-1965); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 10–6; 6/14–6/18.*

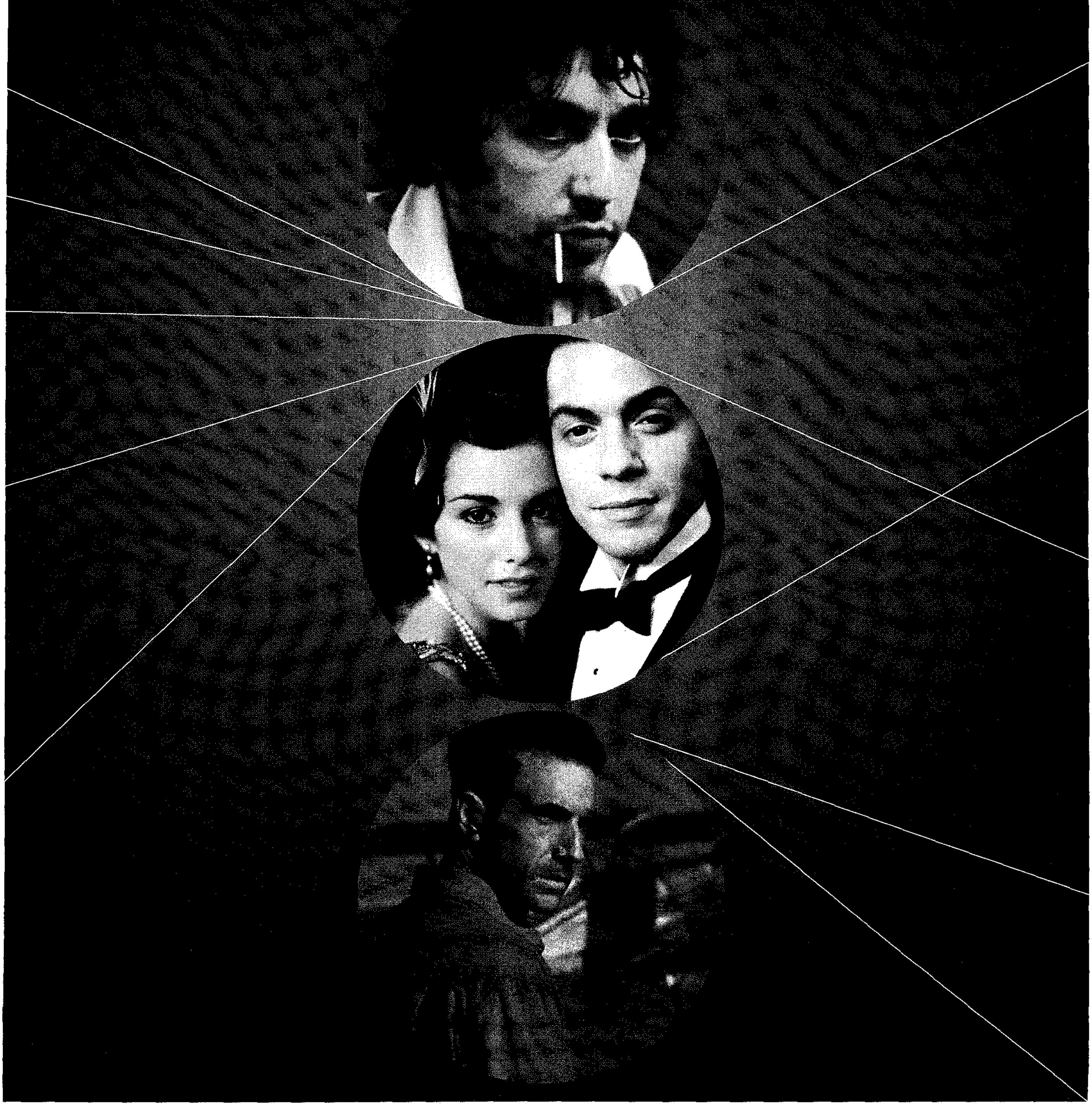
i santi's enormous sample sale of classic, high-end leather goods offers stock at 65 to 85 percent off: wallets are $9–$49, handbags are $9–$129, briefcases are $79–$189. *Hotel Pennsylvania, 401 Seventh Ave., at 33rd St., third floor; A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 8–8, Sat. 10–5; 6/14–6/19.*

Gerard Yosca's cute enamel-and-rhinestone jewelry and hair accessories (seen at Bergdorf's and Saks) are 50 to 80 percent off at the sample sale, from $10 for small barrettes to $20 for pendant necklaces. *39 W. 38th St., tenth floor (302-4349); cash only; Thurs. 10–6, Fri. till 2; 6/17–6/18.* ■

Illustration by Harry Campbell. Photograph courtesy of Tardini.

REMOTE control

Cable heats up the screen with Hollywood blockbusters, cutting-edge original programs, premier sporting events, and live courtroom drama.



TNT
the best movie studio on television

With a dynamic mix of TNT Originals and Hollywood Blockbusters, TNT is known as "The Best Movie Studio On Television." It's also drawing fans for original premiere events, including exclusive specials and concerts, plus some of the most prestigious sporting events on TV. TNT is the No. 1 primetime network with adults 18-49 and 25-54 — for three years running.

ORIGINAL *movie events*

TNT offers a diverse array of TNT Originals, including June 20th's PIRATES OF SILICON VALLEY, starring Noah Wyle and Anthony Michael Hall; A TRAVESTY starring—and written by—Oscar® nominee William H. Macy, NUREMBERG starring Alec Baldwin; and THE VIRGINIAN, starring Bill Pullman, who also makes his directorial debut. TNT kicks off a slate of spectacular Originals made in partnership with Hallmark Entertainment, with October's ANIMAL FARM, an extraordinary film version of George Orwell's classic made with Jim Henson's creature shop; A CHRISTMAS CAROL, starring Patrick Stewart; and next April's DON QUIXOTE, starring John Lithgow, Vanessa Williams, Bob Hoskins, and Isabella Rossellini.

HOLLYWOOD *blockbusters*

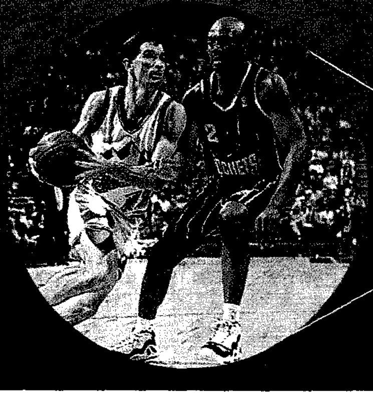
Week after week, TNT delivers the biggest box office winners of our time, the most prestigious and sought-after films on television. Kenneth Branagh's HAMLET, SHINE, THE ENGLISH PATIENT, CONSPIRACY THEORY, EVITA, CONTACT, and THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE will all make their Network Television Premieres on TNT in the upcoming year.

PREMIERE *events*

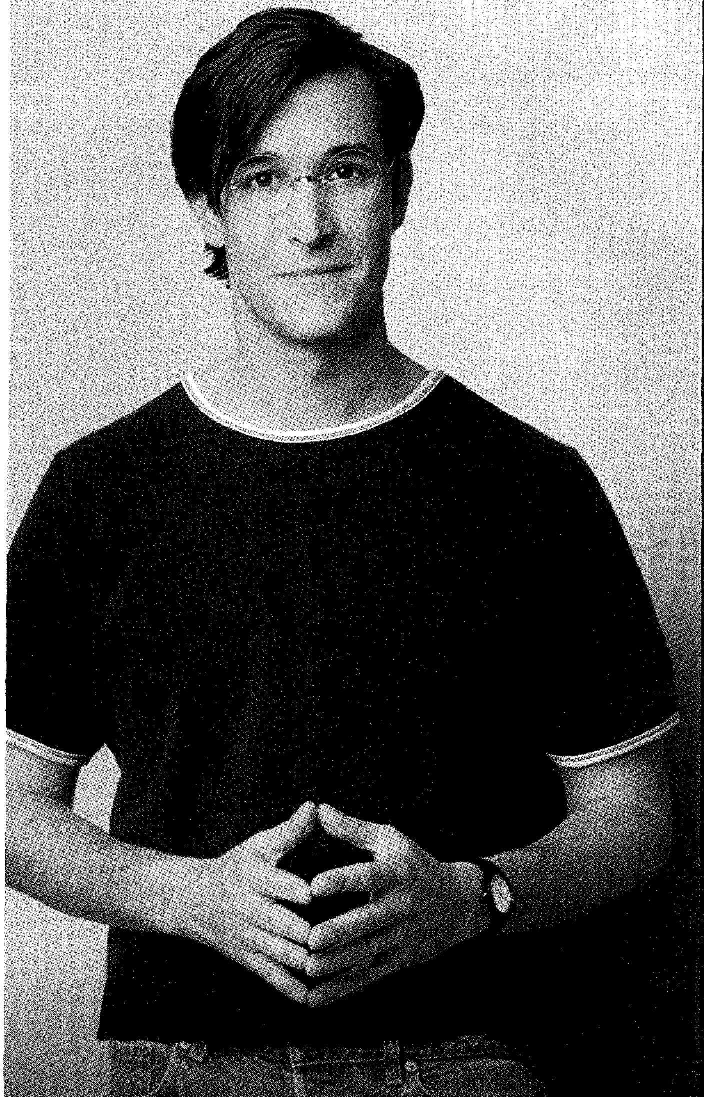
TNT's exclusive specials and concerts provide dynamic television entertainment. July's MOMENT OF IMPACT is a hard-hitting look at the true stories behind famous Pulitzer Prize winning photographs; December's TRIBUTE TO BOB MARLEY will bring a top-flight line-up of music greats together in Jamaica. With programs like these and the SCREEN ACTORS GUILD AWARDS, TNT brings its viewers some of the most ambitious and exciting event programming available on television.

WORLD CLASS *sports*

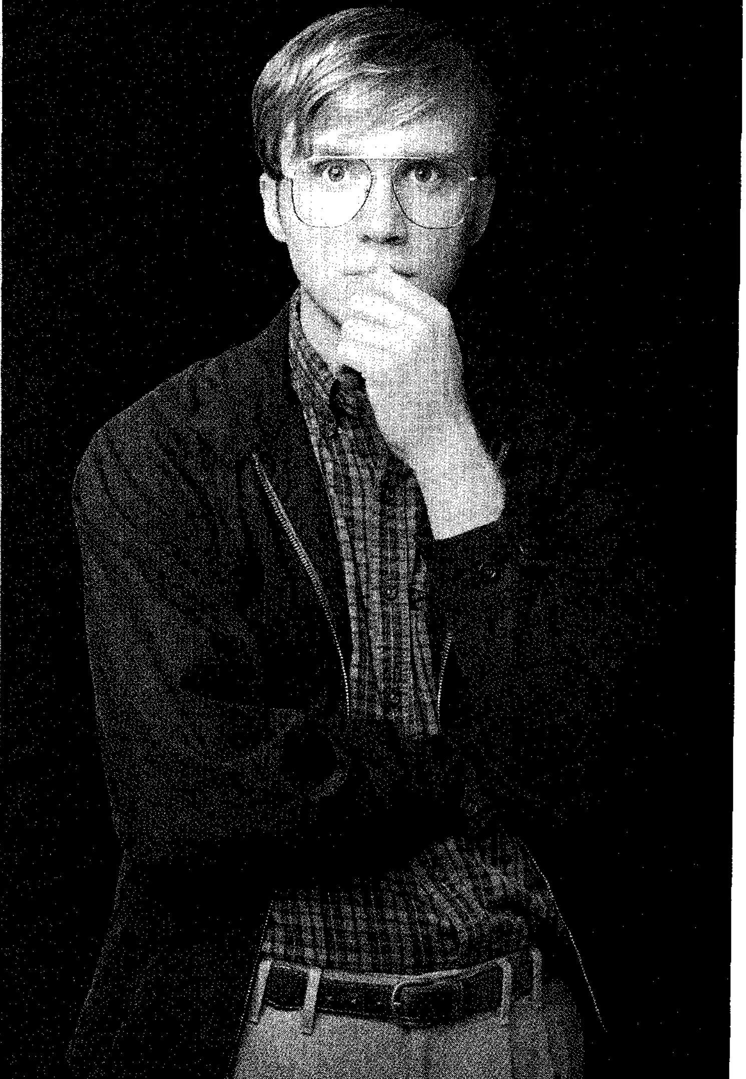
Featuring some of television's most prestigious sporting events, TNT's offerings include the MASTERS OF FIGURE SKATING, the PGA CHAMPIONSHIPS, the 2000 WINTER GOODWILL GAMES from Lake Placid and, of course, the NBA ON TNT. With more than 50 regular season games and exclusive prime-time coverage of more than 30 playoff games, the NBA ON TNT gives fans more primetime NBA action than any other network.



NOAH WYLE
AS
STEVE JOBS



ANTHONY MICHAEL HALL
AS
BILL GATES



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inside crime and justice

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ORIGINAL

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The true story of a courageous teenager who contracted HIV as a child as a result of a blood transfusion during heart surgery. He later successfully sued the blood center for negligence. Now a college freshman, DiPaolo is a national spokesman for AIDS prevention and awareness.

AIRS: JUNE 14, 10PM (ET/PT)

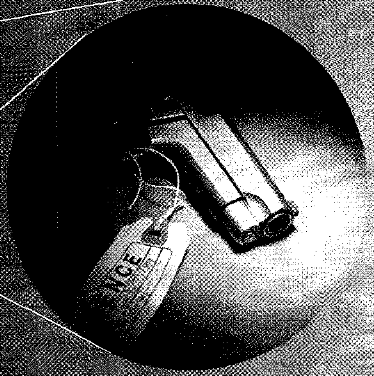
fatal passion

It was a love affair that ended in murder. Thomas Capano, a former Delaware prosecutor, defense attorney, and political adviser, stood trial for killing his former lover, a secretary to the governor of Delaware. **AIRS: JUNE 21, 10PM (ET/PT)**

the greatest trials of all time: lenny bruce

His 1964 trial was one of the most controversial and highly publicized obscenity cases in American history.

AIRS: JULY 20, 10PM (ET/PT)



ORIGINAL series

HOMICIDE: LIFE ON THE STREET

The Peabody and Emmy Award–winning drama series. *The Wall Street Journal* calls HOMICIDE, "Simply the best one hour on television."

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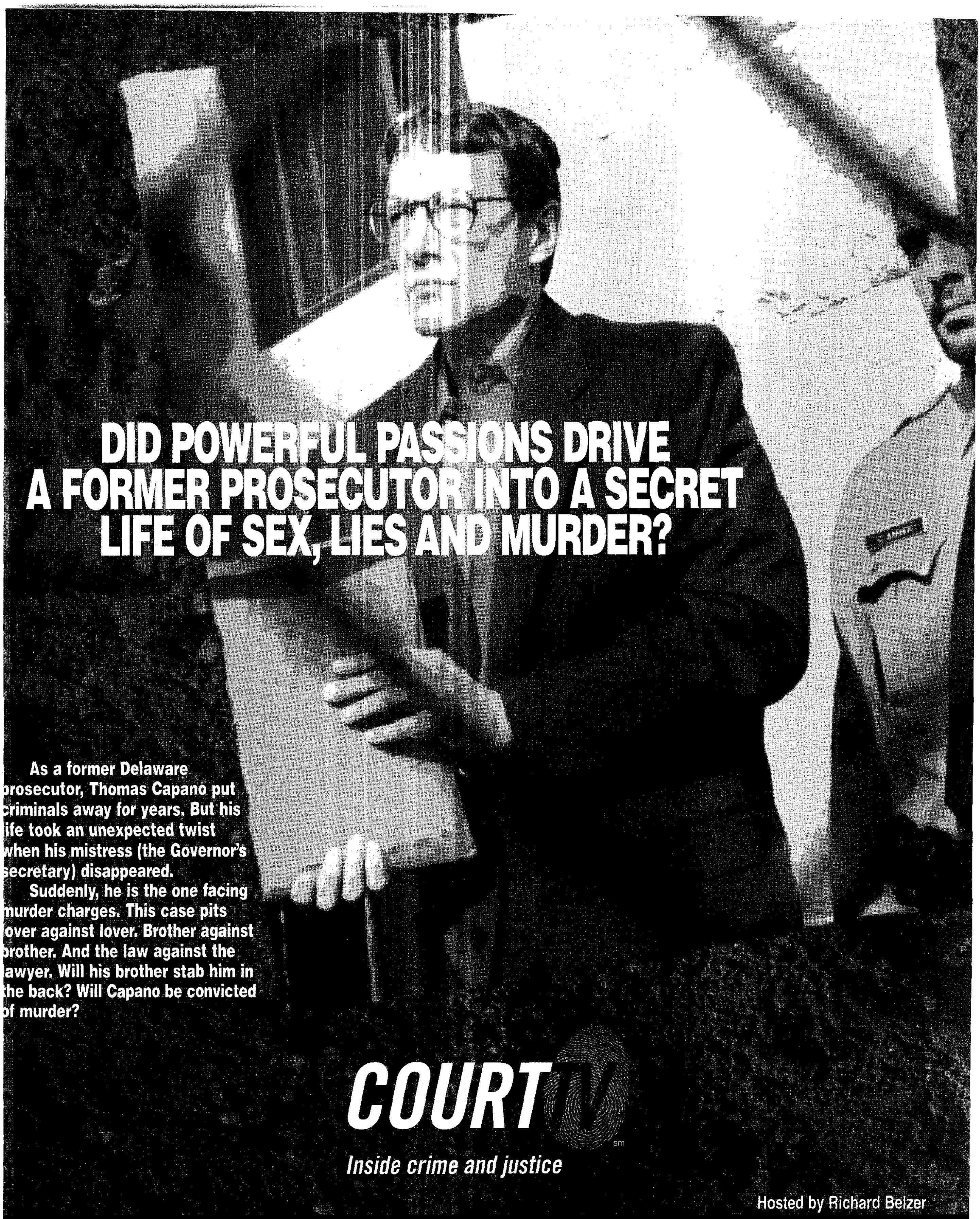

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MOVIES PETER RAINER

Son of a Pitch

The 'Mad' magazine mind-set of the 'Austin Powers' sequel proves perfect for selling everything from airplane tickets to beer.

There's the rub: Austin Powers (Mike Myers) with Felicity Shagwell (Heather Graham) in *The Spy Who Shagged Me.*

The opening crawl for **Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me** is a takeoff on the one from the *Star Wars* movies, and other Lucas-aimed jokes keep popping up. The film builds its *Phantom Menace* counterprogramming status right into the material, which may make it something of a marketing first. It also loads up the usual commercial tie-ins: not only for Heineken and Bob's Big Boy and Virgin Atlantic Airways, which features Austin Powers in its billboards, but, conspicuously, for Starbucks, which functions in the movie as a cash cow for Powers's nemesis, Dr. Evil, who once again plans to take over the world. In this much ballyhooed sequel to *Austin Powers: International Man of Mystery,* there's a lot more flogging than shagging going on.

The original 1997 film did only moderately well in theaters but has turned out to be a continuing smash on the video circuit, largely because kids are tickled by Mike Myers's fur-ball, snaggletoothed kookiness in the same way they might be with a favorite daytime cartoon character—except Austin's a little lewder than a Smurf. Although *Austin Powers,* with its suave spies and flower-power psychedelia, sent up swinging-sixties camp, the spoofing in the new movie is far more self-referential. *The Spy Who Shagged Me* is less about the Bond movies and *In Like Flint* and Carnaby Street and more about all the Austin Powers crotchets and catchwords. We're treated to a dazzling array of doo-doo jokes, some of which are quite funny and all of which are exceptionally tasteless, as well as lots of obesity gags and cleavage comedy. The British music hall, of course, has a tradition of this sort of thing, and Mike Myers has never been given enough credit (or blame) for revamping that tradition. Still, a closer heritage here would be *Mad* magazine and junior-high-school bathroom graffiti.

Myers is pretty consistently hilarious as Austin Powers—he's one of those characters, like Peter Sellers's Inspector Clouseau—who makes you laugh before he even opens his mouth, and then tops that laugh when he does. (For kids, Powers's instant-recognition factor might be a form of pop-cult connoisseurship.) But there's too much Dr. Evil this time, and there's also a third Myers creation, a behemoth Scots spy, who didn't do much for me, and a mini Dr. Evil (Verne Troyer), who would seem more at home in a David Lynch movie. Heather Graham is decorative but disappointingly bland as CIA agent Felicity Shagwell. On the other hand, you won't want to miss Rob Lowe, as a younger version of Dr. Evil's second-in-command, doing a letter-perfect imitation of Robert Wagner. Who'd have thought that bland-on-bland could have this many levels?

FRANKA POTENTE, THE STAR OF **Run Lola Run**, HAS THE LEAN-machine look of a champion sprinter. Pumping her arms and legs as she races around the city, the orange-punk-haired Lola is like a new-style industrial-age automaton: She's a sexy speedster. The 34-year-old German director Tom Tykwer has made a movie that really zips along; it offers some of the same pleasures as the silent slapstick comedies, particularly the Keaton films, with their sense of how sheer velocity carries its own wit. Tykwer, whose third film this is, belongs to a new generation of moviemakers who see the cinema as a species of techno romp—as the playing field on which to try out all sorts of conjunctions with video games and animation and computer graphics (all of which Tykwer utilizes in this film). He's interested in seeing how close he can come to making a movie with real people in real locations and yet have it all look like a great big cyber frolic.

His compositional eye and his pacing have a pared-down, lickety-split excitement; we always seem to be looking at precisely what we need to see and not a millimeter more. I am not, as a rule, a big fan of this movie-as-big-screen-computer-game trend; too often the filmmakers would rather dispense altogether with mere mor-

Photograph by K. Wright/New Line Cinema.

tals, and the scenarios, as in, most recently, *The Matrix,* are thuddingly hocus-pocus-y. But Tykwer, along with his spiffy graphic sense, has an affinity for people. He knows what's really important here: the classic romance of a woman racing to rescue her man. It's what keeps everything winging along and on track. Tykwer has given the oldest story in the book a new cover.

The film recaps the same plot in three alternate ways. Lola's boyfriend, Manni (Moritz Bleibtreu), a low-level courier for a crime boss, accidentally loses his cash delivery of 100,000 marks and needs to make up the loss in twenty minutes or he's kaput. Lola, whose moped has just been stolen, darts into action, whooshing like an Olympian past a phalanx of nuns, an aggravated mother with a baby carriage, a pesky bicyclist; she snarls traffic, almost gets herself run over, and, each time we see this story played out, ends up in her father's bank office imploring him for the cash—which only leads to more sprinting and screeching. The story lines all end differently, but they link up with one another; when one twenty-minute spree closes out, it restarts—the rapid-fire turnover suggests the addictive rhythms of a video-game junkie.

Tykwer is a playful maniac. Although he opens the film with a quote from T. S. Eliot's "Little Gidding," he's not really hunting big game here. (I am nevertheless fully, if reluctantly, prepared for all the gassy critical exegeses about space-time and all that jazz this film will provoke.) What Tykwer is really after is the rush you get when you connect a primal, direct-action story to a love of speed. He knows how deliriously exciting it can be just to watch someone running; he's captivated by the moods and energies you can create by accelerating a maneuver, a gesture—or slowing it down. Interspersed with Lola's zigzag swiftness are moments when the action shifts into trancelike tableaux. In one horrifyingly comic scene, Lola's glass-shattering shriek transfixes an entire roomful of gamblers in a casino. She's like a human stun gun. But in the same scene, we're also—literally—placed behind the spinning white ball in a roulette wheel. Tykwer just can't keep away from speed, and he gets in real close.

He gets way up too: When Lola slants across a city square, he shoots from a dizzyingly elevated angle that brings out the Mondrian-like geometry in the terrain. This, we are made to feel, is how patterned the world looks if you get high enough. And yet even here, microscopic as she is, Lola remains central. Her smallness only emphasizes her pumping zeal, her ardor. Up close or miles away, she's still a heroine in love.

Peter Rainer's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Smart City

continued from page 51

784-4777; www.ammi.org), the emphasis is, usually, closer to home. A rare Donald Cammell fest (he co-directed *Performance,* starring Mick Jagger) is set for August 14 and 15, and there's an intriguing Western shootout between several classic Ford oaters and a handful of Sergio Leone's revisionist classics (beginning July 10). A recent arrival, **Cinema Classics** (332 East 11th Street; www.cinemaclassics.com) is still trying to find the right mix of silly and serious, with retrospectives of actors like Laurence Harvey and monthly themed series like "Racism at the Movies." There's a video retail business in back, and the prints are only 16-mm., but the theater is comfy and cheap (double features are just $5). A café-lounge (homey by East Village standards) encourages patrons like Todd Solondz to loiter before and after the show. **Millennium** (66 East 4th Street; 673-0090; pay as you wish) specializes in shorts, independents, and experimental film (and serves free wine at screenings) but takes the summer off.

Foreign Influence

The regulars at the two-year-old **YWCA Cineclub** (610 Lexington Avenue, at 53rd Street; 735-9717; $7, $6 members) are happy to sit on folding chairs, with black sheets draped over the windows to keep out the light. The group is wrapping up two straight years of Japanese cinema, the result of a unanimous vote to continue what was supposed to be a one-year series. Beginning this month, director Poty Oliveira—who used to book films at the Bleecker Street Cinema—begins an eight-week program focusing on great directors, featuring some rarely seen Buñuel (*The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*) and the usual roundup of Bergman (*All These Women*) and Antonioni (*Il Notte*). **The French Institute** (Florence Gould Hall, 55 East 59th Street; 355-6160; $7, members free) frequently offers premieres of contemporary French films. This summer, two six-week series run concurrently: The first offers matinees of classics like Godard's *Breathless* and Rohmer's *Le Rayon Vert,* and the second has evening screenings of recent releases like Gaspard Noé's brutal *I Stand Alone* and New York premieres of Jean-François Richet's *Inner City* and Jean Beaudin's *Being at Home With Claude.* **The Japan Society** (333 East 47th Street; 752-3015; $8), **The Asia Society** (725 Park Avenue, at 70th Street; 517-2742; prices vary), and the **Goethe Institute** (1014 Fifth Avenue, at 82nd Street; 439-8700; prices vary) all keep their screens dark for the summer, but call about fall schedules. (The Japan Society is currently planning a September series of Japanese New Wave films from the sixties.)

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THEATER JOHN SIMON

The Worst Noël

Even mad passion isn't enough to save 'If Love Were All,' a simplistic Noël Coward compilation that falteringly travels all-too-familiar turf.

“IS IT THE GOOD TURTLE SOUP OR MERELY THE mock?” asks Noël Coward's chief rival, Cole Porter, in a famous lyric. I must sadly report that **If Love Were All**, the two-actor revue of Cowardiana, is not even as tasty as *mock* turtle—merely a mockery of the popular playwright-composer and his beloved leading lady, Gertrude Lawrence. Which does not mean that a singularly innocent audience (one patron was overheard affirming that Coward wrote only the lyrics, the tunes being by Irving Berlin) did not groove on this thin gruel.

The piece is described in the program as “an entertainment devised by Sheridan Morley,” the critic and Coward biographer, and “directed and adapted by Leigh Lawson,” actor-director and husband of half the show's cast, Twiggy. What further need of adaptation has something already devised? Especially since it is so simple: One performer personates Noël; the other, Gertie. Nineteen well-known Coward songs are interspersed with a couple of brief readings from the plays and a smattering of data about a celebrated *amitié amoureuse* that, but for Coward's sexual preference, would have been a love affair. A loving tribute, granted; if love were all, *If Love Were All* would suffice.

Much hangs by the interpreters of this show, which, in various versions, has perambulated greatly. As Noël, we have the American Harry Groener, an amiable musical comedian who suggests not so much Coward as Frank Langella playing Coward, which he recently did. Though not ungifted, Groener lacks Coward's sleek looks, tart delivery, stylish wit, and Englishness. He can, however, tap dance, and does so here, something Coward wouldn't even have deigned to consider.

Coward had an uncanny gift for fusing cool sophistication and sentimentality: emotion wearing an ultra-chic, not-quite-see-through blouse. His dialogue requires this kind of delivery: Rice Krispies with a British accent. Clipped, laconic, understated, but with quirky rubatos and accelerandos to convey something simmering underneath. Groener, despite a shot at an English accent, is bluff, sincere, guileless—American virtues of no use in Coward. And then he taps.

Twiggy, as we have seen elsewhere, is not without some ability. But as Gertie, she strains and postures, struts and croons with what sounds like a jowly growl (not that she has actual jowls—she still looks very nice), all without Lawrence's poise and ease. Above all, she cannot handle innuendo. When the remarried husband of *Blithe Spirit,* still jealous of his dead first wife, asks her ghost whether a secret rival, Captain Bracegirdle, made love to her, Twiggy answers, “Only very discreetly. He was in the cavalry, you know.” Here everything depends on the fraught pause, or pauses, which Twiggy doesn't supply.

For much less money, potential ticket-buyers could acquire authentic Noël and Gertie recordings and do rather better. Even the trusty Tony Walton delivers décor and costumes more suited to an Omaha nightclub. Perhaps he was just trying to anticipate the reviewers.

Sticks and stones: Twiggy in *If Love Were All.*

Photograph by Mark Higashino.

BAM LAUDABLY IMPORTED INGMAR BERGMAN'S SWEDISH production of Per Olov Enquist's **The Image Makers**, a play about the one meeting between the Nobel Prize–winning novelist Selma Lagerlöf and the famous director Viktor Sjöström, whose film from a lesser Lagerlöf work, *The Phantom Carriage* (1921), was a landmark in silent-movie technique but otherwise, in my view, a bore. We possess only one crumb of information about that meeting in the novelist's country house. Enquist, himself a distinguished novelist, playwright, and screenwriter, transposes it to Sjöström's Stockholm workplace, where the director screens some scenes from the unfinished film for the crusty author.

Present, too, are Julius Jaenzon, Sjöström's imaginative cameraman, and a sexually free-spirited young actress, Tora Teje, later to become a great stage star but now mostly the mistress Sjöström has abandoned to return to his wife. The play concerns (a) Tora's attempts to reclaim Viktor, (b) Julius's efforts to seduce Tora, and (c) Selma Lagerlöf's concealed but haunting youth under the heel of an alcoholic father, and her contempt for film, gradually overcome as she (and we) watch the partial projection.

Enquist, at a pre-premiere Q-and-A session, exhibited wit, charm, and superior intelligence, too little of which comes across in *The Image Makers*, for which Bergman's direction does uncharacteristically little. The talky play yields lengthy discussions of life and art and alcoholic fathers (like Selma, Tora had one) and makes a meal of such overworked tropes as the oyster, the grain of sand, and the pearl. Badly needed is an image-breaker. Still, the way the insolent and foul-mouthed Tora and the starchily patronizing Selma go from hostility to sisterhood, while the men are Bergmanesquely pushed into the background, is not without interest.

Lennart Hjulström is a perhaps unavoidably colorless Viktor, Carl-Magnus Dellow a perhaps appropriately brash Jaenzon. The handsome Elin Klinga wiggles her toes dexterously, though she still has a way to go to catch up with Tora Teje. But the great Anita Björk (Alf Sjöberg's cinematic Miss Julie), as Lagerlöf, invests the BAM Majestic's stage with a majesty and humanity it has not often seen.

La Terrasse, A FARCE BY THE SCREENWRITER and dramatist Jean-Claude Carrière, as Englished by Mark O'Donnell, has arrived at Manhattan Theatre Club's Stage II. A farce has every right to be silly and even a bit contrived. But this play, about the sudden breakup of a marriage in a fashionable Paris apartment, complete with imposing terrace, and the comings of an officious rental agent ushering in unlikely and obnoxious clients, some of whom promptly make themselves at home, does what a farce must not do: It is mostly unfunny.

As sedulously directed by Mike Ockrent in a neat set by Santo Loquasto, *La Terrasse* features a best performance from the wind that comes howling at us in the darkened auditorium before the play begins. Next-best are David Schramm as a fat nuisance, Bruce Norris as a rich-pipsqueak nuisance, and Annie Golden as the agent nuisance. The others will do, except Jeremy Davidson as the rejected husband, who strikes one as the drama star of a second-rate American college. There are a few funny sight gags; the dialogue is mostly ginger ale trying to pass itself off as champagne. ■

John Simon's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

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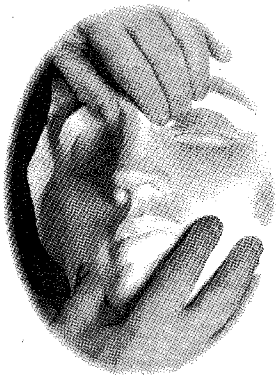

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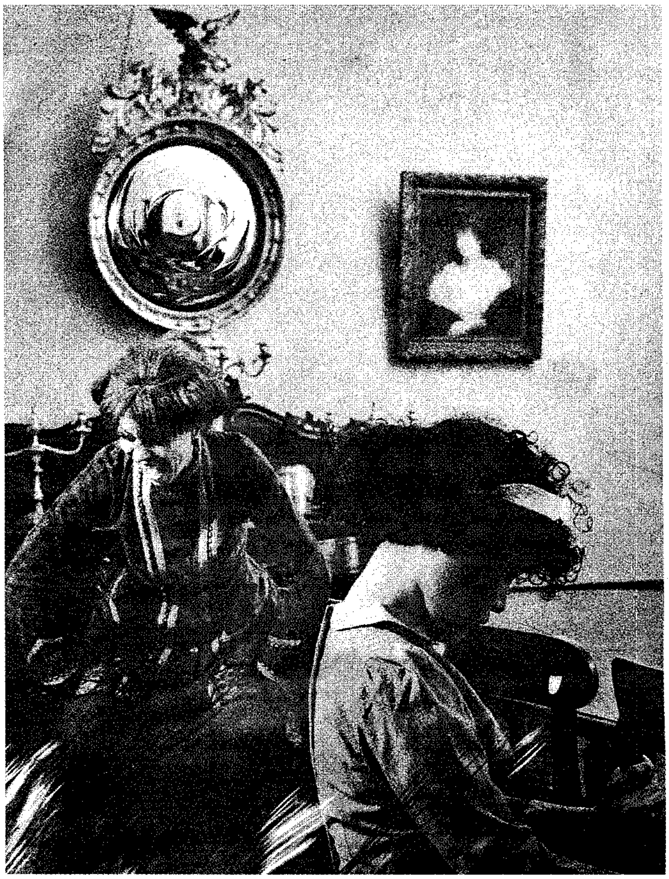
ART **MARK STEVENS**

Spice Girls

In their Chelsea gallery shows, Tracey Moffatt and Cindy Sherman bring new life to an old subject, as each creates a theater of the perverse.



Mind your mannerism: Tracey Moffatt's *Laudanum, 5.*

SEX SELLS IN ART. ALWAYS HAS, ALWAYS will. And the spicier the better. The artists of our period, however, face an unusual dilemma. The modernist exploration of sexual outrage is now more than 150 years old, with the result that the shocking, exotic, and bizarre now look increasingly routine. This has led to a period of sexual mannerism, as artists try to invigorate a great but waning tradition. A good mannerist is flashy, sophisticated, and clever—whether today or in the sixteenth century—and cultivates a knowing and often academic audience of insiders, using strange and theatrically heightened effects to startle a jaded taste. When you take the long view, it is easy to dismiss or condescend to such end-of-the-tradition art. And yet it suits the current fin de siècle mood and the unending stream of vulgar revelations in the media.

This month, two provocative examples of sexual mannerism in late-twentieth-century art are on display in Chelsea. Both **Tracey Moffatt** and **Cindy Sherman** have a stage sensibility; both create a theater of the perverse, giving a twist to familiar sexual conventions in modernist culture. At the Paul Morris Gallery, Moffatt evokes the Victorian era—which to the contemporary imagination invariably symbolizes straitlaced "repression"—in a dark, hallucinatory tale about a mistress and a maid. Called *Laudanum* after the opium-based preparation popular among the Victorians, the story is presented in a series of nineteen photogravures that evoke the studied, powdery gray-brown look of nineteenth-century photography; some images are in the shape of fans and ovals. At the same time, the pictures resemble film stills. Moffatt, who began as a filmmaker, created elaborate sets and hired actresses to make the work; art today often dreams of the movies. She also devised some twisty, hallucinatory effects with the help of a computer.

In *Laudanum,* a mistress erotically ravishes and dominates a maid. (*The Story of O* is one inspiration behind the work.) Moffatt does not present this narrative in strict chronological sequence, which adds to the work's floating, dreamy air. Over time, however, the story line nonetheless becomes fairly clear. An early image shows the mistress on a grand staircase while the maid scrubs the floor. Later, the mistress obsessively studies the maid as she sleeps naked on a couch; at another point, the mistress furiously cuts off the maid's hair; at still another, the corset of the mistress has apparently loosened. A large keyhole enhances the mood of voyeuristic darkness. The swooning effects of laudanum are suggested through ripplings in the space and flarings of shadow. A flower pot falls and smashes. A murder probably takes place. In one picture, a large pillowy shape—perhaps a body bag containing the maid—lies beneath the staircase.

Laudanum is a witty union of two fins de siècle, our own and that of the nineteenth century. With remarkable fidelity, Moffatt reproduces that sickly-sweet air of séance and symbolism, of erotic eruption and dark perversion, that characterized the 1890s. But viewers will sense the late twentieth century—a harshly lit and voyeuristic period that strips people bare—in Moffatt's intense nostalgia for a darkly muffled world of dreams and secrets. The artist also brings some contemporary political concerns into *Laudanum.* An Australian with an aboriginal background, Moffatt has often explored the rough edges of class, gender, and race. In her Victorian melodrama, the maid has a dusky, foreign appearance; perhaps she is partly Asian. The domination, in short, is not just erotic but political. Yet Moffatt makes the point allusively, in a whisper entirely in keeping with the tone of the work.

There is nothing quiet about Cindy Sherman's current photographs. At Metro Pictures, she is showing a group of images in which nasty things are done to

Photograph courtesy of Paul Morris Gallery and the Matthew Marks Gallery.

dolls—a theme that, like Victorian repression, is a twentieth-century standard. In the thirties, the surrealist Hans Bellmer created the touchstone work in this genre (last spring, the Ubu Gallery organized a powerful show of his photographs of abused dolls), and countless artists over the years have sported with the big dolls called mannequins; today, you could write a dissertation on what artists have done to Barbie. In this exhibit, Sherman pushes the tradition as far as it can go. She stages scenes in which a variety of Barbies and G.I. Joes and Disney dolls are placed in horrific sexual environments. The dolls are mutilated and dismembered. Their genitals are prominent. In one image, she depicts a male doll pushing a wheelchair that holds a decapitated female doll, whose head lies on the foot rest. The female doll's legs are splayed open, and she is leaking from her genitals.

Sherman is best known for "Untitled Film Stills," a series of photographs made from 1977 to 1980 in which the artist assumed many of the different roles assigned to women in American culture and played up by Hollywood. That particular work was a brilliant and telling act of calculated narcissism. Since then, she has frequently tried to crack the veneer of role, surface, and pose. If artists earlier in the century would typically employ dolls and mannequins to explore forbidden desires or highlight the dehumanizing forces of the machine age, Sherman uses dolls to deface her surface-obsessed culture. She creates a grim satire of the shiny sexuality of, say, a Calvin Klein ad—where the models make mannequins look human by comparison—or the trivial infantilism of commercial movies. Like Mapplethorpe or Serrano, Sherman likes to spin the style in counterpoint to the subject. Her ghastly scenes appear almost delicate: They are softly focused and filled with gray tones.

The subject might be hot, but the eye is cool. That paradoxical temperature, which is found in both shows, is typical of contemporary taste. Calculation and passion are almost indistinguishable; the unconscious is self-conscious. This strain of sensibility now does best, I think, when it does not overreach. *Laudanum*, despite the grim story, is playful and elusive. It remains a kind of nostalgic period piece. Sherman's art, however, confronts some of the darkest corners of the psyche. Her ambition is admirable, but you have to be a very great artist indeed—a Goya rather than a De Sade—to take the just measure of such darkness. The hot-cool eye is too careful, too aware of the audience, to capture it. Sexual shock can easily become, this late in the game, just another strategy. Even a kind of child's play. ■

Mark Stevens's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

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DANCE TOBI TOBIAS

Fresh Legs

The School of American Ballet's fledgling dancers rejuvenate some oldies; their parent company, meanwhile, gets jazzed up.

THIS YEAR, THE **School of American Ballet**'S ANNUAL showcase of its students infused new life into two staples of the academy's parent company, the New York City Ballet—Balanchine's *Tombeau de Couperin* and Robbins's *Fanfare. Tombeau,* created in 1975 to the Ravel score, is an exquisite ensemble piece for eight couples—no stars, no soloists, every dancer equal. Its magically shifting patterns reflect both the court dancing of Couperin's time and the related configurations and communal interplay of American square dancing. Richard Tanner, assisted by Susan Pilarre, captured the delicately filigreed style of the piece that the music dictates. Their protégés moved through the lovely configurations of the dance with luminous pleasure, apparently realizing themselves to be links in the chain of beauty (in the words of the great Danish ballet master August Bournonville), no less wonderful or important for being anonymous.

As danced by preprofessionals rather than their often more condescending elders, the 1953 *Fanfare,* staged by Christine Redpath, assisted by Pilarre, overcame the onus of being a ballet one is embarrassed to watch without the excuse of accompanying a child. The choreography fulfills the instructive chore of the music—both the stuff of Family Matinées—which is to deconstruct the orchestra to its component instruments, then reunite them via a fugue. The SAB performers entered into the occasion joyously, relishing their mini-solo or small-group bits, the frequent wit of Robbins's invention, and the empathy involved in the instruments' uniting to create something larger than themselves. Carla Körbes, a petite, juicy dancer, was as dulcet a Harp—the role is a tiny star turn—as anyone could wish.

Christopher Wheeldon, NYCB's fair-haired boy, contributed the latest entry in a choreographic career that is being ardently supported by dance observers desperate for emergent choreographic genius. (I'm desperate right along with them, but I find Wheeldon's work to date dully conventional and intolerably sentimental.) The new piece, *Scènes de Ballet,* set to the Stravinsky score of that name, is a showcase for 62 SAB pupils, ranging from tiny accomplished female sprites and grave little boys pushed beyond their powers through the adolescents whom Balanchine, in his day, wisely cloistered until they matured as professionals. The proceedings Wheeldon has devised are overbusy and, where not pointless, banal (little moppet gazing wistfully at the near adults' love duet, etc.). The gimmick of the piece is a forced-perspective set, by Ian Falconer, of a studio looking out on the onion-dome towers of Mother Russia. An endless barre plunges downstage at an angle, bisecting the space so that the action can be mirror-imaged. The doubling cried out for crowd control. I thought the whole affair looked suspiciously like fodder for a publicity campaign. What's worse, it took up space on the program (and, significantly, in the young dancers' education) that, in more scrupulous times, would have been devoted to those master choreographers of the nineteenth century, the Russian Petipa and the Danish Bournonville.

Students from the SAB in Balanchine's *Tombeau de Couperin.*

The indispensable Suki Schorer, who mounted Balanchine's 1967 *Valse Fantaisie,* captured the windswept, witchy romance that lies at the heart of this swift, ravishing miniature to Glinka. She made both her alternating casts of principals look breathtaking. Megan Pepin, who devours space with glee, and Amar Ramasar, the incarnation of a Persian prince (he's from the Bronx), were fine in other roles on the program as well; Sarah Ricard and Andrew Veyette were transformed by Schorer's coaching, which seems to be based on her grasping, both intuitively and analytically, the essence of any

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Photograph by Paul Kolnik.

TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

Up for the Count

In Bravo's new 'Monte Cristo,' Gérard Depardieu's Edmond Dantès has the requisite swashbuckling swagger, but he's also a Rabelaisian monster.

THE VERY IDEA OF GÉRARD DEPARDIEU AS **The Count of Monte Cristo** is irresistible. So what if the whole eight-hour mini-series (Monday, June 21, through Thursday, June 24; 8 to 10 P.M.; Bravo) is in venomous French, like the novel on which it improves? For the language-challenged and hearing-impaired, there are subtitles. These subtitles are in fact so easy to read, so pointed, pithy, and hardboiled-minimalist, that they shame most screenplays. But you will have to watch the screen instead of drifting off into your own nineteenth-century fantasies of revenge. And there on that screen, besides 3,500 extras and $20 million worth of Marseilles, Malta, and Naples, is a loping, long-jawed *factory* of vengefulness—the former Cyrano, the ex-Hamlet, last year's Man in the Iron Mask, cross-dressing as an abbot, a blueblood, or a banker, hatching plots, wrecking lives, and savoring almost every excessive minute of it.

It seems to have been Depardieu's project from the beginning, with the Goncourt Prize–winning academic Didier Decoin hired to spice up the novel with a lot more eating, drinking, and carnality than Dumas permitted his Edmond Dantès, and director Josée Dayan brought on board to emphasize the sensuous side of an operatic century. Thus, upon his escape after eighteen years in the island prison to which he was unfairly sentenced as a result of a conspiracy by his business and romantic rivals, the "Count" will take on *tout* Paris less like an ex-sailor than like a Russian czar, a monster of charming appetites. Thus Ornella Muti's guilt-stricken Mercedes has, in Florence Darel's self-abnegating Camille, some heavy competition for those banked affections. And thus, between the swashbuckling duels and the obligatory poisonings and the hilarious tantrums of the delegates to the National Assembly, there are some very modern riffs on counterfeit identities. The Count, in other words, is problematized.

But not enough to mess with our pleasure. We are reminded all over again of how satisfying the novel was as a dream of payback. We are reminded also of how much more fun it was to read about the nineteenth century than it is to read about the twentieth. And if the young Edmond arrested on his wedding day in 1815 looks surprisingly like the older Dantès befriended in prison by Abbé Faria, this is because he's played by Guillaume Depardieu, Gérard's own son—just as the young Mercedes, who will then marry the wrong man, so much resembles the older woman she grows up to be because she is played by Ornella Muti's own daughter, Naike Rivelli. As the villains who get what they deserve, Jean Rochefort (Morcerf), Pierre Arditi (Villefort), and Michel Aumont (Baron Danglars) are nicely smarmy. I would have imagined Depardieu to be too big for his part, certainly harder to fit into the burial shroud from which, underwater, he has to Houdini himself (and then swim all the way to Italy), than Robert Donat (1934), Jean Marais (1954), Louis Jourdan (1961), or Richard Chamberlain (1975). But he just barrels his way to his mean objectives and his modern questions of authenticity. The surprise, really, is that he is not a killer—except of reputations, bank accounts, and peace of mind.

Guilt-stricken: Ornella Muti as Mercedes with Depardieu in *The Count of Monte Cristo*.

Enjoy yourself. And if you find that English subtitles aren't a trial, maybe we can talk cable television into a whole festival of foreign films, undubbed and undumbed.

MARTYN BURKE, WHO WROTE THE SCREENPLAY FOR **Pirates of Silicon Valley** (Sunday, June 20; 8 to 10 P.M.; TNT), claims two sources for every incident we see on the screen. So one supposes this includes the scene of a young Bill Gates on a wild-oats midnight *Nibelungen* ride on a very yellow bulldozer. That the founder of Microsoft, before he grew up to be the richest man in the known universe by crushing competition wherever he happened to see it, should have hot-rodded in his geeky youth on a bulldozer is just too perfectly emblematic to believe for a second. On the other hand, as played so anal-retentively by Anthony Michael Hall in this snarky send-up of the digitheads, Gates is very romantic about *(continued on page 98)*

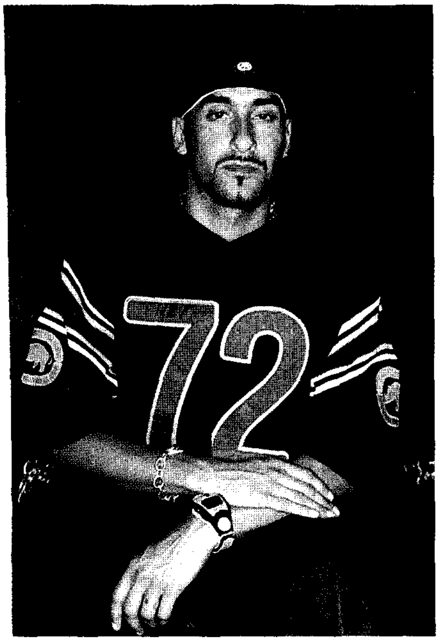
Photograph courtesy of Bravo Networks.

POP MUSIC ETHAN BROWN

House Afire

The media has gone gaga for European electronica, but the real story in dance music is happening right here in the New York clubs.

ALMOST SINCE HOUSE MUSIC FIRST ROSE FROM the ashes of disco, critics have been ringing its death knells. That's why it's so surprising that house has reemerged as *the* dance music of 1999, and that New York—despite its reputation as a hip-hop stronghold—is at the heart of the international renaissance, thanks to trend-setting clubs like the Warehouse and Body & Soul and producers like Armand Van Helden. Van Helden's single "U Don't Know Me" recently hit No.1 in the U.K. and has sold more than 800,000 copies there, and British dance-music magazines regularly publish awestruck testimonials from readers who have crossed the Atlantic to visit Body & Soul.



***Future* shock: Armand Van Helden beats the Chemical Brothers at their own game.**

Most fans of house music believe it came out of Chicago in the eighties, at clubs like the Music Box and the Warehouse (hence the term "house"), where D.J.'s like Jesse Saunders and Steve "Silk" Hurley adrenalized R&B and soul records (like Isaac Hayes's "I Can't Turn Around," which became the anthem "Love Can't Turn Around") with thudding, "jacking" beats. But New York dance music has a far more diverse lineage, dating back to mid-seventies and early-eighties nightspots like David Mancuso's the Loft and, more famously, the Paradise Garage, where D.J. Larry Levan's ecstatic, all-night mixes of classical music, soul, R&B, and funk earned him a cult following. New York's current crop of house auteurs, **Armand Van Helden**, **Cevin Fisher**, and **Joaquin "Joe" Claussell**, have inherited the open-minded ethos of the early eighties.

Van Helden is perhaps the most enigmatic of the trio. A house producer who worships Hot 97 D.J. Funkmaster Flex and whose work ranges from a spellbindingly strange Tori Amos house remix ("Professional Widow") to a boisterous but poorly received hip-hop album (*Sampleslaya*), Van Helden slyly eludes categorization. Although dance-music audiences are accustomed to his ever-evolving sensibility, *2Future4U* (Armed) is an unexpectedly huge leap forward. Uniting a jaw-dropping range of musics—hip-hop, soul, turntablism, salsa, techno, and drum-'n'-bass—*2Future4U* delivers the kind of gleeful, genre-destroying party promised, but never fully realized, by acts like the Chemical Brothers.

Nearly every track bristles with inventiveness and—even more important in the poker-face world of electronic music—humor. "Psychic Bounty Killaz" opens with the kind of melodic trance you'd expect from superstar British D.J.'s like Paul Oakenfold or Sasha. Suddenly, a needle is dragged across the vinyl, followed by gunshots. The assailants replace the record with a rough-edged, hip-hop-influenced house number slashed with orchestral samples. It's a smart, funny way for Van Helden to reclaim the dance floor from Euro-trancers in the name of New York house.

"U Don't Know Me," sung by New York vocalist Duane Harden in a smooth, George Michael–esque croon, delivers joyous disco without the numbing nostalgia that plagues much of current disco-fied house. "Rock da Spot" pairs a chugging, rock-and-roll bass line with the stunningly disorienting turntable work of Mr. Len, the D.J. for the hip-hop group Company Flow; "The Boogie Monster" marries vertiginous drum breaks with a slap-happy bass line that could satisfy Fatboy Slim, the doyen of big beat, dance music's amphetamine-spiked, hip-hop-sampling, scruffy little brother.

"Flowerz," oozing a polysexuality not heard since the Prince gender-bender "If I Was Your Girlfriend," is Van Helden's most palpable triumph. The song's conceit, that a relationship could have been saved by a bouquet, might sound unbearably corny, but thanks to vocalist Roland Clark's breathtaking falsetto and a hypnotic, galloping bass line that's paired with a seventies-funk-style wah-wah guitar, "Flowerz" approaches the dizzying heights of Al Green's rhapsodic love songs.

Cevin Fisher isn't an experimenter like Van Helden, but he's a great example of the power of a stick-to-your-guns purist. Fisher's interested in the kind of pumping house that keeps dance floors packed. If you've been at a club any time in the past year, you've probably heard his big hits "Freaks Come Out"

(continued on page 70)

A Top Ten of New York's Finest

1. *Garage City*, various artists (Kiss FM/Beechwood)
2. "Rescue Me," Sunkids featuring Chance (Yellorange)
3. *Body & Soul* Vols. I and II, various artists (Wave Music)
4. "He Is the Joy," Donna Allen (Soulfuric)
5. "If I Lose My Woman," Kenny Lattimore (MAW Remix) (Columbia)
6. "Never Forget (When You Touch Me)," Hardrive featuring Lynae (Strictly Rhythm)
7. "What You Need," Powerhouse featuring Duane Harden (Strictly Rhythm)
8. "Je Ka Jo," Joe Claussell (Ibadan)
9. "Just Can't Get Enough," Harry "Choo-Choo" Romero presents Inaya Day (Subliminal)
10.. "I Feel the Rhythm," Ron Trent (Prescription)

All of the above can be found at Vinylmania (60 Carmine Street; 924-7223) or Dance Tracks (91 East 3rd Street; 260-8729).

Photograph courtesy of Armed Records.

THE INSATIABLE CRITIC **GAEL GREENE**

Second Thyme Around

In two old familiar spaces near Bloomingdale's, Cibi-Cibi courts the youth vote with excess decibels, while Latin sizzle is the draw at Bolívar.

THE SANTO FAMILY, RESTAURANT VETERANS all—Doctor Joe the dentist, brother Berge, and his wife Henny—confront the millennium in upheaval and overdrive. Their Upper East Side fiefdom is in midlife flux. Having levitated their house bakery, Ecce Panis, into a commercial rollout and surrendered the mythic Sign of the Dove to forces in real estate, the Santos have retired Arizona 206 to oblivion (at least for the moment) to make way for the Latino Bolívar at 206 East 60th Street, while the adjacent Yellowfingers has been retooled as the more chichi **Cibi-Cibi** in hopes of drawing the MTV generation.

And Cibi-Cibi *is* welcoming. Windows thrown open to Third Avenue. A few playful dudes at the horseshoe bar. Shimmering aquamarine, lapis, and jade tiles drawing the eye to the open kitchen with its sinuous dining counter. But that noise. Raucous music blasts from a dozen speakers. No corner of the room is safe for civilized conversation. Forget about escaping to the enclosed sidewalk café—that's all tables for two. And the new D.J. isn't even in his booth yet. Our unsmiling waitress is not a wee bit sympathetic. We ask her to send the manager. No one comes, except, finally, decent margaritas, a refreshing citrus cooler (Absolut Citron, Stoli Ohranj, Sprite, and juices), and a sensational vegetable punch (Rosso di Mattina) that just happens to have a splash of vodka. I never meant to be an old fogy. "Do you think it's our A-G-E?" I ask my pals, too spooked to utter the forbidden word. "How do *you* feel about the music?" one of my guests asks a litter of youthlings at the next table. One of them looks up, listens: "Loud, isn't it?" he observes.

At a first tasting last March, we nearly drowned in oil and butterfat. And there's still a treacherous puddle of melted pecorino goo and oil under the warm asparagus. A side of broccolini that ought to be warm but isn't treads on oil, too. "That's just the way it would be in Tuscany," my mate the Road Food Warrior points out. "Don't I complain there, too?" I ask, wanting a point for being consistent. Happily, tangy tomato sauce has replaced the recklessly rich cream in the still-lush but now safely edible potato-gnocchi gratin. I love the aïoli, the mint, and the slivers of garlic that flavor oven-baked artichokes, and the musk of anchovy in leeks vinaigrette. If only I could drain off the oil into a potted plant. Huge uncut leaves of romaine salad make delicious finger food. I divide the single anchovy, segregated on its lonely crouton, among the three of us. There is a lackadaisical summer-weekend feel in the house this Saturday. Maybe it's a seasonal virus, slowing the city's pulse with the weekend mass exodus to potato-field chateaux and social enclaves north of Yonkers. Even hyperactive and dysfunctional family reunions on the Jersey shore have to be more fun than catering to demanding stay-at-homes like us. Tonight's fritto misto with too many empty curls of breading batter is a pitiful rendition of the beauty we tasted opening week. And the seafood brodetto with tasteless spaghettini is a listless washout.

Full upgrade: Cibi-Cibi rises from the ashes of the former Yellowfingers on 60th Street.

But there's new pizzazz to the cavatelli with broccolini, pepper flakes, and garlic crumbs, and better balance in fava-bean ravioli with mushrooms and butter. Cornish hen comes surprisingly moist from the brick oven on a warm and wonderful vinegary bread salad with tomatoes, olives, and arugula. Excellent crumbed veal cutlet totes the essential garden—cucumber, tomato, and red onion. The Florentine-style strip loin is fine, but the burger on a semolina roll with roast peppers, aïoli, and cheese is even better. And the garlicky fries are so good we send out for seconds. A sudden silence punctuates the musical inferno. Sheer bliss. Then it picks up again. I recognize the theme from *Charlie's Angels.* Our acoustical distress has apparently registered. What an insult. Also, those of us who can't get enough rhubarb might like fewer strawberries in the crostata. That's just a quibble, but putting white-chocolate mousse in the cannoli would be grounds for a blood feud in Sicily. Stick to macerated fruit in zabaglione, the chocolate torta, and lemon panna cotta with blueberry-and-dried-cherry compote. Best of all, several prices have been smartly lowered since the open-

Photograph by Joseph Scafuro.

ing. Pastas are now $12 to $15, entrées $13.50 to $22.

At elevenish, youthquakers stuck in the city for the weekend have mostly marched off. The birds and the bees, I hope. I decide we should leave, too, before the D.J. disses us again with a medley by Doris Day.

Cibi-Cibi, 200 East 60th Street (751-8615). Lunch, Monday through Friday 11:30 A.M. to 4 P.M.; brunch, Saturday and Sunday 11 A.M. to 4 P.M.; dinner, daily 5:30 P.M. to midnight. No reservations. A.E., D.C., M.C., V.

THE INSATIABLE CRITIC

THE SANTOS HAVE TAKEN US ON A GLOBAL merry-go-round in their monolithic corridor of a room at 206 East 60th. Stamperl, an Austrian ski chalet, lasted just six months. Without stretching a seam of its stucco dress, it went southwestern as the hit Arizona 206 in 1985, annexing the shop next door for a lower-price café. With a quick exchange of bric-a-brac, new velvety tweed upholstery, and a bronze pony parked out front, it is now hitched to the pan-American boomlet as **Bolívar**. "Joe wanted an Argentine steak house," says executive chef Andy D'Amico. "So we all went to Buenos Aires. But I thought we should do more. I got him to let Bolívar chef Larry Kolar and his team explore Peru." Never meant to be slavishly authentic, the menu traffics in sancocho (coconut-chicken broth), molho campanha (a fresh-vegetable salsa), boniata fritas, aji, and plantain dough. Any one of these could become as American as polenta and frites in the next fifteen minutes.

I'd become so caught up in the rush of ambitious spring restaurant openings that I'd forgotten how much I liked Bolívar till I came back for a business lunch two weeks ago. Five of us were sharing Peruvian "cebiches," made with sushi-grade seafood—lush chunks of rosy tuna with avocado and frisée in a pepper sauce, and fluke tossed with red onion, serrano chiles, and lime juice. We divided arepas, the Colombian corn cakes gone haute with crème fraîche, plus the wonderful cabrales salad with tomatoes and iceberg and romaine. I would have ordered every tamale and empanada on the lunch menu, but surrounded by sleek deaconesses from the school of denial, I meekly ordered the lobster chupe, a chowder with pepper purée, potatoes, corn, rice, peas, and a perfect poached egg. Soup, sublime soup, it sounded so innocent.

I return a few nights later with unabashed eaters—yes, these are pickled-garlic people. We've gone through two little bowls of them. Peppery little citrus salsas brighten the night's special grilled heads-on shrimp and luscious croquettes of wild mushroom and chorizo. The chopped pan-American vegetable salad is all crunch—jícama, roasted corn, radicchio, endive, red onion, and tomato in a chili vinaigrette—even better than I remember. The four of us have eaten all the mussels, but my pals are spooning up the last drop of the slightly spicy onion and corn-beer-spiked sauce, with its tingle of dried peppers and turmeric. A choice of sides that used to cost extra now comes free with entrées from the parrilla (Argentine grill), like tonight's first-rate veal chop, the sirloin strip, and, for me, a heavenly mixed grill of sweetbreads, blood sausage, chorizo, and fatty charred short ribs billed as "asado." An earthy chimichurri sauce is meant for dipping. But the special wild bass is too rare for the friend who ordered it, and he's sulking because he asked for tartar sauce and the waiter refused. "It looks ugly all alone on the plate," he complains, comforting himself with butter-and-cheese-whipped mashed yuca gratin and a handful of the top-notch fries. A heap of big, fat onion rings in a woody crust that could intimidate a termite goes back to the kitchen barely dented. Happily, I asked for the broccoli without its coconut butter—the perfectly steamed green is a sane antidote to this delicious excess, but it's quickly negated by a round of desserts: coffee-etched chocolate cake with dulce de leche ice cream, wonderful almond pudding cake with apricot, refreshing ambrosia of fruit with passion-fruit cream and shaved fruit ice, and the too-sweet sorbet that nobody wants to eat.

Joe Santo is quick to confess he knows nothing about food. He leaves that to executive chef D'Amico. "The bar is *my* baby," Santo confides, showing off a collection of prestige tequilas. Design is his secret passion. I suspect he ordered the bizarre plaster protuberances with painted red flames in Bolívar's back alcove. And he actually made the lamps on either end of the bar, piling one flat stone on top of another so he could recycle two of the *faux*-copper shades that once hung over Arizona's bar. Get ready to duck: Hundreds of restaurant artifacts are still in storage. Soon the previously announced Domus will open somewhere, or maybe it will be called Domus by the Sign of the Dove. "It's all in flux," says D'Amico. And perhaps Arizona will have a second life in the year 2000. But who knows where. New York is a tough town. Even its lemmings have minds of their own. So it's good business to keep morphing.

Bolívar, 206 East 60th Street (838-0440). Lunch, Monday through Friday noon to 3 P.M.; brunch, Saturday and Sunday noon to 4 P.M.; dinner, daily 5:30 to 11 P.M. A.E., D.C., M.C., V. ■

Gael Greene's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

POP MUSIC

Brown *continued from page 68*

and "(You Got Me) Burnin' Up." "Freaks" is overrun by wailing divas and samples of a woman orgasmically crooning "Oooh, baby"; "(You Got Me) Burnin' Up" is anchored by a sample of the ubiquitous dance vocalist Loleatta Holloway. But while *My First CD* (DMC), a compilation of tracks mixed by Fisher, has its share of anthems, like Nancey Jackson's gospel-inflected "Free (Yes I'm Free)" and Studio 45's luscious bliss-out "Freak It," there are unexpected moments too, like the queasy sub-bass of Those Norwegians' "Soda" and Agent Purple's "Kings of Spain," which perfectly meshes disco-era hand-claps with flamenco guitar.

Joaquin "Joe" Claussell, a D.J. at Body & Soul, a producer and the co-owner of Spiritual Life Music, has a world-music-meets-soulful-house approach that may seem safe in the global-village-oriented nineties, but at his best he makes you feel as though you are entering some unexplored territory where the barriers between live instrumentation and house's mechanics fall away. Sharing duties with François Kevorkian and Danny Krivit at Body & Soul, Claussell is the most commanding presence of the group. His sets, which travel from house to Gamble & Huff–era soul and Stevie Wonder, evince a true passion for music but without the pretensions of rare-groove acolytes. And Claussell is that rare D.J. who uses his technical prowess (his cuts between records have a raw physicality that runs counter to house's vaunted smoothness) to push the audience's emotions, and not mere awe of the D.J., further.

So it's somewhat disappointing that his two-CD set *Mix the Vibe: Joe Claussell* (King Street/Nitegrooves) alternates primarily between lush, ambient house, in which the atmospherics seem to wash over the listener, and percussive house. There are plenty of beautiful moments (like Ananda Project's hypnotic "Straight Magic" and Jamico's chimey love song "This Luv Is Real"), but the gorgeousness becomes suffocating after 140 minutes. Like the records of LTJ Bukem, who pioneered soulful, ambient drum 'n' bass, Claussell's work forces the question: Can beauty become tiresome?

Aesthetes may prattle on about the "mature" sound of exquisitely arranged flute and conga solos, but house music draws its life force from raw, repetitive beats and the sweaty energy of the dance floor. For one brief exhilarating moment in the early eighties, it seemed like everyone in New York—black, white, Latin, gay, and straight—was invited to the house party. That's the spirit Claussell, Van Helden, and Fisher have conjured again. ■

Ethan Brown's 1999 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

cue

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York

Cate Blanchett is Lady Chiltern in *An Ideal Husband*, adapted from the Wilde comedy (page 72)

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sports 98 television 96
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Oscar Winner

movies

The Ideal Husband*...Anita Eckberg...*Run Lola Run

Opening
Big Girl Lost

In *The General's Daughter,* John Travolta and Madeleine Stowe play Army investigators trying to find the killer of a beautiful captain. Since the victim is the daughter of one of the nation's most respected generals (played by James Cromwell), it's a shock when the pair reveal her secret sadistic side. It also gets them in a lot of trouble with the brass. Starts June 18.

New Films

After Life—Heaven's caseworkers help the newly dead select one memory to travel with them for eternity. Written and directed by Kore-eda Hirokazu. Shown with *Bunny,* this year's Oscar-winning animated short film. (1 hr. 58 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

American Hollow—Documentarian Rory Kennedy's chronicle of a year in the life of a dirt-poor family clan in eastern Kentucky. She doesn't attempt to poeticize these people, or put them on display. The harrowing aspects of their lives are presented matter-of-factly: the endemic alcoholism, the legacy of wife abuse, the casual outlawry. Iree, the family matriarch, who's in her sixties and looks 80, is proud of her brood. In the midst of much misery, she makes the most beautiful quilts. (Rainer; 5/31/99) (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Analyze This—Robert De Niro plays a Mafia boss who suddenly finds himself experiencing panic attacks. Delivered up to a psychiatrist (Billy Crystal), he approaches the sessions as if they were summit meetings. Harold Ramis, who directed, brings off some classic sequences, but he sets up the capo and the psychiatrist as matching mopes. They learn life lessons from each other. And what we learn yet again is that potentially terrific comedies are often whacked by filmmakers feeling the need to spread a little therapy themselves. (Rainer; 3/15/99) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Loews 84th Street; Cinemart.*

Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me—See Rainer, page 60. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; UA Criterion; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Baby Geniuses—A talking-baby movie. With Kathleen Turner. (1 hr. 34 mins.; PG) *Kew Gardens Cinemas; Main Street Cinemas.*

Besieged—An English musician in Rome is entranced by the young African woman who cleans his home while she studies medicine. With Thandie Newton and David Thewlis. Written and directed by Bernardo Bertolucci. (1 hr. 32 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Paris Theatre; Clearview's Cobble Hill.*

Black Mask—Jet Li saves the world from a vicious band of soldiers. (About 2 hrs.; R) *UA Criterion; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Crossbay II.*

Buena Vista Social Club—Wim Wenders's documentary grew out of the recording sessions in 1996 by Ry Cooder involving some of Cuba's greatest singers and musicians, many of them well over 60, whom he rescued from oblivion; two years later, Cooder returned to Havana with Wenders, and the result is this wonderful mixture of music-making and anecdotage featuring such artists as the 90-year-old composer and *tres* player Compay Segundo, the 80-year-old jazz and mambo pianist Ruben Gonzalez, and the 74-year-old singer Ibrahim Ferrer, whose voice draws a silky line right out of the air. I've never seen another movie that so clearly expressed the sensual sustenance of great folk culture for its practitioners. (Rainer; 6/7/99) (1 hr. 46 mins.; NR) *CC Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Castle—A proud homeowner fights an airport extension that would take away his house. With Michael Caton and Sophie Lee. Directed by Rob Sitch. (1 hr. 25 mins.; R) *Screening Room.*

★**Cookie's Fortune**—Robert Altman's latest, set in small-town Mississippi, is a pleasingly shaggy parody of southern gothic. You keep expecting it to drop a few octaves, but it never does; it's Delta pop that never becomes Delta blues. Still, this is not such a bad thing. Altman's feints and throwaways are very easy on the eyes; he shows off his townsfolk, played by the likes of Glenn Close, Liv Tyler, Patricia Neal, Chris O'Donnell, Julianne Moore, and Ned Beatty, with wiggy affection. The film is a goosey little jape, and it's crowned by a performance by Charles S. Dutton, as a man fingered for a phony murder rap, that's perfection. He has such an easygoing comic grace that he practically dances the part. (Rainer; 4/12/99) (1 hr. 58 mins.; PG-13) *CC Village East.*

Desert Blue—A father and daughter visit a California town searching for a roadside attraction and find a crazy, funny bunch of locals. With Brendan Sexton III, Kate Hudson, Christina Ricci, Casey Affleck, and Sara Gilbert. Written and directed by Morgan J. Freeman. (1 hr. 27 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

★**The Dreamlife of Angels**—This first feature by the 42-year-old French director Erick Zonca is marvelously observant of the ways of friendship. Isa (Elodie Bouchez) is a 21-year-old free spirit with close-cropped black hair and saucer eyes. Marie (Natacha Régnier), her newfound roommate, seems prematurely hard-bitten. At first, they hit it off: They throng the malls and pull pranks and try to crash nightclubs; they smoke in bed together and razz men. But Marie is temperamentally Isa's opposite; she looks at life not as a lark but as a minefield. The tragedy of their friendship is that they damage each other without meaning to. The two performers deservedly shared the Best Actress award last year at Cannes. (Rainer; 4/12/99) (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Edge of Seventeen—An Ohio teen falls in love with another guy during the summer of 1984. With Chris Stafford and Tina Holmes. Directed by David Moreton. (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Election—Alexander Payne and Jim Taylor—the director-writer team that gave us the abortion comedy *Citizen Ruth*—are back with this facetious smarty-pants satire about a popular Midwest-high-school history teacher (Matthew Broderick) who acquires as his nemesis the school's No. 1 student overachiever (Reese Witherspoon). The filmmakers should be commended for making a high-school movie that, for a change, isn't aimed only at high-school students. It's an anti-high-school high-school movie, and it captures the dreary institutional climate: the ugly green hallways and generic auditoriums and all the other memento mori of those years. But *Election* could stand to be a little less satisfied with its smarts. Like brainy adolescents, Payne and Taylor mock everything in sight. After a while, you begin to wonder what makes them so all-fired special. (Rainer; 5/3/99) (About 2 hrs.; R) *Loews Village; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews State; Loews New York Twin; Loews Orpheum*

'Cue' cover photograph by Alex Bailey/Miramax.

7; Loews 84th Street; Kent Triplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Bayside.

Endurance—The life story of Haile Gebrselassie, the 1996 gold-medal winner in the 10,000-meter race. Directed by Leslie Woodhead. (1 hr. 23 mins.; G) *Cinema Village.*

Entrapment—Sean Connery stars as Mac MacDougal, the greatest art thief in the world, in this mildly diverting knockoff of movies as diverse as *The Thomas Crown Affair* and *Topkapi*. Catherine Zeta-Jones is the insurance investigator who becomes his partner. First they rob an ancient Chinese gold mask from a heavily guarded London exhibit, then a computerized bank account worth billions from a bank in Kuala Lumpur. Connery is worth watching even in junk; amid all the fireworks and ploddingly staged action, he actually gives a real performance. Zeta-Jones works well with him; their May/December thing is equal parts hubba hubba and rue. (Rainer; 5/10/99) (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea West; UA Criterion; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; UA Gemini; Clearview's 62nd and Broadway; Nova; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Plaza; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Eternity and a Day—A terminally ill Alexandre reflects upon his true nature and the price his genius has wrenched from those who loved him. Starring Bruno Ganz. Written and directed by Theo Angelopoulos. Winner, Cannes Palme D'Or, 1998. In Greek with English subtitles. (2 hrs. 12 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

eXistenZ—A video-game designer becomes the target of a fringe group when her new game takes its players too far into an alternate reality. With Jennifer Jason Leigh, Jude Law, Willem Dafoe, Ian Holm, and Sarah Polley. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *CC Village East.*

Finding North—A Brooklyn girl saves a guy from jumping off a bridge, and the two embark on a road trip. With Wendy Makkena and John Benjamin Hickey. Directed by Tanya Wexler. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Get Real—A gay British teen falls for the big man on campus and discovers, to his surprise, the BMOC may be gay, too. With Ben Silverstone. Directed by Simon Shore. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea.*

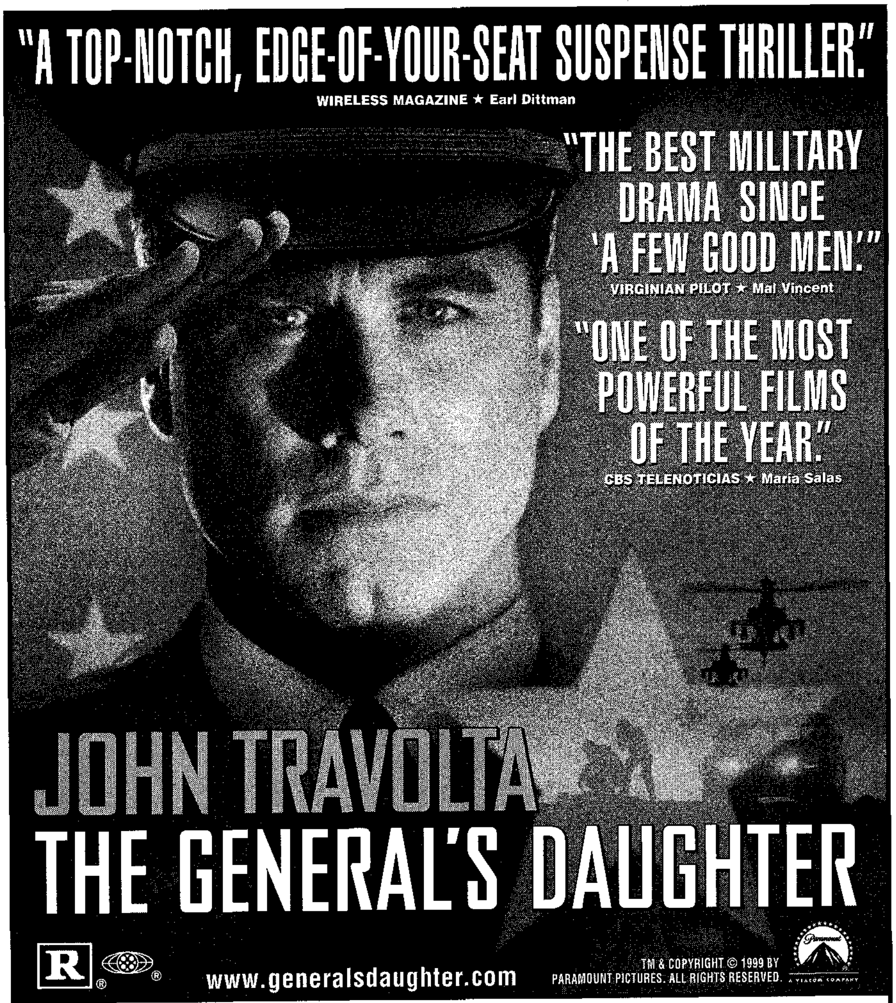
An Ideal Husband—Oscar Wilde's comedy about political ambition and sexual intrigue. With Julianne Moore, Rupert Everett, Lord Arthur Goring, Jeremy Northam, Minnie Driver, and Cate Blanchett. Directed by Oliver Parker. (About 2 hrs.; PG) *Opens 6/18.*

Instinct—An unintentionally risible drama featuring Anthony Hopkins as a primatologist who lived for four years in the Rwandan jungles with gorillas and is now incarcerated in a Florida prison for the criminally insane because he went bonkers when some game hunters spoiled his Edenic retreat. Hopkins looks like a cross between Hannibal Lecter and Papa Hemingway; he's malevolently bushy. As his psychiatrist, Cuba Gooding Jr. comes to realize the gorillas had it right and we humans have it wrong. It's been a long time since we've had a movie this zoologically daft. (Rainer; 6/7/99) (2 hrs. 6 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea; CC Sutton; Loews State; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Just a Little Harmless Sex—A comedy about a man

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer…A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element…Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.



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Running Time
The Lady in *Red*

Anita Ekberg sips her glass of white wine, then bellows over the Muzak in the bar at the Pierre. "I haven't seen anything in New York! *Nothing!*" The Swedish star of *La Dolce Vita* is lunching with her publicist, her brother, and her sister-in-law, and she's grumpy about the publicity schedule for her new movie, *The Red Dwarf* (opens June 18 at Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Cinema Village). She last visited New York twenty years ago, and had hoped to go on the town. Though she's stuck doing press interviews, it seems she's decided to make the best of it. She is not really angry; it's just that her voice is so magnificently deep and gravelly and loud, she appears so. Ekberg plays with a plate of berries, swallows a bitter *digestif* (which she follows with a pack of sugar "to add some sweetness"), and switches into Swedish to talk to her brother. Being a resident of Rome (she owns a villa 30 kilometers outside the city), she also switches into Italian unintentionally. "Are there any Italian-speaking ones here?" she calls across the mostly empty room. She's searching for the English equivalent of an Italian word so she can continue her story. "When you're European," she explains, "there's nothing you can do about it. We have a different upbringing, a different way of looking at life." In her new film, she plays an aging countess–opera singer who spurns a dwarf's affections and breaks his heart. "It was difficult that it would not be offensive," she says. "This little boy, this little dwarf, is working in the lawyers' office where the opera singer's divorce is being handled. And she's very spoiled, this countess. Capricious. And also bored, because she gets everything she wants. So that's why she had the affair with the dwarf." She laughs and flags the waiter. "Could I have a drop of wine, please?" PATRICIA FALVO

Photograph courtesy of Samuel Goldwyn Films.

who strays from his marriage and the effect of his act on the couple's friends. With Alison Eastwood, Jonathan Silverman, Lauren Hutton, and Kimberly Williams. (1 hr. 38 mins.; NR) *CC Village East; Clearview's 34th Street Showplace; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

The King and I—An animated story based on the musical by Rodgers and Hammerstein. Featuring the voices of Miranda Richardson and Martin Vidnovic. (1 hr. 30 mins.; G) *Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

The King of Masks—Director Wu Tianming has fashioned the kind of straightforwardly sentimental tale that tends to cop the best-foreign-film award come Oscar time—but actually, it's better than that. Set in China in the thirties, it's about an old street performer who grudgingly takes on a young orphaned girl and ultimately grows close to her. It comes by most of its emotions honestly. (Rainer; 5/10/99) (1 hr. 41 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

The Last Cigarette—A satiric look at the mysterious appeal of tobacco and its cultural significance. Directed by Kevin Rafferty and Frank Keraudren. (1 hr. 22 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Leila—A superb Iranian film, directed by Dariush Mehrjui, about a young middle-class housewife who realizes she can't become pregnant and, with her mother-in-law's meddling, conspires to find her husband a second wife to bear his heir. The film has overtones of *A Doll's House* and, in a less lyric and layered mode, the Satyajit Ray films about women and the strictures of class and tradition. As Leila, the actress Leila Hatami is an extraordinary presence: Dressed in black, she has an ancient gravity, and yet she wears her chador with a crisp chicness, and her features are as fine-boned as any famished supermodel's. Farsi with English subtitles. (Rainer; 5/17/99) (2 hrs. 9 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

Life—Somehow, a comedy in which Eddie Murphy and Martin Lawrence are serving life sentences in Mississippi. Directed by Ted Demme. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

Life Is Beautiful—An Italian Jew and his son are taken to a concentration camp at the end of World War II, and the father attempts to hide the horror through fun and games. Starring Roberto Benigni, Sergio Bustric, Nicoletta Braschi, and Giorgio Cantarini. In Italian, with subtitles. (1 hr. 54 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; Guild 50th Street; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Limbo—David Strathairn is an Alaskan fisherman still reeling from a long-ago accident; Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio is the town newcomer who snaps him out of it. Written and directed by John Sayles. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Sony Lincoln Square.*

Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels—It's about four petty hoodlums from London's East End who fight their way out of debt and throw in a double cross. First-time writer-director Guy Ritchie sets four separate gangs against each other in what amounts to a serial Gunfight at OK Corral, and he stages the splatter like an MTV-generation Peckinpah; it has a hideous giddiness. He's a director to watch. (Rainer; 3/15/99) (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

The Loss of Sexual Innocence—Director Mike Figgis is an odd amalgam of artiste and pulpster, and, alas, the artiste wins out in this experimental-film-ish botch that has something to do with a documentary filmmaker (Julian Sands), his traumatic life stages, shown in flashback, and Adam and Eve—represented as a black man and a Nordic white woman. They look like they wandered over from Woodstock Nation and achieve oneness when they both make pee-pee in the shimmering river of life. (Rainer; 6/7/99) (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center.*

The Love Letter—A graceful lark about the effect an anonymous love letter has on the ramshackle Massachusetts coastal town of Loblolly. As Helen, a bookstore owner at odds with herself, Kate Capshaw has a marvelous look—voluptuously frazzled. She's slightly punch-drunk from the sensual possibilities in the salt air. The director Peter Ho-Sun Chan has a deft touch; his camera glides among the townspeople with a sly, insinuating speed; it's as if we were watching the trajectory of a hot rumor. Ellen Degeneres co-stars as Helen's co-worker and best friend, and she's sharp and fresh. Based on the 1995 Cathleen Schine novel. (Rainer; 5/31/99) (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG-13) *Loews 72nd St. East.*

The Matrix—Keanu Reeves investigates an alternate reality. (2 hrs. 15 mins.; R) *Clearview's Chelsea; Loews State; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

A Midsummer Night's Dream—With its fairy king and queen and sprites, its star-crossed lovers and opulence and filigree, this is one of Shakespeare's most movie-ish of plays. It's been filmed often. The most recent version, directed by Michael Hoffman, is, thankfully, not a radical reinterpretation or a calisthenic romp. Rather, it's captivatingly modest, featuring a fine cast, including Kevin Kline as Bottom, Michelle Pfeiffer as Titania, Stanley Tucci as Puck, Calista Flockhart as Helena, and Rupert Everett as Oberon. Hoffman's visual conjurations are an amalgam of pre-Raphaelite, Etruscan, and Maxfield Parrish, but he transmutes the heavy syrup of kitsch into Shakespearean nectar. (Rainer; 5/17/99) (1 hr. 55 mins.; PG) *Clearview's 34th Street Showplace; Loews New York Twin; Sony Lincoln Square.*

The Mummy—Brendan Fraser is a dashing explorer who fights to save the world from the curse of the Keeper of the Dead. With Rachel Weisz, John Hannah, and Omid Djalili. Directed by Stephen Sommers. (About 2 hrs.; PG-13) *Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Astor Plaza; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Olympia; New Coliseum; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Never Been Kissed**—Drew Barrymore really comes into her own in this teen comedy about a twentysomething copy editor for the Chicago *Sun-Times* who is assigned the job of going undercover at a local high school. The joke is, Barrymore's Josie was out of it then, and she's out of it now. The film, in its present-day sequences and also in flashbacks to Josie's choicest high-school humiliations, turns the worst embarrassments of high school into sicko horror-movie scenarios—which, of course, is how we remember them now. Trying to be cool, Josie reenters high school wearing white jeans and a pink feather boa and big hair. It's a disastrous getup, and pretty soon her only allies are the geeky math-club brains. Barrymore works up the awfulness of being ostracized with such comic brio that we almost dread her inevitable cool-girl transformation. And yet when she becomes a winner, she's just as loosey-goosey as ever. Barrymore gives her so much grace and passion and smarts that she makes this pop schlock matter. (Rainer; 4/19/99) (1 hr. 47 mins.; PG-13) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

Notting Hill—Julia Roberts plays the most famous movie star in the world, who falls for a stammering, courtly travel-book-store owner, played by Hugh Grant, who loves her for herself and not her celebrity. In other words, what we have here is another self-congratulatory play-it-both-ways Hollywood romance: The suitor is saluted for having the proper values while, at the same time, we're encouraged to lap up the luxuries of stardom. The relationship between the lovers is meant to be improbably thrilling, but what we see is something else—they look like, at best, they have a pronounced affection for each other. This movie-star-who-wants-to-be-a-real-person conceit has a chilling effect on Julia Roberts, whose appeal, of course, is based on her seeming just like the rest of us—only more gorgeous and winning. (Rainer; 6/7/99) (2 hrs.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; CO Coronet; UA Criterion; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The Red Dwarf—A small, lonely lawyer in his thirties befriends a little girl and joins her father's circus after losing the amorous attention of a client. With Jean-Yves Thual, Anita Ekberg, and Arno Chevrier. Directed by Yvan Le Moine. (1 hr. 42 mins.; NR) *Opens 6/18.*

The Red Violin—An epic about the passion and tragedy that surround an instrument as it travels through three centuries. With Carlo Cecchi, Greta Scacchi, and Samuel L. Jackson. Directed by François Girard. (2 hrs. 10 mins.; NR) *Clearview's Beekman; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Return With Honor—The powerful story of American pilots held captive in North Vietnam, as told by the former prisoners and North Vietnamese footage of their ordeal. Directed by Freida Lee Mock and Terry Sanders. (1 hr. 42 mins.; NR) *Loews Kips Bay.*

★Run Lola Run—See Rainer, page 60. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Opens 6/18.*

Shakespeare in Love—A fanciful romp about the young Will who wrote *Romeo and Juliet* and the romantic liaison that may have led to it. Joseph Fiennes is blandly dashing as the Bard, and Gwyneth Paltrow, as his muse, is blandly pretty. She'd be better off if she didn't keep trying to set herself up as the Grace Kelly of the twentysomething set. She's best when she shows some steel, as in *Hard 8* and *Flesh and Bone*. (Rainer; 12/21/98) (2 hrs.; R) *Clearview's First & 62nd St.*

Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace—George Lucas has been quoted as saying that actors are still the best way to portray people, but, watching his new movie, the first in a trio of prequels, you get the feeling he wishes he could dispense with actors altogether. Ninety-five percent of this film was created in the computer; only about 200 shots were not altered digitally. The actors in it—including Liam Neeson as a Jedi warrior, Ewan McGregor as young Obi-Wan Kenobi, and Natalie Portman as Queen Amidala of the endangered planet Naboo—are upstaged to a fare-thee-well. And maybe this was Lucas's intention: By making his CGI creatures, his droids and globs and thingamajigs, so much more captivating than his people, he's striking a blow for the primacy of special effects over human effects. At this point in his career, he may not know the difference anymore. (Rainer; 5/24/99) (2 hrs.; PG-13) *CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Ziegfeld; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's Olympia; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Tarzan—The animated story of the boy raised by apes. With the voices of Minnie Driver, Tony Goldwyn, Glenn Close, Rosie O'Donnell, and Brian Blessed. Directed by Kevin Lima and Chris Buck. (1 hr. 30 mins.; G) *Guild 50th Street.*

Tea With Mussolini—Franco Zeffirelli directed this movie based on his memoirs of growing up in Florence in the wake of World War II. The film doesn't feel like it comes from the heart, though Zeffirelli here is as gauze-wrapped as ever. Joan Plowright, Judi Dench, and Maggie Smith play dotty, doting Englishwomen who take up the young boy. Cher shows up as a Peggy Guggenheim–ish art vulture, and Lily Tomlin plays a lesbian archaeologist like a cross between Camille Paglia and Annie Oakley. (Rainer; 5/24/99) (About 2 hrs.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; UA East; Sony Lincoln Square; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Pavilion.*

The Third Man—Carol Reed's classic film noir based

RICHARD CORLISS, TIME MAGAZINE
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Retrospective

Strand and Deliver

You may not know it, but Strand Releasing has distributed some of the most acclaimed foreign and American independent films to grace your local cinema. Starting June 10, MOMA celebrates the company's good taste with "Strand Releasing: 10th Anniversary," a retrospective from its international catalogue, including *A Single Girl* (above), *East Palace, West Palace, All the Vermeers in New York,* and a restored print of Jean-Luc Godard's *Contempt.* See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.

on a story by Graham Greene, restored and rereleased for its fiftieth anniversary. With Joseph Cotten, Trevor Howard, and Orson Welles. (1 hr. 44 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

The Thirteenth Floor—A murder mystery set between present-day and a virtual version of 1937 L.A. With Craig Bierko, Armin Mueller-Stahl, Vincent D'Onofrio, and Gretchen Mol. Directed by Josef Rusnak. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Loews Village; UA Criterion; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

This Is My Father—A Chicago schoolteacher visits Ireland to learn the story of the father he never met. With Aidan Quinn, Stephen Rea, James Caan, Colm Meaney, and John Cusack. Directed by Paul Quinn. (2 hrs. ; R) *Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Three Seasons—This is the first American independent film to be shot in Vietnam with a primarily Vietnamese cast, but it has no center of gravity. It's very pretty; the director Tony Bui has a fine eye for lotus petals and rain-swept alleys. But his aestheticism turns everything into spun sugar. Harvey Keitel shows up as an ex-Marine looking for his daughter, and there are also episodes involving a prostitute and a cyclo driver, a street urchin, and a girl who harvests lotus blossoms. Winner of the best-picture award at the 1999 Sundance film festival. (Rainer; 5/10/99) (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *CC Village East; Clearview's 59th Street East;* BAM *Rose Cinemas.*

Trekkies—A documentary about the largest and perhaps most disturbing fan phenomenon in pop-culture history. Directed by Roger Nygard. (1 hr. 27 mins.; PG) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

Trippin'—A teenage boy gets with the program when he realizes life—and his school crush—is passing him by. Starring Deon Richmond and Maia Campbell. Directed by David Raynr. Opens 5/12. (About 1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Nova; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

Twice Upon a Yesterday—A forlorn lover gets to turn back time and relive a relationship that went wrong. With Lena Headey and Penélope Cruz. Directed by María Ripoll. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) CC *Crown Gotham; bam Rose Cinemas.*

A Walk on the Moon—Diane Lane is a young housewife in 1969 who begins an affair at a summer resort in the Catskills. With Liev Schreiber, Anna Paquin, Tovah Feldshuh, and Viggo Mortensen. Directed by Tony Goldwyn. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Clearview's 34th Street Showplace; Clearview's Chelsea West; CC Crown Gotham; Kent Triplex; Cinemart; Jackson Triplex.*

The Winslow Boy—David Mamet adapts and directs the 1946 Terrence Rattigan warhorse about a boy who is unjustly expelled from the Admiralty's Naval College and how his well-to-do Victorian family sues the Crown and rallies to his defense. It may seem odd that Mamet has chosen to devote his energies to something so ostensibly remote from his temperament. But there's a link between the clipped cadences of these uppercrusters and the rhythmic syncopation of Mamet's usual lowlifes and tricksters. For Mamet, manners are manners, whether they're good or bad. Nigel Hawthorne, who plays the boy's father, is especially fine in a cast that also includes Jeremy Northam and Rebecca Pidgeon (Mamet's wife). (Rainer; 5/10/99) (1 hr. 50 mins.; G) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas;* BAM *Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Xiu Xiu: The Sent Down Girl—Joan Chen's directorial debut is an uneven, sometimes affecting story about a 15-year-old girl during the Cultural Revolution who is "sent down" to the countryside for regimental training. Living in the remote Tibetan countryside with an emasculated, kindly Tibetan horse trainer, she offers herself up to itinerant "patrons" for sex in the hopes of returning home. Chen wants us to regard this as a bittersweet Chaplinesque fable, but what we see is too grotesquely unsettling for that. (Rainer; 5/17/99) (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *CC Village East; CC Eastside Playhouse.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Art Greenwich Twin—97–101 Greenwich Ave. at W. 12th St. (929-3350) *Instinct; Life Is Beautiful.*

CC Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Besieged; Buena Vista Social Club; Desert Blue; Limbo; The Loss of Sexual Innocence; Tea With Mussolini.*

CC Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Cookie's Fortune; Entrapment; eXistenZ; Get Real; Just A Little Harmless Sex; Three Seasons; Xiu Xiu: The Sent Down Girl.*

Cinema Village—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Endurance; The King of Masks; Leila.*

Clearview's Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (777-FILM#603) *A Midsummer Night's Dream; Shakespeare in Love.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *American Hollow; The Last Cigarette; The Third Man.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Loews Village—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (50-LOEWS#952) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Election; Notting Hill; The Thirteenth Floor.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *The Dreamlife of Angels; Edge of Seventeen; Finding North.*

Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *The Castle.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

UA Union Square—13th St. and Broadway (253-2225) *Instinct; The Matrix; A Midsummer Night's Dream; The Mummy; The Red Violin; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; The Winslow Boy.*

14th–41st Streets

CC Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Entrapment; Instinct; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace.*

Clearview's 34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (777-FILM#700) *Just A Little Harmless Sex; A Midsummer Night's Dream; A Walk on the Moon.*

Clearview's Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#597) *Election; Get Real; Instinct; The Matrix; The Mummy; Tea With Mussolini.*

Clearview's Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#614) *Entrapment; A Walk on the Moon.*

Loews 19th St. East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (50-LOEWS#558) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Notting Hill.*

Loews Kips Bay Theatre—570 2nd Ave. (505-6397#558) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Election; The Matrix; The Mummy; Notting Hill; Tea With Mussolini; The Thirteenth Floor; The Winslow Boy.*

42nd–60th Streets

CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Analyze This; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me.*

CC Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Twice Upon a Yesterday; A Walk on the Moon.*

CC Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Xiu Xiu: The Sent Down Girl.*

CC Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Instinct.*

Clearview's 59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (777-FILM#615) *Three Seasons.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Clearview's Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (777-FILM#602) *Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace.*

CO Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Notting Hill.*

CO Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Cruel Intentions; Life; Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels; Never Been Kissed; October Sky; Trekkies.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Life Is Beautiful.* Opening 6/18: *Tarzan.*

Loews Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#699) *The Mummy.*

Loews State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (50-LOEWS#901) *Election; Instinct; The Matrix.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *Besieged.*

UA Criterion—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Black Mask; Entrapment; Notting Hill; The Thirteenth Floor.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

CC 86th St. East—210 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#763) *Instinct; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace.*

Clearview's Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (777-FILM#606) *The Red Violin.*

Clearview's First & 62nd St.—400 E. 62nd St. (777-FILM#957) *The Mummy; Shakespeare in Love; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Tea With Mussolini.*

Clearview's Park and 86th St.—125 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#604) *Entrapment; Notting Hill.*

Loews 72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (50-LOEWS#704) *The Love Letter.*

Loews New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (50-LOEWS#698) *Election; A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Loews Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (50-LOEWS#964) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Election; The Matrix; The Mummy; The Thirteenth Floor.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Tea With Mussolini.*

UA Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Entrapment; The Matrix; The Thirteenth Floor.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

Clearview's 62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (777-FILM#864) *Entrapment.*

Clearview's Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (777-FILM#609) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Notting Hill.*

Clearview's Olympia—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (777-FILM#613) *The Mummy; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace.*

CO Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts.

Photograph courtesy of Strand Releasing.

(505-CINE#585) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *After Life; Buena Vista Social Club; The Dreamlife of Angels; Eternity and a Day; The Red Violin; The Winslow Boy.*

Loews 84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (50-LOEWS#701) *Analyze This; Election; Instinct; The Matrix; The Thirteenth Floor.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Black Mask; The Mummy; The Thirteenth Floor.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Entrapment; The Mummy; Trippin'.*

Sony Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (50-LOEWS#638) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Limbo; A Midsummer Night's Dream; The Mummy; Notting Hill; Tea With Mussolini.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (777-FILM#833) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Black Mask; Entrapment; The Matrix; The Mummy; Notting Hill; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; The Thirteenth Floor.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Black Mask; Instinct; The Matrix; The Mummy; Notting Hill; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; The Thirteenth Floor; Trippin'.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Black Mask; Entrapment; Instinct; The Matrix; The Mummy; Notting Hill; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; The Thirteenth Floor; Trippin'.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

BAM Rose Cinemas—30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (623-2770) *Three Seasons; Twice Upon a Yesterday; The Winslow Boy.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Opening

Wilde Thing

How nice it is to watch a successful adaptation of Oscar Wilde. The language, though slightly changed, retains all the wit and bite the master intended in 'An Ideal Husband.' Below, left to right: Cate Blanchett is the perfect wife of a seemingly perfect senator; Minnie Driver is the fiery, unconventional beauty; and Rupert Everett is the handsome charmer. Opens June 18.

Photograph by Alex Bailey/Miramax.

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *The Mummy; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; The Thirteenth Floor.*

Clearview's Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Besieged; Just A Little Harmless Sex; The Mummy; Tea With Mussolini.*

CO Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Election; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; A Walk on the Moon.*

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (277-0303) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Black Mask; Entrapment; Instinct; Life; The Matrix; The Mummy; Notting Hill; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; The Thirteenth Floor; Trippin'.*

Pavilion—188 Prospect Park West (369-0838) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Election; Instinct; The Mummy; Notting Hill; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Tea With Mussolini.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Instinct; The Mummy; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace.*

UA Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Entrapment; The Mummy; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace.*

UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Entrapment; Instinct; The Mummy; Notting Hill; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; The Thirteenth Floor.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Instinct; Notting Hill; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Analyze This; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Instinct; A Walk on the Moon.*

CO Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Call theater for showtimes.*

College Point Multiplex—28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (886-4900) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Entrapment; Instinct; The Mummy; Notting Hill; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; The Thirteenth Floor.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Instinct; The Mummy; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; A Walk on the Moon.*

Kew Gardens Cinemas—81-05 Lefferts Blvd., Queens (441-9835) *Baby Geniuses; Desert Blue; Just A Little Harmless Sex; The King and I; Life Is Beautiful; The Siege; This Is My Father; The Winslow Boy.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *Baby Geniuses; Instinct; The Mummy; Notting Hill; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Cookie's Fortune; The Harmonists; The Love Letter.*

Plaza—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Entrapment; The Mummy.*

Sony Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (777-FILM#712) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (777-FILM#733) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (777-FILM#735) *Call theater for showtimes.*

UA Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Instinct; The Mummy; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; The Thirteenth Floor.*

UA Brandon Cinema—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Notting Hill.*

UA Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Instinct; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace.*

UA Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Black Mask; Entrapment; The Mummy; Notting Hill; The Thirteenth Floor.*

UA Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Entrapment; The Matrix; A Midsummer Night's Dream; The Mummy; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Tea With Mussolini.*

UA Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Election; The Mummy; Notting Hill; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace.*

UA Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Entrapment; The Mummy; Notting Hill; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Analyze This; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Instinct; The Mummy; Notting Hill; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; The Thirteenth Floor; A Walk on the Moon.*

UA Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; The Mummy; Notting Hill; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace.*

UA Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Entrapment; Instinct; The Matrix; The Mummy; Notting Hill; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; The Thirteenth Floor.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"This Mad Masquerade: Valentino, Fairbanks, Barrymore, and Chaney in the Jazz Age." 6/19: *The Three Musketeers* (1921) and *The Black Bird* (1926). 6/20: *The Beloved Rogue* (1927) and *Monsieur Beaucaire* (1924). AMMI: 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077). Tickets, $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

Anthology Film Archives—"Hans-Jürgen Syberberg." 6/19: *Walk Onto the Mountain* (1998). 6/19–6/20: *Cave of Memory* (1998). "Peter Herzog Presents Brigitte Helm." 6/16: *The City of Songs* (1930) and *The Yacht of Seven Sins* (1928). "New Filmmakers." 6/16: *Broken Meat* (1991) and *Wrestling With Alligators* (1999). "French Short Film Festival." 6/17–6/20: Call 265-7507 for schedules and info. "Premiere." 6/18: Henry Hill's *Porter Springs 4* (1999). "Auguste Varkalis." 6/18: *The Breath of the Tao* (1996–98). 32 Second Ave. (505-5110). $7.

Asia Society—"Japanese Visionary: Films of Hiroshi Teshigahara." 6/16: *The Woman in the Dunes* (1964). 6/23: *Rikyu* (1989). 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA; www.asiasociety.org). $10; $7 members.

Bryant Park Summer Film Festival—All features screen at sunset. 6/21: *Anatomy of a Murder* (1959). Rain dates for each: the next night. Sixth Ave. bet. 40th and 42nd Sts. (512-5700). Free.

Cinema Classics—"Racism at the Movies." Through

Tobias *continued from page 66*

Balanchine ballet she tackles—its rhythms, its tone, its very spirit.

THE CENTERPIECE OF THE **New York City Ballet**'s three-week American Music Festival was a program of jazz ballets to music by Wynton Marsalis and Duke Ellington. The upbeat news was the vivid playing of the Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra for two of the pieces. The dismal news was all three ballets. Peter Martins's 1993 *Jazz,* to a score commissioned from Marsalis, is a big, busy piece that knocks itself out trying to prove that classical dance and vernacular music can enjoy a meaningful relationship. Perhaps they can, but Martins is inept as the matchmaker. His choreography fails to lend itself to the shadings, the sultriness, and the spontaneous, colloquial spirit of the music. His response to a score that alternates between the wild and the beguiling is all tight precision and shiny brightness (even in would-be sexy moments), with generic theatrical-jazz gestures applied as surface decoration.

Martins's new venture with Marsalis, *Them Twos,* strings together five duets that describe, with mind-boggling triteness, the several faces of love: springtime ardor, the love that thrives on hate (disdain, humiliation, even violence—Martins's specialties when he's in his contemporary mode), and the wraithlike embodiment of remembered or imagined romance (a Balanchine subspecialty that one competes with at one's peril). About half the roles in this lackluster excursion were gravely miscast, and, ironically, not a single one of them encouraged its performer to project an emotional connection to his (or her) partner.

Other choreographers were given their turn in the three movements of *Duke!*—Robert La Fosse, an NYCB principal; Garth Fagan, known for his idiosyncratic mix of dance genres; and Susan Stroman, of Broadway fame. La Fosse, the least complex and most ingratiating of the school-of-Balanchine gang, contributed doings of occasional lightweight charm. Fagan's effort—a vision of night as a time of intense vitality—was the most original and sophisticated, but would have looked better on his own dancers, who make his typical awkwardnesses appear meaningful. Stroman's job, a variation on the wallflower-makeover theme (virginal aspiring ballerina turns swinger), was so sleek and cute, it gave new meaninglessness to the term *classical ballet.* I never want to see any of this again. ■

Tobi Tobias's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Opening

Marathon Woman

A girl (Franka Potente, above) has twenty minutes to procure 100,000 Deutsche marks and save her boyfriend's life in *Run Lola Run,* a German blockbuster that explores how tiny decisions become life-altering choices through one very entertaining, very fast-paced story with three outcomes. Opens June 18 at CC Angelika Film Center, Clearview's Chelsea, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and CC Eastside Playhouse.

6/16: *Wannsee Conference*. 6/17–6/19: *Europa Europa* (1991). "Fantasy Film." 6/19–6/20: *Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory* (1971). 332 E. 11th St.; call 675-6692 for info. Double feature, $5.

Czech Center New York—6/17: Short Films by Jan Svankmajer (1965–90). 1109 Madison Ave., at 83rd St.; call 288-0830 for more info. Free.

Different Light—6/19: *Showgirls* (1995). 7 P.M. 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850). Free.

Film Forum—Through 6/21: *The Third Man* (1949). "Harold Lloyd." 6/21: *Hot Water* (1924) and *Feet First* (1930). "Tout Truffaut." Through 6/24: Eleven features and two shorts by France's seminal New Wave figure. 6/15: *The Man Who Loved Women* (1977). 6/16: *The Story of Adèle H* (1975). 6/17–6/18: *Small Change* (1976). 6/19–6/20: *Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me* (1972). 6/22: *The Green Room* (1978). 6/23–6/24: *Day for Night* (1973). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110). $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—"Human Rights Watch International Film Festival." All features preceded by shorts. 6/16–6/18: *Crime and Punishment* (1998). 6/15 and 6/17: *The Children of Chabannes* (1999). 6/16: *Regret to Inform* (1998). 6/14–6/16: *Coraje* (1998). 6/15, 6/17, and 6/20: *The Rose Seller* (1998). 6/17–6/18: *The Terrorist* (1998). 6/18–6/19 and 6/22–6/23: *The Man Who Drove With Mandela* (1998) and *The Powder Keg* (1999). 6/18–6/21: *Scandalize My Name: Stories From the Blacklist* (1998). 6/19–6/21: *School Prayer: A Community at War* (1998). 6/21–6/23: *Three Days and Never Again* (1998). 6/22–6/24: *The Port of Last Resort* (1998). 6/24: *Strike* (1924) with live orchestral accompaniment. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600). Regular screenings, $8.50–$15.

French Institute—"Cinéclub." 6/15: *La Sentinelle* (1992). 6/22: *Gadjo Dilo* (1997). Subtitled. Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160). $7.

Goethe-Institut New York—"East Germany Today." 6/16: *This Is My Life: Marieluise Child of Golzow* (1997). 1014 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.; call 439-8707 or visit www.goethe.de/newyork for more info.

Japan Society—"Life and Culture of the Edo Period." Through 6/25: Four classic films set in the Edo period. 6/17: *Sanjuro* (1962). 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015). $5 members; $8 nonmembers, students, and senior citizens.

Museum of Modern Art—"Strand Releasing: 10th Anniversary." 6/17 and 6/19: *Office Killer* (1997). 6/17 and 7/1: *Steam: The Turkish Bath* (1998). 6/18 and 6/20: *East Palace, West Palace* (1997). 6/18 and 6/24: *The Neon Bible* (1995). 6/18 and 6/20: *Voyage to the Beginning of the World* (1997). 6/18 and 6/20: *Dong Gong, Xi Gong* (1997). 6/19 and 6/22: *Wild Reeds* (1994). 6/21 and 6/25: *A Self-Made Hero* (1996). 6/21: *Contempt* (1963). "Paul Robeson." 6/18 and 6/20: *Show Boat* (1936). 6/19: *Body and Soul* (1925) and *The Emperor Jones* (1933). 6/19 and 6/22: *Borderline* (1930) and *Tribute to an Artist* (1979). 6/20 and 6/24: *The Black Emperor* (1936) and *Sanders of the River* (1935). 6/20: *Song of Freedom* (1936) and *My Song Goes Forth* (1937). 6/21: *Here I Stand* (1998). "Special Screening." 6/22: *Meet Me in St. Louis* (1944). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400). Free with $9.50 admission.

New York Public Library—"G.I. Jive: The Hollywood Musical Goes to War." 6/16 at 2:30 P.M.: *Rumors* (1944) and *Radio Stars on Parade* (1945). "Pride in Ourselves: Gay and Lesbian Documentaries." 6/17 at 2:30 and 6 P.M.: shorts and *The Silver Screen: Color Me Lavender* (1997). Donnell Media Center, 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619). Free.

Ocularis—6/20: *Bay of Angels* (1962). 70 N. 6th St., Williamsburg, Brooklyn (718-388-8713). $7.

Screening Room—Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). Call theater for info. 54 Varick St. (334-2100). $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

Symphony Space—"Marcello Mastroianni Salute." Through 6/15: A 21-film tribute to the film star. 6/15: *Intervista* (1987) and *Fellini's 8½* (1963). 2537 Broadway, at 96th St. (864-5400). $8, $5 members.

Tonic—"Monday Night Film Series." 6/14: *The Brothers Karamazov* (1958). 107 Norfolk St. For more info, call 358-7501 or visit www.tonic107.com. Tickets, $4.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"American Cinema 1900–1950." 6/15–6/20: Various Hollywood musicals. 6/22–6/27: Various Depression-era films. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676; www.whitney.org). Free with $12.50 admission.

YWCA Cine-Club—"A Celebration of Japanese Cinema." 6/19–6/20: *The Human Condition: Part II— Road to Eternity* (1959). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (735-9717). $6 members, $7 nonmembers.

Photograph by Bernd Spauke/Sony Pictures Classics.

theater

The Countess...Rock-'n'-Roll Romeo...Angelique

Opening
Veruca Salt Got Off Easy

Roald Dahl's short stories for adults are a thrilling, demented lot, usually devoted to gambling or thievery or adultery or murder; every one feels like a mini aria celebrating vice. They're also sufficiently surreal to have captured the attention of Dan Fields, who for the last year has been assisting Julie Taymor as resident director of *The Lion King*. He read, he saw, he adapted; on June 18, his production of *Roald Dahl's Tales of the Unexpected* opens at the Blue Heron Arts Center.

Derek Milman and Joan Rosenfels in Dahl's 'The Landlady.'

Broadway

Now Playing

Amy's View—You may want to know what this new play by David Hare is about. Hard to answer—the best I can do is: It's about life. About mothers and daughters, husbands and wives, human relations. It is about the childlike artist and the diligent worker; about theater versus real life; about art versus pseudo-art; about being right but ultimately wrong, or wrong but ultimately proven right. Being about life, it is about surprises all the way and about dots that you yourself must struggle to connect. For example: Does art imitate life or vice versa? Who is saved: the actressy, irresponsible star and grande dame, the seemingly defeated Esme; or the largely realistic and clear-sighted daughter, the morally involved activist yet probably even more defeated Amy? It would be an insult to this multifarious play to reveal more. It defies easy summary, prompt evaluation. Judi Dench is all you have heard in advance of her dazzling skill, all you have seen of her powerful personality on film, and much, much more. (Simon: 4/26/99.) $35–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

Annie Get Your Gun—Bernadette Peters plays the sharp-tongued, sharpshootin' gal from Cincinnati who eclipses her lover, Frank Butler (played by Tom Wopat), in Buffalo Bill's traveling Wild West Show. Irving Berlin did the lyrics and score; Peter Stone updated the book. $35–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (307-4100).*

Art—I sympathize with this play by Yasmina Reza. The plot is simple. Serge spends 200,000 francs on a five-by-four painting by the renowned Antrios that is all white except for some diagonal scratches. His friend Marc, who fancies Flemish painting, considers this Antrios shit, and Serge's purchase of it an insult to their friendship. He tries to enlist the third of our musketeers, Yvan, to side with him. Yvan, an overemotional and insecure young man, seems to go along with Marc's tirades. But confronted with Serge and the painting, he does what he does best: He wavers. Reza's cunning dialogue has been fluently Englished by Christopher Hampton. (Simon: 3/16/98 and 10/5/98.) Now with George Segal, Buck Henry, and Wayne Knight. $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 3/1/98. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Andrea McArdle plays the girl; Steve Blanchard plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costumes by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and Howard Ashman; music by Alan Menken. $22.50–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Cabaret—The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Robert Brill resuscitates a very functional but also eye-catching set. Peggy Eisenhauer and Mike Baldassari's razzle-dazzle lighting caps the razzmatazz. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Susan Egan and Michael Hall. $25–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Opened 3/19/98. *Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (239-6200).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $40–$75. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

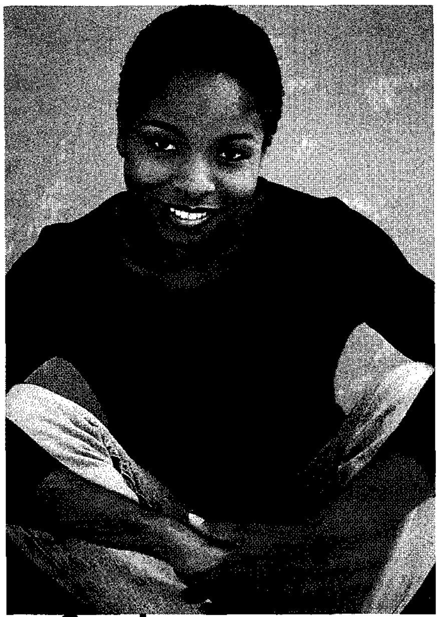
Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of this musical to Broadway, but since it's about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Minimalism prevails in this production. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. (Simon: 11/30/98.) Now starring the ravishing Ruthie Henshall as Velma Kelly. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Civil War—With this musical, Frank Wildhorn—a man who has made a career out of pleasing crowds and underwhelming critics—has three shows running simultaneously on Broadway (his other two are *The Scarlet Pimpernel* and *Jekyll & Hyde*). He wrote the book with Gregory Boyd and Jack Murphy; Jerry Zaks, an old pro, did the staging. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *St. James Theater, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Closer—A sad, savvy, often funny play that casts a steely, unblinking gaze at the world of relationships and lets you come to your own conclusions. There are four characters, sufficient for this wistful merry-go-round. As several years go by, everyone ends up sexually and emotionally involved with everyone else, each trying vainly to get closer to the other. Patrick Marber tells his story in short, staccato scenes in which the unsaid talks as loudly as the said. As Larry, Ciaran Hinds conveys well the weaknesses of a strong man. Rupert Graves gets the volatile, puppyish but nevertheless hurtful mischievousness of Dan perfectly, and Natasha Richardson splendidly balances coolness and passion, irony and pain. As for Alice: No one could capture the intermingled aggressiveness and vulnerability of youth with more empathy than Anna Friel. *Closer* does not merely hold your attention; it burrows into you. (Simon: 4/5/99.) $15–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Death of a Salesman—This *Salesman* is a hard but efficacious sell. Arthur Miller put his finger on our prime weakness: a gullibility to the wiles of salesmanship. "I sell, therefore I am" is the neo-Cartesian maxim Willy is meant to embody and explicate. Rightly, Miller embeds this value system in a business, social, and family context, but the interaction of the elements is achieved more by contrivance than by a sense of the inevitable. Yet most of the acting is splendid. Brian Dennehy is a man truly at the end of his tether, letting us in on every step of his decline via naïve optimism, disregard of reality, aging, and capitalist callousness. He is a bull slowly wrestled down in some terrible tauromachy. Elizabeth Franz, after a bit too much tremolo and head-waggling, settles into a quietly and thoroughly moving Linda. Kevin Anderson welds Biff's duality as unmoored drifter and canny *raisonneur* into a totally believable and heartrending amalgam. (Simon: 2/22/99.) $45–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W.*

Photograph by Michael Wakefield.



Opening

Reunited

Derek Anson Jones, who had the good sense to direct 'Wit,' and MCC Theater, which had the good sense to present it, team up once again for 'Angelique,' a historical drama by first-time playwright Lorena Gale about a rebellious slave in 1730s Montreal. Lisa Gay Hamilton (a regular on 'The Practice') plays the title role; opens June 17.

49th St. (239-6200).

Footloose—Kevin Bacon is not a part of this maxi-musical adaptation of the 1984 movie, but the lead does have his haircut. Kenny Loggins, Tom Snow, et al., did the lyrics; Dean Pitchford and director Walter Bobbie did the book. $20–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 10/22/98. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Fosse—A tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago*. $55–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The Iceman Cometh—You all know that this is a long but riveting play about hopeless drunks in Harry Hope's saloon downtown—or even farther down, in hell—who survive on a mix of rotgut and pipe dreams, the opium of the messes. However well you may know *Iceman*, you must see this wondrous production, staged by Howard Davies with consummate artistry. The staging is splendidly pictorial and tirelessly resourceful, and the actors, including five repeaters from the London cast, perform this comic nightmare like an intoxicating dream. Please pay special attention to what Paul Giamatti, Jeff Weiss, and Katie Finneran do with what could have been lesser roles. Kevin Spacey plays a Hickey who, by the time we meet him, is ice-cold, sinisterly charming, radiating a diabolic beauty. It is a performance to make every nonactor want to take up acting and every actor want to give up in despair. (Simon: 4/19/99.) $50–$100. Mon.–Fri. at 7, Sat. at 1 and 7. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*

It Ain't Nothin' but the Blues—Powered by seven electrifying singers and a swinging band, the revue traces the history of the blues, starting with chants from the plantation and ending with sets from the bars of Chicago. $35–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, music by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St.(239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical*. Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen *Lion King* onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. (Simon: 12/1/97). $20–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4747).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*, set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, is now one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Music by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2*

Night Must Fall—Another Broadway revival of an old spine-tingler, this time with Matthew Broderick as the charming sociopath. Judy Parfitt plays the elderly English woman who employs him, J. Smith-Cameron plays her niece, and John Tillinger directs. $40–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Peter Pan—Cathy Rigby is flyin' again, much to the delight of the kiddies. $25–$75. Wed. at 2 and 7:30, Thurs. at 2, Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 7:30, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Through 8/29. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Ten leads, eleven years, and roughly 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic, neatly trimmed and tidied for the stage, braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters. $31–$125. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Ring Round the Moon—Jean Anouilh's 1950 comedy about identical twins who woo the same beautiful woman. A cast of stalwarts, including Marian Seldes, Toby Stephens, and Frances Conroy, star; Gerald Gutierrez directs. $25–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun at 3. Through 6/27. *Belasco Theatre, 111 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Side Man—*A must*. This enjoyable play by Warren Leight is about sidemen, yesteryear's second-tier jazz musicians who hired out as supplementary players to various bands, and about their women. It is narrated by Clifford, the son of Gene, a trumpet player, and Terry, a sweet thing turned bitter. As the play moves from 1985 to 1953 and back, we hear about his parents' courtship, his birth, and the parents' growing estrangement as he grows up. We also get glimpses of the lives of Gene's fellow sidemen, Al, Ziggy, and Jonesy, and the waitress who beds or marries some of them. As things move near-imperceptibly from comedy to drama, we relish the jive, the jokes, the frustrations enacted by seven actors in a production neatly tied together by Michael Mayer's apt direction. (Simon: 3/23/98.) *Party of Five's* Scott Wolf joins the cast beginning 5/28. $25–$60. Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

The Sound of Music—Returns to Broadway for the first time since its 1959 premiere. Hum along; bring the kids. Laura Benanti plays the nun turned governess, and Richard Chamberlain plays the widower captain. $30–$75. Tues. at 8, Thurs. at 7, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 6/27. Opened 3/12/98. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The Weir—A brew of ghost stories and ale from Ireland's baby-blue eminence Conor McPherson, who turned 27 this year. $60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Angelique—Lorena Gale's historical drama, based on the rebellion of an African slave in Montreal during the 1730s. Lisa Gay Hamilton (*The Practice*) stars; Derek Anson Jones (*Wit*) directs. $25–$30. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. In previews for a 6/17 opening. *MCC Theater, 120 W. 28th St. (727-7765).*

Bash—Or, "the Ally McBeal play." Calista Flockhart stars; Joe Mantello directs; Neil LaBute, author of the films *In the Company of Men* and *Your Friends and Neighbors*, supplies the script. The work is composed of three individual one-acts, all demonstrating the general cravenness of humankind. Also featuring Paul Rudd and Ron Eldard. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Previews begin 6/14 for a 6/24 opening. Through 7/24. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

The Countess—Gregory Murphy's well-received costume comedy—about the love triangle between John Ruskin, his wife, and painter John Everett Millais—moves uptown, happily providing those of us who didn't catch it at the Greenwich Street Theatre a second chance. $35–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 6/15 opening. *Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Gemini—A Mark Brokaw–directed revival of the peppery 1977 comedy by Alberto Innaurato, about the denizens of an Italian neighborhood in South Philadelphia. $10–$45. Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 7, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 6/16 opening. *Second Stage Theatre, 307 W. 43rd St. (246-4422).*

The Job—Shem Bitterman's black comedy about a guy's last-ditch efforts to come clean, only to find himself thwarted by those around him. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 6/15 opening. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

The Taming of the Shrew—Shakespeare in the Park resumes in the just-renovated Delacorte Theater. Allison Janney plays the title shrew; Jay O. Sanders plays the shrew-tamer; a bunch of other solidly credentialed Broadway players, including Max Wright, round out the cast. Free. Tues.–Sun. at 8. Previews begin 6/17 for a 6/27 opening. *Delacorte Theater in Central Park, near 81st St. and Central Park West. Tickets available at both the Delacorte and the Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. Call 539-8750 for more information.*

The Trestle at Pope Lick Creek—Naomi Wallace's story about two rebellious kids growing up in a small town during the Depression. Lisa Peterson directs. $35. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. In previews for a 6/30 opening. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).*

Wonderland—Julia Dahl's coming-of-age story about politically ambitious twenty-somethings, set in the modern (and specifically, Clinton) era. $35–$40. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opens 6/14. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

After the Rain—Sergi Belbel's new comedy about the intersection of office and sexual politics, to the extent that the two are distinguishable. $25–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

Beautiful Thing—Jonathan Harvey's 1993 play (and later, acclaimed film) about two working-class teenage boys who fall in love. $45–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Through 6/27. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $45–$55. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

A Couple of Blaguards—Tired yet of the brothers McCourt? Good! We thought not. Come see Frank and Malachy's stage version of their coming-of-age story, performed by Mickey Kelly and Michael Judd. $45. Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

De la Guarda—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Dress in tatters; bring aspirin. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (239-6200).*

East Is East—Ayub Kahn-Din's debut play about the tensions in a large London family helmed by a traditional Pakistani father and a liberal English mother. Directed by Scott Elliott. $50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 2:30 and 7. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $36.50–$39. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Cleans Up!—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. $45–$47.50. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:30 and 8:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available, optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

The Gathering—Theodore Bikel stars in this new play, set during the Reagan era in both the United States and Germany, about a family in conflict over its national duties. Written by Arje Shaw; presented by Jewish Repertory Theatre. $35. Tues.–Thurs. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Wed. and Sun. at 2. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (831-2000).*

Gertrude & Alice: A Likeness to Loving—A new work about the lives and love affair between Gertrude Stein and Alice Toklas, stitched together from their letters and memoirs. Written and performed by Lola Pashalinski and Linda Chapman; directed by Anne Bogart. $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 9:30, and Sun. at 3. Through 6/27. *Signature Theatre, 555 W. 42nd St. (244-PLAY).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—A German transsexual achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting in this brave, bizarre rock musical by John Cameron Mitchell. Michael Cerveris stars; Stephen Trask did the music and lyrics. $20–$49.50. Mon., Wed., and Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 8 and 11, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened 2/14/98. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (239-6200).*

Hurrah at Last—A new play by Richard Greenberg about one of his favorite (and most expertly handled) subjects: a tormented writer. Starring Peter Frechette; directed by David Warren. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (719-1300).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $47.50–$50. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

If Love Were All—A musical comedy about Gertrude Lawrence and Noël Coward. Adapted from his works; featuring his songs. Starring Twiggy and Harry Groener. $45–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Julia De Burgos, Child of the Water—Carmen Rivera's new play about the Puerto Rican poet and political activist, who died at 39 on the streets of Spanish Harlem. $20. In English: Wed.–Fri. at 8. In Spanish: Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 6:30. Through 6/20. *Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (354-1293).*

Killer Joe—For the play's final weeks, Scott Glenn rejoins this Tracy Letts thriller about gore and dysfunctional ugliness in a Texas trailer park. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 5. Through 6/27. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (239-6200).*

La Terrasse—Jean-Claude Carrière's comedy about a couple's vain attempts to break up while simultaneously attempting to lease their apartment. $36. Tues.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 3 and 7:30, Sun. at 3. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

The Mystery of Irma Vep—The late Charles Ludlam's penny-dreadful vehicle for himself, Everett Quinton, and a glistening mound of wigs. It was a loopy sensation in 1984; Quinton returns for this repeat engagement with Stephen DeRosa. $47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Westside Theater, 407 W. 43nd St. (239-6200).*

Over the River and Through the Woods—Joe DiPietro's new comedy about the meddling efforts of four Italian-American grandparents to change the life of their grandson. $45. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan, from *Private Lives* with its ex-spouses honeymooning with new partners on adjoining Riviera terraces to Montezuma's revenge on unsuspecting gringo bowels. From lost baggage to lost illusions, from Hertz to other hurts and frustrations, nothing is overlooked, though some things are a mite undercooked. Even the Ca*th*tilian li*th*p ge*th* a tuneful *th*ong tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $20–$47.50; optional dinner one hour before curtain. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. *Ibis Theatre, 321 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Snakebit—This is a small, well-made play—meat and potatoes for our theater. In a Hollywood home he is forced to vacate, a young social worker hosts visitors from New York: an ambitious actor friend up for a fat movie role and his forlorn wife, an ex-actress who is the last woman our hero ever bedded. The actor-author, David Marshall Grant, says smart things about East Coast and West Coast, theaters and movies, homos and heteros, men and women. (Simon: 3/22/99.) $17.50–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Century Center, 111 E. 15th St. (239-6200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8,

On Stage
Double Whammy

La MaMa's got two nifty offerings on its latest bill of fare: *Romeo and Juliet: Tribal Rock Musical* and *Tales From a Traveler*. The former, a pop-reggae-rap version of Shakespeare's tragedy, was composed and choreographed by William Electric Black, a four-time Emmy-winning writer for *Sesame Street;* the latter, the story of a man's deliberations before his 500th birthday, comes from Les Enfants Terribles, a company renowned in Holland for its experimental shenanigans. Both open June 17.

Photographs: left, Steven Friedman; right, Ruud Gort.

Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

Tennessee Williams Remembered—Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson reminisce about their special friendship with the famous playwright. $45. Wed. at 2:30 and 8, Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 4. Through 6/20. *ArcLight Theatre, 152 W. 71st St. (307-4100).*

Things You Shouldn't Say Past Midnight—A comedy in three beds by freshman playwright Peter Ackerman. $19–$48. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

This Lime Tree Bower—Three men on a misadventure Conor McPherson–style, meaning booze and tall tales dominantly figure into the action. Ireland and London had it first; directed here by Harris Yulin. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 6/27. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Thwak—More nifty trickery from the Umbilical Brothers, a well-matched but unrelated pair of kinetic Australians. Likely to give the words *extended run* a whole new meaning. $25–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (307-4100).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie Black's Vegas Room, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $65–$75. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

2½ Jews—A comedy about a prominent civil-rights attorney's relationships with his irascible father and lawyer son. By Alan Brandt. $32.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8:30, Wed. at 3, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 2 and 5:30. *Raymond J. Greenwald Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (239-6200).*

Vicki Sue Robinson . . . Behind the Beat—A gaudy, energetic bio-musical starring the former disco diva; may she turn the beat around. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 7/4. *Kaufman Theatre, 534 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Wit—Can a play be made out of the last hours of a professor of literature dying of ovarian cancer? A play that hinges on a close reading of Donne's *Holy Sonnets*? That, without slighting its seriousness, sees the comedy in dying? No? Think again: Margaret Edson, with her firstling effort, has managed it, and more. It is a dazzling and humane play you will remember till your dying day, and especially then, thanks also to a near-flawless production. First, Kathleen Chalfant, a Vivian Bearing of power and vulnerability, commanding intelligence and compelling irony. In and out of bed, she enacts or narrates the battle of life, and the scarcely less scary battle of the Ph.D. vs. the M.D. Add a supporting cast in which all shine. For this play alone, Edson should be handed the Harvard English department, along with her Pulitzer. (Simon: 9/28/98.) $35–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

Off-Off Broadway

Bigsmörgasbordwünderwerk—A New York debut production from Squonk, a Pittsburgh-based group whose works are often as attention-getting as the names they choose for it. Everything they do is a multidisciplinary mishmash; so is this. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 8:30, Sat. at 8:30 and 11, Sun. at 3. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5288).*

Comedy of Errors—Done in the style of a seventies sitcom; presented by Expanded Arts, as part of their Shakespeare in the Parking Lot series. Free. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 6/26. *Municipal Parking Lot at Broome and Ludlow Sts. Call 253-1813 for tickets and details.*

Exact Change—David Epstein's comedy about the misadventures of three New Jersey bar owners. $12. Tues.–Sat. at 8. Through 6/19. *Medicine Show Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. (279-4200).*

Goofballs—A weekly variety series from the NY-Goofs, a gotham clown troupe that does both circusy and non-circusy things. $5–$10. Thurs. at 10. Through 6/24. *Flea Theater, 41 White St. (226-0051).*

Opening
Dangerous Liaisons

'The Countess,' Gregory Murphy's costume comedy with enough bon mots to sweeten a pie, reopens June 15 at Samuel Beckett Theatre, after successfully completing an eight-week run downtown. The period play focuses on the love triangle linking John Ruskin, his wife, and painter John Everett Millais.

Hamlet—Richard Schechner probably takes more liberties in his production than were ever dreamt of in the philosophies of Horatio, William Shakespeare, and Joseph Papp combined: He mixes quarto and folio versions of the text, juxtaposes familiar and unfamiliar lines, and tosses in pop-culture references as if they were alarums and exeunts. Here's hoping there's method in his madness. $12. Wed.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30 and 7:30. Through 6/20. *Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. (966-3651).*

Happy Days—One of Samuel Beckett's final plays, which still celebrates nothing and nothingness, this time through Winnie, its protagonist, who lies buried in a mound up to her waist (and then neck). Cocteau Rep. presents. $12–$30. Tues. at 7, Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 6/20. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (677-0060).*

Jerusalem Syndrome—A guided tour through the twisted caverns of Marc Maron's mind. $15. Thurs.–Sun. at 7:30. Through 7/3. *Nada 45, 445 W. 45th St. (581-6030).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Jodie's Body—Aviva Jane Carlin's acclaimed one-woman show about art, femininity, and South Africa. $35. Sat. at 9:30, Sun. at 2, Mon. and Tues. at 8. *ArcLight Theatre, 152 W. 71st St. (595-0355).*

Kosher Franks—*An evening of one-act comedies* by playwright and pop lyricist Sid Frank. $30. Mon. and Tues. at 8. *Studio Theater, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Lick—An insider comedy, about the music industry by Catherine Celesia Allen. $12. Fri.–Sun. at 8. Through 6/27. *78th Street Theatre Lab, 236 W. 78th St. (873-9050).*

A Midsummer Night's Dream—Reimagined as a piece about opening-night jitteriness in the theater. Presented by Moonwork Theater Company. $10. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 8. Through 6/20. *Connelly Theatre, 220 E. 4th St. (279-4200).*

Monday Night Magic—Internationally known magicians munch on glass, puncture flailing assistants with swords, yank rabbits from hats, etc., all in an intimate setting. $20–$27.50. Mon. at 8. *Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (307-4100).*

Murdered by the Mob—When this family gets together, it's murder. *Heh heh heh.* One of two interactive mob comedies now running Off Broadway; a four-course meal is included, plus take-home gifts and fake Academy Awards to the audience's best actors. $55. Fri. at 7:30 and Sat. at 7. *Steak Brokers Club, 393 Eighth Ave., bet. 29th and 30th Sts. (800-MURDERINC).*

Noah's Archives—Noah reappears, this time as a barkeep on Canal Street. Written by Stephen Spoonamore; proceeds from the production will go to Riverkeepers, an organization devoted to protecting the ecological integrity of the Hudson. Wed–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 6/26. $25. *Ohio Theatre, 66 Wooster St. (501-4246).*

Offending the Audience—Handke's provocative attack on the theater, as interpreted by the Bat Theater Company. $10. Fri. and Sat. at 10. Through 6/26. *Flea Theatre, 41 White St. (226-0051).*

The Persecution of Arnold Petch—David Hauptschein's chronicle of a paranoid man. $15–$20. Tues.–Sat. at 8. *Pantheon Theatre, 303 W. 42nd St. (582-5856).*

Queer @ HERE—HERE's second annual festival of gay fantasia, with contributions from a dozen or so people, including Basil Twist and Carmelita Tropicana. $5–$12. Runs. 6/17 through 6/27. Call for specific shows and showtimes. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., at Dominick St. (647-0202).*

Revenge in the Mob—When this family gets together, it's *also* murder. A four-course meal is included, so we'll assume the carnage isn't graphic. $60. Fri. and Sat. at 8. *Arno Ristorante, 141 W. 38th St. (888-MOB-BOYS).*

Roald Dahl's Tales of the Unexpected—Four of Dahl's short stories for adults, all demented and thrilling, come to life under the direction of Dan Fields, resident director of *The Lion King.* $15. Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3, Mon. at 8. Through 7/12. *Blue Heron Arts Center, 121 E. 24th St. (332-0027).*

Romeo and Juliet: Tribal Rock Musical—Like it says. Pop, reggae and rap suffuse the 25-actor production; William Electric Black, four-time Emmy winner for his work on *Sesame Street*, composes, directs, and choreographs. $15–$20. Thurs.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 3. Through 6/27. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A East 4th St. (475-7710).*

Symphonie Fantastique—Puppeteer Basil Twist dances his fanciful creations around a 500-gallon tank. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 10:30, Sun. at 5. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., at Dominick St. (647-0202).*

Tales From a Traveler—A man deliberates on the eve of his 500th birthday, torn as to whether he should die or live for another 500 years. Written and performed in English by Erwin Kokkelkoren; inspired by Simon de Beauvoir's *All Men Are Mortal;* presented by Les Enfants Terribles, renowned in Holland for their experimental antics. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 10, Sun. at 5. Through 6/27. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A East 4th St. (475-7710).*

You Shouldn't Have Told—Anne Thompson-Stretching's long-running drama about what happens to an African-American family when the daughters reveal that they have been sexually molested by their mother's boyfriend. $30. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Chernuchin Theatre, 314 W. 54th St. (279-4200).*

Photograph by Rainer Fehringer.

art

Kenny Schachter...John O'Reilly

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Joseph Beuys—Bronze sculptures and works on paper; through 7/9. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).

Charles Henri Ford—Books, periodicals, and "poem posters" created, written, and/or published between 1929 and 1969 by the Mississippi-born writer and artist who was the editor and publisher of *View,* the influential art and literary magazine of the forties, and has lived and worked in New York since 1934; through 7/2. Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. (794-4444).

Adriane Herman—An environment of paintings, collages, sculptures, prints, and photographs on the subjects of food, art, and women's roles; through 7/30. Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338).

Aristodimos Kaldis—A survey of paintings executed between 1941 and 1977 by the Greek-American artist (1899–1977), at Bookstein, 50 E. 78th St. (439-9605), through 6/30; and a survey of his monumental late paintings from 1974 to 1977, at the Foundation for Hellenic Culture, 7 W. 57th St. (308-6908), through 8/29.

Jan Matulka—Paintings, watercolors, and drawings depicting views of New York City, Storm King on the Hudson, and Gloucester and Provincetown, Massachusetts; through 7/30. York, 21 E. 65th St. (772-9155).

57th Street Area

Georges Hugnet—Collages and photocollages by the Surrealist artist, including original works that were reproduced for three books by Hugnet and the books themselves; through 7/16. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).

John James—Paintings of the façades of English storefronts, pubs, and theaters; through 7/3. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (956-3366).

Norman Lewis—Abstractions on paper made between 1945 and 1975 by this artist (1909–79) whose work is currently the subject of a traveling exhibition organized by the Studio Museum in Harlem; through 8/13. Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. (247-0082).

John McLaughlin—A survey of the artist's geometric abstract paintings from 1952 to 1973; through 7/30. Ameringer Howard, 41 E. 57th St. (935-1110).

May Stevens—Recent drawings and prints that depict mysterious images of boats and rowers; through 8/30. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).

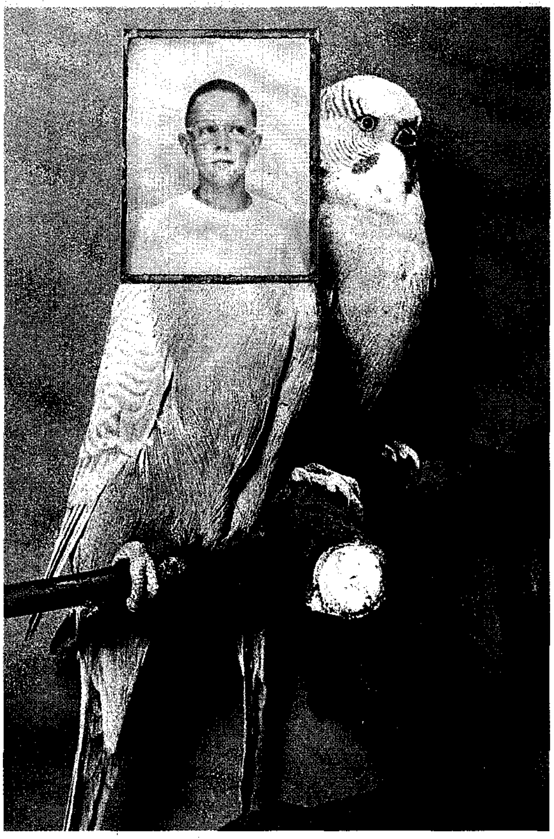
SoHo and TriBeCa

Barton Lidice Benes—Box constructions in which objects are displayed and identified; through 7/30. Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (941-0012).

Ashley Bickerton—Recent paintings that depict dysfunctional characters, Stone Age natives, and sophisticated monkeys in a place that time forgot; through 7/30. Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway (966-6160).

Photography Cut-ups

If you've never had the pleasure of deciphering John O'Reilly's small, symbol-ridden photomontages, in which he wittily collages himself into (otherwise) well-known artworks, acquaint yourself at this tidy survey of his works from 1967 to the present. At Julie Saul Gallery, 560 Broadway; through July 2.



Ross Bleckner—New etchings teeming with small organic shapes resembling cells; through 8/30. Senior, 375 W. Broadway (941-0960).

Gregory Raymond Halili—Miniature gouaches and watercolors depicting different species of butterflies; through 6/30. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

Teun Hocks/Miguel Branco—Painted photographs of the artist that depict him as a hapless everyman combating the absurdities of everyday life/Oil paintings of dogs that on close examination appear to be blind. Through 7/2. P.P.O.W., 476 Broome St. (941-8642).

Albert Hoffman—Carved-wood sculptures by a self-taught artist (1915–93) who was born in Philadelphia to a family of Jewish immigrants; spent his adult life near Atlantic City, New Jersey; and took his subjects from his own religious and cultural past, American history, and the natural world; through 7/23. Ross, 568 Broadway (343-2161).

Patrick Ireland/Wilhelm Moser—Ink-on-paper drawings in which lines of color define three-dimensional intersecting planes/Backlit, resin-encased black-and-white photographic transparencies depicting Monserrat landscapes covered with volcanic ash. Through 7/2. Cowles, 420 W. Broadway (925-3500).

Toba Khedoori—New large-scale drawings in oil and wax on paper; through 7/9. Zwirner, 43 Greene St. (966-9074).

Nicholas Krushenick—Early paintings from 1962 and paintings from 1998 by the artist, who died in January; through 6/30. Algus, 25 Thompson St. (966-1758).

Antoine Pevsner—More than 100 drawings by the Russian Constructivist sculptor between 1912 and 1956; through 7/10. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Dennis Pinette—Paintings of industrial landscapes; through 7/2. Rosenberg + Kaufman, 115 Wooster St. (431-4838).

Martin Ramirez—Sixteen drawings that have not been previously exhibited, by a Mexican-born artist (1895–1963) who was diagnosed with paranoid schizophrenia and spent more than 30 years, until his death, in a California state mental hospital; through 8/30. Kind, 136 Greene St. (925-1200).

Kenny Schachter/John Corbin—Products from the artist's *Shovelware* lifestyle brand, among them silverware, mugs, floor coverings, wallpaper, tools, and a portrait machine/A re-creation of a set that was used in two scenes in the independent film *Joey's Practice* that were eventually edited out. Through 7/2. Gering, 476 Broome St. (226-8195).

Michael West—Abstract Expressionist paintings from the forties by the artist (1908–91), who changed her name from Corinne to Michael so as not to be judged as a female artist; through 7/10. 123 Watts, 123 Watts St. (219-1482).

Michael Zwack—Recent paintings of seascapes and mountainous landscapes; through 7/9. Kasmin, 74 Grand St. (219-3219).

Chelsea

Jose Bedia—Recent paintings and an installation by the Cuban-born artist; through 7/3. Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. (741-8695).

Saint Clair Cemin—New white-marble sculptures; through 7/31. Cheim & Read, 521 W. 23rd St. (242-7727).

Sandro Cinto—Sculptural objects set in environments that correspond to a particular aspect of the gallery's architecture, by a Brazilian artist; through 7/2. Bonakdar Jancou, 521 W. 21st St. (414-4144).

B. G. Muhn/Clay Ervin—Paintings in which fields of pastel color are interspersed with images of prostrate bodies, animals, and commonplace objects/Cast-iron or aluminum sculptures of familiar objects. Through 7/10. Stux, 529 W. 20th St. (352-1600).

Michael Paha/Skeet McAuley—An installation of terrariums and aquariums supporting a terrain of

Photograph courtesy of Julie Saul Gallery.

plants, insects, and animals/Recent photographs of golf courses. Through 7/30. Feigen Contemporary, 535 W. 20th St. (929-0500).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767). "Pattern," paintings, drawings, sculpture, and photography by Agee, Bovasso, Crile, Morisse, Obrosey, Siena, others; 6/24–8/27.

Wildenstein—19 E. 64th St. (879-0500). "Snow Scenes," paintings and photographs by Brandt, Callahan, Monet, Seurat, Stieglitz; through 7/30.

57th Street Area

De Nagy—724 Fifth Ave. (262-5050). Recent paintings by Green, Hammond, True, Winkfield; new scrim paintings by James Cambronne; through 7/26.

Goodman—24 W. 57th St. (977-7160). Twenty-seven small black-and-white photographs by Colorado-born Francesca Woodman, with works by Artschwager, Baldessari, Horn, Kiefer, McQueen, Oldenburg, Orozco, Richter, others; through 8/31.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). "Linear Impulse," experiments with lines by Cousins, Dehner, Hare, Krasner, Seliger, others; through 8/13.

Rubin/Van Doren—730 Fifth Ave. (445-0444). "Another Country: The Constructed Landscape," a multi-venue exhibit of landscape drawings and paintings by Bright, Ellis, Kahlhamer, Lundsager, Rockman, Wolf, others; through 7/9 (also at Sikkema, 530 W. 22nd St., 941-6210; through 7/3).

Schmidt-Bingham—41 E. 57th St. (888-1122). "A Fishing Trip: Six Men in a Canoe," paintings, photography, prints, and drawings by six friends who have made sixteen annual fishing trips to Spencer Pond in Maine; through 7/16.

Tatistcheff—50 W. 57th St. (664-0907). New works by Bok, Buszko, Geiger, Harkins, Schneider, Tapley, Vavagiakis, others; through 8/13.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Collins—83 Grand St. (226-1861). A sculpture of a house by Lee Stoetzel; landscape photographs in diptych format by James Barth; wall-mounted painted constructions of found materials by Cordy Ryman; through 7/31.

Exit Art—548 Broadway (966-7745). "The Stroke," paintings by contemporary stars Bléckner, Dunham, Gallagher, McClelland, Marshal, Murray, Pittman, Reed, Sikander; through 7/2.

Ingbar—568 Broadway (334-1100). "New York at Large," metropolitan works by Firmin, Reist, Sokolov, Sera; through 8/28.

Kaplan—48 Greene St. (226-6131). "Ain't Ordinarily So," with works by young European artists Bäckström, Höller, Jakobsen, Rehberger; through 7/3.

Kent—67 Prince St. (966-4500). "Dream Architecture," works by Adams, Bennett, Brill, Erlich, Jess, Laffoley, Tanaka; through 7/23.

Marcus—578 Broadway (226-3200). New paintings by Abbott, Collins, Saveri, Smith, Tsao; through 7/9.

Swiss Institute—495 Broadway (925-2040). Drawings and works on paper by Bourgeois, Oppenheim, Weber; through 7/3.

Chelsea

Luhring Augustine—531 W. 24th St. (206-9100). "Kill All Lies," video work by Birnbaum, small paintings by DiBenedetto, color photographs by Flynt, installations by Gonzales, monochrome paintings by Mosset; through 7/30.

Grimm—505 W. 28th St. (564-7662). Paintings by Euba, Leonard, and Nasso; through 7/9.

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Kempner—501 W. 23rd St. (206-6872). "Changing Faces," contemporary portraits by Close, Freud, Peyton, Santlofer, Sherman, Warhol, others; through 7/24.

Sikkema—530 W. 22nd St. (941-6210). "Another Country: The Constructed Landscape," a multi-venue exhibit of landscape drawings and paintings by Bright, Ellis, Kahlhamer, Lundsager, Rockman, Wolf, others; through 7/3 (also at Rubin/Van Doren, 730 Fifth Ave., 445-0444; through 7/9).

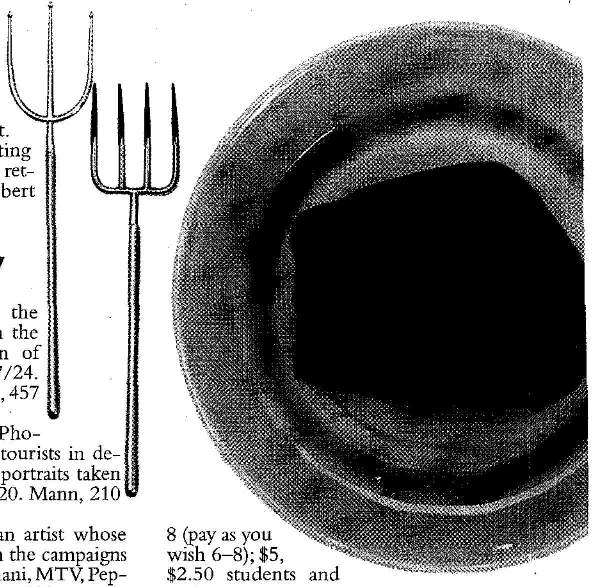
Tibet House—130 Greene St. (343-0290). "Worlds of Compassion: Tibetan Art of Wisdom and Compassion." Works from the collection of Shelley and Donald Rubin, including masterworks from the twelfth to the twentieth century; through 8/28.

Urbach Architecture—526 W. 26th St. (627-0974). "Luster," photographs of sex clubs by Bosse, iconographic urns by deFazio, heat-sensitive paintings by Hermann, Levittown wallpaper by Liu, and works by Diller, Scofidio, Day, Sanders; through 7/16.

Other

Forbes—60 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (620-2200). "200 Years of American Art," works from the *Forbes* Magazine Collection; through 9/5.

Hebrew Union College—1 W. 4th St. (824-2205). Oil paintings depicting Eve by Deborah Rosenthal and a retrospective of printmaker Robert Broner's works; through 7/16.



Photography

Richard Barnes—Photographs of the archeological excavations beneath the California Palace of the Legion of Honor in San Francisco; through 7/24. Architectural League of New York, 457 Madison Ave. (753-1722).

Sasha Bezzubov/August Sander—Photographs of middle-class Western tourists in developing countries/Photographic portraits taken in Weimar Germany. Through 7/20. Mann, 210 Eleventh Ave. (570-1223).

David LaChapelle—Photographs by an artist whose commercial work has been seen in the campaigns of Jean Paul Gaultier, Giorgio Armani, MTV, Pepsi, and Levis; through 9/15. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

De Lellis—47 E. 68th St. (327-1482). "Animals Are Funny People," silly, pet-friendly photographs by Erwitt, Quigley, Wegman, Winogrand, Ylla, others; 6/17–9/18.

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (860-1777), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "Sea Change," contemporary photographs of seascapes by Adams, Cooper, Flick, Klipper, Stewart, West, Yamazaki, others; and "Myths, Dreams, and Realities in Contemporary Argentine Photography," with works by Casaballe, Díaz, Gil, Lestido, Valansi, Zout, others; through 9/26.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St. (768-4682), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "Class of '99," photography by the graduating students of ICP's one-year certificate programs; through 7/4.

Klotz—22 E. 72nd St. (327-2211). "Down From Up," photographs executed with elevated cameras; through 7/9.

Marks—522 W. 22nd St. (243-0200). Photographs of the suburban United States from 1968 to 1978 by iconic American photographers Adams, Owens, Wessel; through 7/16.

Ray K. Metzker/Cath Pearson—Fifty black-and-white urban photographs from 1958 to 1983; through 8/13/Thirteen aerial photographs of people sleeping in their beds; through 7/2. Miller, 20 W. 57th St. (397-3930).

Tina Modotti and Edward Weston—Images from the photographers' twenties' documentary collaboration in Mexico; through 7/17. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (223-1059).

John O'Reilly—Photomontages from 1967 to 1999; through 7/2. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Susan Unterberg—New color photographs of horses; through 7/2. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Brooching It Diplomatically: A Tribute to Madeline K. Albright." Brooches by artists from around the world that were created as a tribute to the secretary of State and were commissioned by the collector and jewelry authority Helen Drutt English; through 8/8. . . . "Stop Asking, We Exist: 25 Contemporary African-American Craft Artists"; through 8/8. . . . "The Spirit of Cloth: African-American Quilts Today." Fiber-art works by more than 30 African-American artists from the Women of Color Quilter's Network; through 10/10. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"The *Endurance:* Shackleton's Legendary Antarctic Expedition." More than 150 photographs by ship photographer Frank Hurley documenting Sir Ernest Shackleton's voyage to the Antarctic in 1914; through 10/11. . . . "Epidemic! The World of Infectious Disease." Dioramas, three-dimensional models, videos, films, interactive computer systems, and photographs; through 9/6. Central Park West, at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society—"Bamboo Masterworks: Japanese Baskets From the Lloyd Cotsen Collection"; through 6/27. . . . "Fire Over Earth: Ceramics From the Collection of the Asia Society"; through 8/29. 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA), Tues.–Sat. 11–6, Sun. 12–5, Thurs. 11–8 (6–8 free admission); $4, $2 students and seniors.

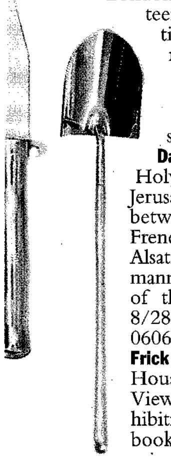
Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Impressionists in Winter." Paintings of winter scenes by Monet, Renoir, Pissarro, Sisley, Caillebotte, and Gauguin; through 8/29. . . . "Mariko Mori: Empty Dream." Multimedia installations that feature large-scale computer-generated photographs of the artist in futuristic scenes; through 8/15. . . . "A Voice of Conscience: The Prints of Jack Levine." Sixty-nine prints by the New York artist that have never been shown together; through 6/20. . . . "The Matthew Scott Sloan Collection of American Furniture"; through 9/30. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Tues.–Fri. 10–5 (Thurs. to 8), Sat. 11–6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Photograph by Michael Lavine.

Talent

Take This Job and Shovel It

Artists in search of a launching pad are usually directed to Kenny Schachter, a lawyer turned tie salesman turned art dealer turned artist who puts on huge group shows in temporary downtown quarters. Now, though, the art world's P. T. Barnum is finally having the first solo New York show of his own work at Sandra Gering Gallery (476 Broome Street; through July 2). "It's important for me to have a forum to express myself," says Schachter, a Duchamp and Warhol fan who's premiering his Shovelware.com brand of "products," among them silverware in the form of pitchforks, shovels, swords, switchblades, and rakes; mugs and T-shirts printed with tabloid photos and quotes; wallpaper; and a "portrait machine" with a scrolling device to allow the display of different images of one's own choice. Shovelware.com can also be browsed at www.artshopit.com. **EDITH NEWHALL**



Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution—"The Huguenot Legacy: *English Silver 1680–1760." Examples of silver* produced by Huguenot silversmiths working in London in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, from the collection of Alan and Simone Hartman; through 8/8. 2 E. 91st St. (849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (free admission 5–9); $5, $3 seniors and students.

Dahesh Museum—"Revealing the Holy Land." Photographs of Jerusalem and the Sinai Desert taken between 1850 and 1880 by the French writer Maxime du Camp, the Alsatian photographer Auguste Salzmann, and Sergeant James McDonald of the Royal Engineers; through 8/28. 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Frick Collection—""The Medieval Housebook: A Fifteenth-Century View of Life." The first American exhibition of the legendary illustrated book offering a view of life in a princely court at the end of the late Middle Ages; through 7/25. . . . "From the National Gallery of Art to the Frick Collection: Manet's *The Dead Toreador* and *The Bullfight*—Fragments of a Lost Salon Painting Reunited." The first exhibition of two fragments of a painting that was originally titled *Incident in a Bullfight* and was cut into pieces by the artist after he exhibited it at the Paris Salon in 1864; through 8/22. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery—"When Time Began to Rant and Rage: Figurative Painting From Twentieth-Century Ireland." Paintings from public and private collections in Ireland, by Sir John Lavery, Paul Henry, Jack B. Yeats, Mary Swanzy, and others; through 7/24. New York University, 100 Washington Square East (998-6780), Tues., Thurs.–Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Sat. 11–5; donation suggested.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"Surrealism: Two Private Eyes, The Nesuhi Ertegun and Daniel Filipacchi Collections." Approximately 700 works from the collections of Daniel Filipacchi and the late Nesuhi Ertegun, longtime friends who assembled two of the most important private holdings of Surrealist art; through 9/12. . . . "A Year With Children." Three-dimensional constructions. murals, paintings, quilts, masks, and other works by elementary school students who participated in Learning Through Art/The Guggenheim Museum Children's Program; through 6/20. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 9–6, Fri. and Sat. 9–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 seniors and students.

Japan Society—"Crosscurrents: Masterpieces of East Asian Art From New York Private Collections." Ceramics, calligraphy, sculpture, ceramics, bronze, and lacquer works from various private New York collections; through 7/11. 333 E. 47th St. (832-1155), Tues.–Sun. 11–6; $5 suggested contribution.

Jewish Museum—"*Facing West: Jews of Central Asia* and the Caucasus." More than 300 objects, among them costumes, jewelry, and ceremonial art, illuminating Jewish life in Bukhara, Samarkand, and Tashkent in Central Asia and the areas of Dagestan and Azerbaijan in the Caucasus, all drawn from the Russian Museum of Ethnography in St. Petersburg; 6/20–10/17. . . . "Sophie Calle: The Eruv of Jerusalem." An installation of photographs and text by the French artist, inspired by the concept of *eruv*, a rabbinic prohibition against carrying objects outside one's home on the Sabbath; 6/20–10/17. . . . "Shari Rothfarb: Water Rites." An installation exploring the Jewish tradition of *mikvah* (ritual bath); 6/20–10/17. . . . "Sigmund Freud: Conflict and Culture." An exhibition organized by the Library of Congress examining the life and work of the psychoanalyst through vintage photographs, prints, films, manuscripts, letters, and documents from the library's collection; through 9/9. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Gustave Moreau: Between Epic and Dream." A retrospective of paintings, watercolors, and drawings by the French Symbolist painter (1826–1898); through 8/22. . . . "Cézanne to Van Gogh: The Collection of Doctor Gachet." Works by Van Gogh, Cézanne, Pissarro, Renoir, Sisley, and others that originally in the collection of Dr. Paul-Ferdinand Gache (1828–1909), among them some 50 paintings and drawings that have never before been lent by the Musée d'Orsay, Paris; through 8/15. . . . "Barbara Chase-Riboud: The Monumental Drawings." Twenty-four drawings by the sculptor and writer that memorialize historical, literary, and artistic figures; 6/22–9/5. . . . "Prayer Book for a Queen: The Hours of Jeanne d'Evreux." A display of the pages from the medieval prayer book, whose depictions of the Christmas and Easter stories and the life of the crusader king Saint Louis are among the most evocative paintings of the Gothic era; through 8/29. . . . "Our New Clothes: Acquisitions of the 1990s." Fashion masterworks by Geoffrey Beene, Calvin Klein, Giorgio Sant'Angelo, and other designers acquired by the museum's Costume Institute over the past decade; through 8/22. . . . "Hans Hofmann at the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Paintings by the abstract artist and influential teacher from the museum's collection, including nine paintings of "The Renate Series"; through 10/17. . . . "Guardians of the Longhouse: Art in Borneo." The first American exhibition devoted exclusively to the Kenyah-Kayan art of central Borneo; through 1/16/2000. . . . "Magdalena Abakanowicz on the Roof." A selection of the artist's sculptures on display on the museum's rooftop; through 10/30. . . . "The Nature of Islamic Ornament, Part III: Geometric Patterns." The third exhibition in a four-part series covering designs in Islamic ornamentation; through 7/18. . . . "The Treasury of Saint Francis of Assisi." Approximately 70 masterpieces of medieval and Renaissance panel painting, goldsmiths' works, textiles, and manuscript illuminations from Assisi as well as works from European and American collections; through 6/27. . . . "Mirror of the Medieval World." Jewelry, manuscripts, sculptures, and other works acquired by the museum since 1977; through 7/15. . . . "Treasures of Early Photography From the Rubel Collection." Works by William Henry Fox Talbot, David Octavius Hill, Robert Adamson, Roger Fenton, and Julia Margaret Cameron; through 9/19. . . . "The Practice of Japanese Art: An August and Accomplished Heritage." Buddhist and decorative painting and calligraphy, along with ceramics, lacquers, metalwork, and woodblock prints; through 1/30/2000. . . . "Late-16th Century to Early-19th Century Indian Drawings"; through 7/5. . . . "The Academy of the Sword: Illustrated Fencing Books, 1500–1800." More than 25 rare books accompanied by swords, daggers, shields, and gauntlets from the museum's collection; through 8/30. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

El Museo del Barrio—"Cinema Kinesis." A life-size motorized pop-up movie theater by Uruguayan artist Marta Chilindrón; through 6/30. . . . "The S-Files." Works by 23 emerging New York-based Latino artists and U.S.-born artists of Latin American descent who have submitted work to the museum; through 6/30. . . . "Puerto Rican Santos de Palo: Sculptures Between Heaven and Earth." Forty-five carved wooden saint and holy figures from the museum's permanent collection; through 6/30. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272), Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Museum for African Art—"A Congo Chronicle: Patrice Lumumba in Urban Art." Paintings from the Congolese Urban Art movement, which began in the early twenties and is still extant, and by one of its best-known members, Tshibumba Kanda-Matulu, whose work depicts the rise and fall of Patrice Lumumba, the hero of Congolese independence who, in 1960, became the nation's first freely elected prime minister; through 8/15. 593 Broadway (966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $5, $2.50 seniors, students, and children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Beyond the Square: Color and Design in Amish Quilts." Twenty masterpieces from the museum's collection; through 11/7. Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Ellsworth Kelly: *Sculpture for a Large Wall* and Other Recent Acquisitions." MOMA's first showing of the artist's monumental sculpture acquired by the museum last fall and of early drawings and paintings recently given to the museum by the artist; through 7/6. . . . "Sigmar Polke: Works on Paper, 1963–1974." The first in-depth American examination of the German artist's early works on paper; through 6/16. . . . "Collecting in Depth: Drawings by Grosz, Schwitters, Ernst, and Klee." Works by these four artists who were active in Germany from 1910 through the thirties; through 7/20. . . . "Mary Lucier: Floodsongs." A video and audio installation presenting portraits of residents of Grand Forks, North Dakota, and their reflections on the flood that ravaged their town in the spring of 1997; through 6/20. . . . "Abby Aldrich Rockefeller and Print Collecting: An Early Mission for MOMA." Approximately 100 of the nearly 1600 prints left to the museum by Mrs. Rockefeller, by George Bellows, Emil Nolde, Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, Diego Rivera, and others; 6/24–9/21. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"New New York Views: Recent Acquisitions." Recently acquired paintings of New York City by Moses Soyer, Tom Christopher, Sharon Florin, Daniel Hauben, and others; through 9/5. . . . "Paul Robeson: Artist and Citizen." A multimedia celebration of the life of the actor, singer, and human-rights activist; through 9/5. . . . "The Astor Place Riot: Looking Back 150 Years." A look at the causes behind the infamous riot that occurred when the English actor William Macready appeared in *Macbeth* at the Astor Place Opera House in 1849; through 10/24. . . . "Gotham Comes of Age: New York Through the Lens of the Byron Company." Photographs documenting New York City life from the late 1890s to 1942 that were donated to the museum after the 1942 closing of New York's preeminent photography studio; through 9/26. . . . "Washington's New York." Paintings, costumes, maps, furniture, documents, and relics relating to George Washington's experiences in New York City as a military commander and political leader; through 7/4. . . . "Landscapes of Hope: Rebuilding New York City's Neighborhoods." Photographs by Larry Racioppo documenting the rebuilding of various New York City neighborhoods; through 6/27. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5 suggested contribution, $3 students and seniors.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology—"Who's the Dummy?: Defining Mannequins." An exhibit curated by F.I.T. graduate students exploring the various meanings and forms of mannequins; 6/22–8/14. . . . "Monumental and Intimate: Tapestries by Helena Hernmarck." Tapestries and woven samples, as well as sketches, videos, and photographs chronicling the weaver's career; 6/22–8/28. . . . "Papiers à la Mode: Illusions of Fashion." An overview of 300 years of fashion as seen through 25 dresses created from paper by Belgian artist Isabelle de Borchgrave and Canadian costume designer Rita Brown; through 8/7. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

National Academy of Design and School of Fine Arts—"Men Without Women: Paul Cadmus as Curator." An exhibition organized by Cadmus of paintings, works on paper, and sculptures that depict men, by Robert Rauschenberg, George Tooker, Kenyon, Cox, N. C. Wyeth, and others; through 8/29. . . . "Recent Acquisitions 1997–1998." Paintings, prints, drawings, and sculptures given to the Academy last year by newly elected members; through 7/4. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12–5, Fri. 10–6; $8, $5 seniors and students.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Fever: The Art of David Wojnarowicz." The first retrospective of the work of the East Village artist, who died of AIDS in 1992; through 6/20. . . . "Open House: Michael Smith and Joshua White." An installation of a SoHo loft space that belongs to an imaginary middle-aged artist who is using an open house event as an opportunity to show his art to real-estate agents; through 6/27. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs., Fri., and Sat. 12–8, (free Thurs. 6–8); $5, $3 students, artists, and seniors, free for youths 18 and under.

New-York Historical Society—"Uncle Sam: The Face of a Nation"; through 8/21. . . . "Yadda, Yadda, Yadda: Quotations About New York"; through 8/21. . . . "Refuge: The Newest New Yorkers." Photographs by Mel Rosenthal documenting the lives of refugees in communities across New York State; through 6/20. . . . "Dance for a City: Fifty Years of the New York City Ballet." Costumes, musical scores, handbills, photographs, dancer's scrapbooks, and other ephemera; through 8/15. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

New York Public Library—"Netherlandish Prints From the New York Public Library." Prints and books from the Library's Miriam and Ira D. Wallach Division of Art, Prints, and Photographs; through 6/26. . . . "Nabokov Under Glass." An exhibition drawn from the Vladimir Nabokov Archive of the Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, presented on the occasion of the centennial of the writer's birth; through 8/21. . . . "Inventing the American Past: The Art of F. O. C. Darley." A selection of drawings and sketches by the American illustrator (1821–1888) of such literary classics as *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* and *The Old Curiosity Shop* drawn primarily from the library's Miriam and Ira D. Wallach Division of Art; through 6/26. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"0044: Contemporary Irish Art in Britain"; 6/20–8/29. . . . "Animal.Anima.Animus."; 6/20–8/29. . . . "David Reed Paintings: Motion Pictures"; 6/20–8/29. . . . "Anna Oppermann: Being different (Why is she so different?) 1970–1986"; 6/20–8/29. . . . "Site-Specific Project by Claude Lévêque"; 6/20–8/29. . . . "Paintings by John Tweddle From the Robert C. Scull Collection"; 6/20–8/29. . . . "Pavilion by Philip Johnson." A D.J. booth and dance pavilion designed by the architect for "Warm Up," P.S. 1's second annual outdoor D.J. series; 6/20–9/11. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $5 suggested donation.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"New York Collects: Drawings and Watercolors, 1900–1950." Works on paper drawn from 73 collections in and around New York; through 8/29. . . . "Pierpont Morgan: Banker and Collector." An exhibition on the life and times of the turn-of-the-century financier, whose collection formed the basis of the Morgan Library; through 8/8. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008), Tues.–Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10–8, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. 12–6; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"Global Conceptualism: Points of Origin, 1950s–1980s." The history of conceptual art as seen through the works of more than 135 artists; through 8/29. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 students and seniors.

Smithsonian National Museum of the American Indian—"Pomo Indian Basket Weavers." Over 100 masterworks created in the early-twentieth century by 40 artists of the Pomoan peoples of Northern California; through 8/15. 1 Bowling Green (514-3712), 10–5 daily; free.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"To Conserve a Legacy: American Art From Historically Black Colleges and Universities." Works of art drawn from the collections of Clark Atlanta University, Fisk University, Hampton University, Howard University, North Carolina Central University, and Tuskegee University; through 7/11. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500), Wed.– Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 seniors and students (free on the first Sat. of every month).

Whitney Museum of American Art—"The American Century: Art & Culture 1900–2000." The first part of a two-part exhibition exploring this century's art and culture, covering the years 1900 to 1950 and comprising works drawn from the museum's collection and from public and private institutions across the country; through 8/22. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8 (6–8 pay what you wish on the first Thurs. of every month); $12.50, $10.50 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more. Timed tickets may be purchased in advance for a $2 service charge by calling 877-WHITNEY or ordering online at www.whitney.org.

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Whitney Philip Morris: Wall Drawings by Byron Kim." Several large-scale, site-specific wall drawings created with dust and dirt collected from the Philip Morris Companies Building, in which the gallery is located; through 7/16. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—20 Rockefeller Plaza (636-2000). 6/16 at 10 and 2: "American Furniture, Silver, Folk Art, and Decorative Arts." On view from 6/12.

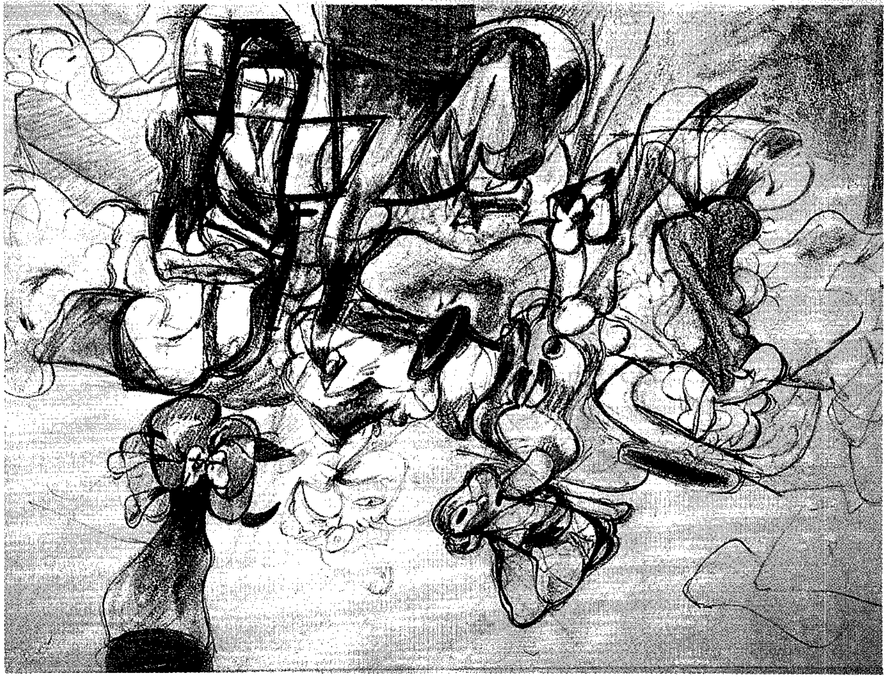
Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 6/16 at 10: "Belle Epoque: 19th and 20th Century Decorative Arts and Lalique." On view from 6/12.

Phillips—406 E. 79th St. (570-4830). 6/19 at 9:30: "Fine and Rare Wines." Viewing by appointment. 6/29 at 10:30: "Furniture, Silver, Decorations, and Asian Works of Art." On view from 6/24.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave., at 72nd St. (606-7000). 6/16 at 10:15: "Paperweights." On view from 6/11. 6/17–6/18 at 10:15 and 2: "Americana." On view from 6/12. 6/22 at 10:15 and 2: "Books." On view from 6/17.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 6/17 at 10:30: "Autographs." On view from 6/12.

On View **Seventy-three private collections in and around New York have loaned American and European works on paper (below, Arshile Gorky's *Untitled*, 1943–44) to the Morgan Library for its exhibition "New York Collects: Drawings and Watercolors, 1900–1950," the 75-year-old library's first-ever show devoted exclusively to this century. At 29 East 36th Street; through August 29.**



Photograph courtesy of Morgan Library.

restaurants

Train Fare...Local Hero...Peas, Please

Manhattan

Lower New York

American Park—Sophisticated seafood preparations and wonderful water views merit a special trip to the southern tip of Manhattan. In warm weather, outdoor seating is ideal for cocktails and light bites from the raw bar, but even in winter, walls of glass windows remind us that this is a coastal town, after all. Catering available. *Opposite 17 State St., Battery Park, next to Ferry Terminal (809-5508). (M–E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Deanna's—Owner and recording artist Deanna Kirk sings nightly at her relocated supper club, now on the Lower East Side, where surprise guests drop in for impromptu performances. Silk lampshades and candlelight transform a space built in the twenties as a Yiddish theater, and an alumnus of the kitchens of Le Cirque and Bouley turns out American bistro fare. *107 Rivington St. (420-2258). (I) ($).*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Namaskaar—Billing itself as an "Indian bistro," this SoHo newcomer offers all the tikka, tandoori, and vindaloo you'd expect, plus some you might not. Try the house Biryani (a layered casserole of shrimp, lamb, chicken, and vegetables), popcorn crawfish in yogurt sauce, chicken-tikka Caesar salad, or—to satisfy a gargantuan curry craving—the all-you-can-eat $8.95 Sunday brunch. *337A W. Broadway (625-1112). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Opening
A Hipper Flipper

Just below St. Marks Place, the Bowery turns briefly into Cooper Square, the unlikely location of one of NoHo's most relaxing new gardens and friendliest new restaurants. The courtyard at Dolphins is prettily landscaped and home to (as you might expect) assorted dolphin statuary. But the fish-heavy menu holds some unexpected surprises, like gargantuan Greek-ish salads with crumbled feta, fried yuca in place of potatoes on the side, mammoth portions of stir-fried vegetables with black sticky rice, and—courtesy of the Japanese chef—a bowl of edamame along with your bread basket and hummus dip. (35 Cooper Square; 375-9195.)

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—A far cry from the curry canteens of 6th Street, this Indian restaurant is a good alternative to TriBeCa's medley of French and Italian standbys. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. *317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef and TV personality Michael Lomonaco supervises the kitchens of this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including stout-braised black Angus short ribs with Maytag blue cheese, and lobster potpie with truffle cream, spinach leaves, and a chive biscuit. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's 60,000-bottle wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Asti—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune *and* serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black Angus steak. Late-night dining too. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. *33 University Pl., at E.*

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Opening

A Fortunate Reversal

Three young guys meet working at San Domenico. Two go off to be captains at Jean Georges; one stays to cook. Can there be any better preparation for opening a restaurant? Stefano Terzi, Franco Lazzari, and Daniele Kucera (above, left to right) have finally quit their day jobs to open ViceVersa, a sleek, limestone-walled refuge—with a garden!—in the theme-restaurant-ridden wilds of the theater district. Chef Terzi's contemporary-Italian menu offers pasta and antipasto staples alongside such intriguing appetizers as calamari-and-artichoke tart and potato-crusted cod purée with fresh fava beans and tomato. (Entrées, $16 to $24; 325 West 51st Street, 399-9291.)

9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Bar Cichetti—Modeled after a typical bar in Venice, where patrons gather for a glass of wine—choose here among 50—and small snacks called *cichetti* (think Italian tapas). Sample among appetizer-size portions of rice balls, fried meatballs, frittatas, and crostini, or, should these snacks merely whet the appetite, have a full meal of pasta, chicken, fish, or beef. Perfect for pre- or post–Film Forum noshing. Live opera performances on Sunday nights. *220 W. Houston St. (229-0314). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

LeGans Bistro & Bar—Those romantic, cobblestone-paved streets of the meatpacking district seem a perfect setting for a French bistro like this new one, offering a menu of staples like bass, rack of lamb, and cod, all finished with a Provençal-ish flourish. *46 Gansevoort St. (675-5224). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Mono—The chef at this West Village bistro derives intense flavors from herbs, spices, and flavored oils, keeping butter and cream to a minimum. You couldn't tell by the taste of dishes like star-anise-cured salmon tartare with lentil pancake, vanilla-roasted spring vegetables, and chamomile-steamed wild striped bass. Each of three tasting menus—market, vegetarian, and seafood—is paired with appropriate wines. *342 W. 11th St. (645-9009). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bellew—The hand-carved dark woods, chandeliers, and cozy booths of this Murray Hill duplex are meant to evoke classic New York, as is the seasonal American menu of wood-grilled seafood, steaks, and chops. But the kitchen shows contemporary creativity with dishes like chestnut-honey-braised-duck salad, and shellfish-saffron chowder with Maine periwinkles. *167 E. 33rd St. (685-1466). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Piccolino—A country-style Italian restaurant offering homemade pastas and thin-crust pizzas in a peach stucco duplex. (The building is a century old.) Worth trying are the risotto pescatore, shrimp-pesto pizza, and veal quattroformaggio. *8 E. 36th St. (683-6444). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place. Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, MC = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Photograph by James Baigrie.

(683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Water Club—This romantic spot overlooking the East River is a favorite for formal affairs, but even your average demanding New York diner would be happy with the American menu and the airy, yacht club–like setting. As to be expected in this nautical environment, there's a heavy emphasis on seafood like lobster and soft-shell crabs, and a massive spread for Sunday brunch. Jackets suggested in the main dining room. *F.D.R. Drive via 23rd St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Armani Café—Take a break from dressing-room calisthenics at this sleek coffee-and-panini bar—or at one of the outdoor tables, in season—where the Italian-accented salads, sandwiches and soups change daily. *110 Fifth Ave., at 16th St. (727-3251). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Ben's Kosher Delicatessen—This casual delicatessen—the Art Deco–ish Manhattan offshoot of a Long Island chain—brings a full roster of pastrami, corned beef, sour pickles, potato latkes, and other highlights of kosher cooking to the garment district. All baking is done on the premises, and for those who hanker for something a little stronger than Dr. Brown's, there's a full bar. *209 W. 38th St. (398-2367). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Le Madri—This Chelsea mainstay has long enjoyed a reputation for informality and flavorful Italian fare. The garden is a wonderful warm-weather spot for a light lunch of salad and pasta or a more substantial repast like osso buco with gremolata or risotto with lemon and zucchini. *168 W. 18th St. (727-8022). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Lola—Lola's famous fried chicken is one of those dishes whose popularity guarantees it a perpetual place on the menu, but the kitchen has much grander aspirations. Think seared-tuna-and-seaweed salad with black rice and tobiko caviar, and paella de mariscos with grilled garlic flatbread. There's live music Tuesday through Saturday and a justly famous gospel brunch on Saturdays and Sundays. *30 W. 22nd St. (675-6700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner, which could be a hearty serving of filet mignon or Chilean sea bass, topped off with cheesecake, our city's major contribution to the confectionery world. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten, during which time you'll dine and dance to the music of a live band. Jacket required. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of

Opening
Dial D for Dinner

The East Side brownstone that used to house Marguery Grill has been appropriated by two fugitives from Serafina (formerly Sofia's), who've outfitted the genteel premises—now 212 Restaurant and Bar—in white oak, amassed 60 varieties of vodka, and even helpfully annotated their new Italian-accented menu. There's yellowfin-tuna tartare ("exceptional"), lobster risotto ("the must"), steak-frites ("a classic"), and the house drink, served in a pineapple. If you believe everything you read, "this cocktail is going to change your life." (133 East 65th Street; 249-6565)

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

(Tea for two?)

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Caviar Russe—The owners of this caviar bar and boutique are also importers, which means that you're getting your Beluga—and golden Osetra, and Sevruga—right from the source. The petite restaurant ensconced in a midtown townhouse will gladly feed you a spoonful or a more substantial meal, like a foie gras sandwich with Armagnac-soaked figs, or steak tartare with baby-beet-and-black-truffle salad. Afternoon tea and prix fixe menus also available. *538 Madison Ave., nr. 54th St. (980-5908). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Istana—Situated in the lobby of the New York Palace hotel, this Mediterranean newcomer is rightfully proud of its olive bar, the only one, chances are, of its kind. Tapas are ideal cocktail accompaniments; heartier appetites are readily satisfied by paella-style roasted fish, pumpkin ravioli with walnuts, or baby chicken with Tunisian spices. *455 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (303-6032). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Mr. K's—After years of wining and dining Washington's politicians and their retinues, Mr. K has spun off an elegant New York branch in the soaring Art Deco environs of the old RCA building. The menu trumpets fresh, seasonal vegetables—a rarity in most Chinese restaurants—and other house specials like the Peking duck, firecracker lobster, and basil-ginger prawns. Jackets preferred. *570 Lexington Ave., at 51st St. (583-1668). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has become reinvigorated. Known for his long association with French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a special touch with foie gras and handles seasonal American ingredients with a classical Gallic touch. This is one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets required; harpist performs nightly. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig 'n' Whistle on 3rd—There's plenty of convivial Irish-pub-style cheer in this East Side spinoff of a popular midtown haunt. The basic American menu offers staples like shepherd's pie, blackened rib eye, chicken potpie, barbecued ribs, and onion loaf. *922 Third Ave., nr. 55th St. (688-4646). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

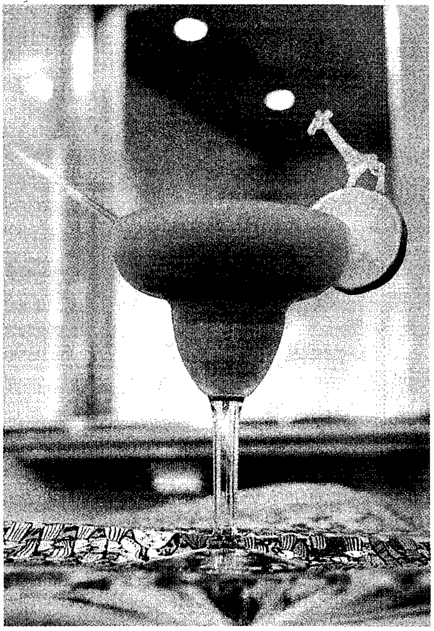
Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, cherubs, jazz onstage, and New American cuisine. Executive chef Neil Becker serves up such sophisticated fare as crispy sea scallops with rock shrimp, lobster, and shellfish cream; rack of lamb with Parmesan bread pudding; and a white-and-dark-chocolate-mousse parfait. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Turtle Bay Grill & Lounge—The kind of place where you kick back, light a stogie, and watch the game. Should hunger develop, there's sesame-seared tuna, Dijon-grilled salmon, shrimp pizza, and the like. *987 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (223-4224). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Opening
Station Rations

At long last, after much appetite-whetting suspense, the Oyster Bar finally has competition down in the basement of the remade Grand Central Terminal. The fancified food court—or "dining concourse," as it's being billed—slowly comes to life this week with Zócalo, a bar and restaurant built to resemble a turn-of-the-(last)-century Mexican cantina, complete with imported furniture, Cuervo ads, and that vintage thirst-quencher, the frozen blood-orange margarita. Like its uptown sibling, this spinoff offers sophisticated preparations like calamares rellenos, salmon enchiladas, mole poblano, and baby-back ribs baked in banana leaves. And in August, the adjacent takeout component opens with the first United States franchise of El Fogoncito, the premier Mexico City taqueria chain, whose tacos al pastor and chicharron de queso (addictive fried cheese, basically) will doubtless be blamed for ruining many a commuter's appetite. (Grand Central Terminal, lower level; 687-5666.)



Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is entirely devoted to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe Steakhouse—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare, like baked polenta marinara and veal scallopine. Try the $19.99 prix fixe dinner or the $12.95 lunch. *342 W. 46th St. (977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Dillon's—An Irish-American pub and restaurant with the requisite hospitable welcome, chatty bartenders, and a separate dining room serving American dishes like filet mignon, herb-crusted Atlantic salmon, corned beef and cabbage, Maryland crab cakes, and beef stew. *245 W. 54th St. (307-9797). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Johnnie's—This small, old-world Italian restaurant has been a midtown fixture for over three and a half decades. The menu runs the gamut from basic pastas to chicken, veal, and seafood dishes; the $14.95 dinner special is a particularly good deal. *135 W. 45th St. (869-5565). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Nakagawa—By virtue of its very location—about two avenues east of the heart of the theater district—this casual Japanese restaurant is a sensible spot for supper before the curtain. Sushi, shabu-shabu, salmon steak, and beef Negimaki are examples of the pretheater offerings. *7 W. 44th St. (869-8077). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Redeye Grill—Just what the Carnegie Hall neighborhood needed: a huge room with nudes on the pillars and all manner of smoked fish on the bar. The signature dish, dancing shrimp, is great for sharing. And don't leave without sampling the banana-cream pie. *888 Seventh Ave., at 56th St. (541-9000). (M–E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak—and, for iconoclasts, the inevitable chops, chicken, and lobster—served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. Serious wines, too. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual restaurant attracts office workers and midtown's ever-growing hordes of tourists, who come for house specialties like ginger chicken, lamb shaslik, onion bhajia, and the always-popular chicken tikka masala. *58 W. 56th St. (581-1155). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (397-3737). (M–E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon—The midtown offshoot of a SoHo rib joint, this much larger duplex restaurant serves an extensive southern barbecue menu, which is also available for on-and-off-premises catering. Cigar smokers even have their own designated space in which to unmolestedly exhale. The barbecued and hickory-smoked ribs have already made a major impression on Manhattan meat-lovers. *121 W. 45th St. (869-4545). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Trattoria Dopo Teatro—Chef Andrea Pace is famous for his open ravioli of lobster and lamb, which appear on his Northern Italian menu alongside dishes like sautéed venison chops with spinach gnocchi, risotto with baby shrimps, and artichoke hearts stuffed with sun-dried tomatoes and black-olive purée. The dining room is decorated with stills from the Italian cinema, and it leads into an enclosed "secret garden," a warren of private rooms, each designated for a different leisurely activity (wine room, grappa room, cigar lounge). *125 W. 44th St. (869-2849). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

ASK GAEL

Who's rehabbing Times Square dining?

To the theater district's clubby pubs, add a new spot vamping to attract affluent locals, called—oh, yes—Local. A posh new option for theatergoers, too. It's got comfy booths and a counter that rings the kitchen, plus a bar and lounge upstairs with its own "club dining" menu. All expensively upscale, with prices to match: Dinner starters $8 to $18, entrées $24 to $34. Clearly, chef Franklin Becker (previously seen stirring the pots for Ronald Perelman) has the knack. One evening, his ginger-scented borscht, scallop seviche, and sea scallops riding a crab cake are all knockouts. Ahi tuna, a duck breast with what tastes like an egg roll, and a too-soft risotto are less thrilling, though the rice is crowned with a ton of lobster that could not be more delicately cooked. And I love the passion-fruit bread pudding. This self-styled "evolved New York cuisine" is perhaps a tad too evolved. Time will tell. (224 West 47th Street; 921-2005.)

57th–60th Streets

Armani Café—This stylish midtown haven for weary shoppers (and informed eaters) in the lower level of the clothing store offers wonderfully fresh salads, al dente pastas, delicious sandwiches, and entrée specials like grilled salmon garnished with farro and cucumber-fennel-chive salad. The rooftop terrace is open seasonally for a lighter bite, a glass of wine, or an espresso. *601 Madison Ave., nr. 57th St. (715-0500). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Campagnola—This comfortable Italian spot has been a neighborhood favorite for over a dozen years, thanks in part to host Salvatore's warm welcome. Of course, the flavorful country-style food—Italian bouillabaisse with lobster, double-cut veal chops with wild mushrooms, antipasto—is equally endearing. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

540 Park @ The Regency Hotel—Named for its address, this American grill at the Regency Hotel has a clubby, comfortable atmosphere. The regional, eclectic menu ranges from seared-tuna spring roll and chicken-fried lobster to barbecued duck and black-bean quesadilla. If the term "power breakfast" didn't originate here, it should have. *540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (339-4050). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park View at the Boathouse—This Central Park landmark has been renovated and updated with an Asian-influenced menu from chef John Villa. Technical improvements have made it possible to keep the restaurant on the lake open all year round, though those who miss visiting it during the summer months do so at their own peril. Choose among new menu items like Gulf shrimp in rice paper roll, and Indian-spiced salmon tartare with mango and cucumber. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *1596 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (585-3838). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Photograph by James Baigrie.

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this quaint, countrified space. The country-French cuisine includes specialties like steak au poivre, bouillabaisse, and roasted chicken, and the prix fixe menus are a bargain. *853 Lexington Ave., nr. 64th St. (517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Artepasta—Extremely affordable pasta palace with bright murals on the walls and unexpected extras like cioppino, veal capriciossa and salmon carpaccio. An unlimited champagne brunch reels 'em in. *106 W. 73rd St. (501-7014). Also, 81 Greenwich Ave. (229-0234). (I–M) AE.*

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gabriela's—Real Mexican food. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) ($).*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a bloomin strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights an velvet rope at the front door create an ambienc not often associated with home cooking. Try th smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to orde *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (234 6114). (I–M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864 7326). (I) ($).*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began i Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhatta locations. Sample such exotic offerings as rot canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful t look at as it is delicious to eat. Tr the risotto, smoky with tende duck and wild mushrooms and velvety foie gra with peach coulis, an save room for a glas of port to accompany the amazingly rich an well-chose cheese course. *3 W. 64th St. (724 8585). (E) AE DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Coz and romantic, with th feel of a townhouse, Fran Valenza's top-rated New America West Sider is a luxurious surprise in neighborhood nearly bereft of them. Th menu is full of high-ticket items like Beluga caviar, Kobe steak, truffles, and foi gras, which makes the $29.95 pretheate dinner, available from 5 to 6:30, a grea deal. And now, lunch is served Tuesda through Friday. *222 W. 79th St. (799 0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is homey place for upscale down-hom food like chicken potpie and pancakes. I also offers a children's menu and mouthwatering bakery counter, wit homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

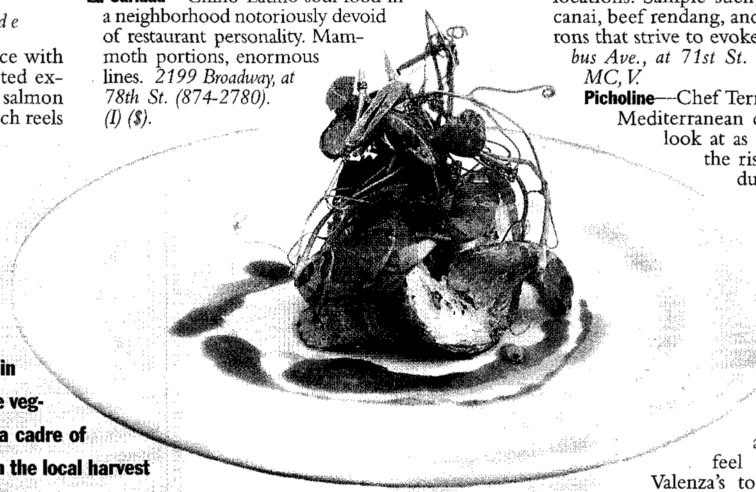
Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood with a tradition and ambience stron enough to draw loyal customers fro uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Leno Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (996 0660). (I) ($).*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, thi restaurant has been a neighborhoo mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Ada Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234 0700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italia in an elegant and very well appointe room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave. nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE MC, V.*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambienc and a waiter who tells you what you wan to eat. The double-rib pork chops ar peerless, and the escarole is great, too, bu refuse the mercilessly overcooked past when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*



Photograph by Amy Freeth.

Data

Peas in Our Tin

There are peas you eat in the pod, like the snow and the sugar snap, and there are those you don't. They're called Birds Eye. Actually, in an attempt to revive the reputation of the vegetable most of us know only as frozen, a cadre of seasonally minded chefs has seized upon the local harvest of English, or shelling, peas, and has been incorporating their nuanced flavor and vibrant color in purées, coulis, flans, and froths. Home cooks and healthy snackers can buy theirs fresh at the Union Square Greenmarket, from Berried Treasures farm or Sycamore Farms. But unlike the frozen variety, which may be conveniently plucked from the freezer case, these labor-intensive beauties must be shelled by hand and can turn from sweet, juicy morsels to starchy bullets in no time. So you might want to let the following restaurants, all manned with the requisite staff of patient pea shellers, mind your peas for you. Here's our list of some of the best places to finish your vegetables.

Gillian Duffy

POD PEOPLE	PEA-BRAINED IDEAS
CENA 12 East 22nd Street; 505-1222	Nova Scotia lobster salad served warm with pea leaves, English pea purée, and orange reduction; $16.
AVENUE 520 Columbus Avenue, at 85th Street; 579-3194	Risotto with morels and asparagus, with a sweet-pea coulis; $14.95.
DANIEL 60 East 65th Street; 288-0033	Cold five-pea soup with bacon, rosemary, cream, and garlic croutons; $13 at lunch.
BABBO 110 Waverly Place; 777-0303	Sweet-pea flan with a carrot vinaigrette topped with pea vines; $11.
PICHOLINE 35 West 64th Street; 724-8585	Smoked salmon with fresh-pea crêpes and a pea-tendril salad; $14.
ELEVEN MADISON PARK 11 Madison Avenue, at 24th Street; 889-0905	Flan of English peas with morel mushrooms and jambon de Bayonne; $12.
THE CITY BAKERY 22 East 17th Street; 366-1414	Salad-bar special: coarse bulghur with English shelling peas, snap peas, pea shoots, pea blossoms, and mint; $8.75 per pound.
PETROSSIAN 182 West 58th Street; 245-2214	Roasted wild Chilean sea bass, Sevruga caviar, beet rice cake, and Riesling pea froth; $31.

nightlife

Hayes...Twain...JVC Jazz Festival

Concerts

Ani DiFranco—with Maceo Parker. An odd but promising pairing: Pioneering feminist folk-rocker of the nineties teams up with James Brown's and Parliament-Funkadelic's legendary sax man. 6/19 at 7:30. *Jones Beach Amphitheatre, Wantagh, Long Island (307-7171). $29.*

Babatunde Olatunji—with Hugh Masakela. Nigerian drum master Olatunji was one of the first artists to bring African percussion to Western ears with his landmark 1959 album *Drums of Passion.* South African trumpeter and composer Masakela has pioneered the hybrid sound of "Afro-soul-jazz." 6/18 at 8. *New Jersey Performing Arts Center, 1 Center St., Newark, New Jersey (888-GO-NJPAC). $10–$44.*

Brandy—with Tyrese, Silk, and C-Note. Brandy's performance on VH1's latest "Divas" installment was downright embarrassing, more proof (if any was needed) of just how depressing manufactured-teen-pop stardom really is. Tyson Beckford look-alike Tyrese oozes R&B slickness, while Latin boy band C-Note happily treads the path blazed by Ricky Martin. 6/23 at 7:30. *Jones Beach Ampitheatre, Wantagh, Long Island (307-7171). $20–$35.*

Brian Wilson—The ever-eccentric Beach Boy still retains his somewhat elusive, boyish charm. 6/18 at 8. *Beacon Theater, 2124 Broadway, at 75th St. (307-7171). $30–$100.*

Celia Cruz—with Johnny Pacheco. The salsa goddess makes a rare area appearance. 6/19 at 8. *New Jersey Performing Arts Center, 1 Center St., Newark, New Jersey (888-GO-NJPAC). $15–$54.*

"Home Before Midnight"—A short concert series with an early start time that promises to have attendees in bed before the clock strikes twelve. All shows begin at 6:30. 6/18: "Marvin at 60," a tribute to Marvin Gaye. *Pier 61 at South Street Seaport (677-1795). Free.*

Isaac Hayes—with Sam Moore. 6/20 at 5. *New Jersey Performing Arts Center, 1 Center St., Newark, New Jersey (888-GO-NJPAC). $10–$54.*

John Mellencamp—with Son Volt. 6/18 at 8. $22.50–59.50. *Jones Beach Ampitheatre, Wantagh, Long Island (307-7171). $22.50–$59.50.*

Mike Ness— The ex–Social Distortion front man has an excellent new CD, *Growling at Solitaire,* that carries on in the singer-guitarist's gutbucket-blues-meets-punk-rock tradition. 6/17 at 8. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824).* $25.

Raffi—6/20 at 2. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824). $25.*

Rod Stewart—6/20 at 7. *Jones Beach Ampitheatre, Wantagh, Long Island (307-7171). $15.25–$55.25.*

Shania Twain—6/15 at 8. *Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. (307-7171). $47–$87. Sold Out.*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Small Stages

Arlene Grocery—6/15: Julia Greenberg; Delta Clutch; Triple Eight; Fly Trap; Happy Fernandez. 6/16: Copper Dalton; Slack Season; Jake; Funkin Do Me. 6/17: Falling Skyward; Andrew Solomon; Lucy Bonilla; Duncan; the Brilliant Mistakes; NVR. 6/18: This Way; Trixies Itch; Sean Altman; Mila Drumke; Poolsville; Perforated Head; Easter Parade. 6/19: Aunt Pat; David Roter; Christine Ohlman; Motel Girl; Booda Velvets; Clancy. 6/20: Le Cadeau; Brenda Kahn; Rick Masley; Red Soda. 6/21: The Same Boat; Ricardo Q; Cool Lava; Monique St. Walker; Bomb Paris. *95 Stanton St. (358-1633). $.*

Bottom Line—6/15: Terrance Simien; Samite. 6/16: "Nightbirds: A Celebration of Women Performers," featuring Ronnie Spector and Lauren Hart. 6/18: Tish Hinojosa. 6/19: Sean Kelley and Rob Somers. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—6/15: Remy Zero; Ben Lee; Gus. 6/17: Ash. *6 Delancey St. (533-2111).*

Bridgeview Theatre—6/18: Trammps; Tavares; Alicia Bridges. 6/20: Men of Vizion. *80 Waterfront Blvd., Island Park, Long Island (516-568-6199).*

CBGB & OMFUG—6/17: Junkman. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

"Central Park SummerStage"—6/16: Pepatian; Adalberto Alvarez y Su Son. 6/17: Pepatian; Adalberto Alvarez y Su Son. 6/18: Pepatian; Adalberto Alvarez y Su Son. 6/19: "Family Jam," featuring the Sugarhill Gang and others. 6/20: "Family Jam," featuring They Might Be Giants. *Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, 72nd St., mid-park (360-2777). Free.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—6/15: Donny Doll & the Big Hand Band. 6/16: Little Sammy Davis. 6/18: Mason Casey. 6/19: Greg Piccolo. 6/20: Todd Wolfe. 6/21: Michael Packer. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—6/15: Blood; Dizzy Dizzy. 6/16: "Joey Ramone's B-Day Bash." 6/18: Casualties. 6/19: Dave Davies's "Kinks Kronikles." *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

Cooler—The free Monday-night series is one of the best musical bargains in the city: Past performers have included free-jazz great Rashied Ali, free-jazz experimenter and Sonic Youth front man Thurston Moore, and out-and-out freak Beck. 6/16: Deep, dark drum 'n' bass from Source Direct. 6/19: Groove Collective. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785). $.*

Fez—Sundays: Jackie Beat. Thursdays: Mingus Big Band. 6/14: Elysian Fields. 6/15: Rebecca Martin; Jane Kelly Williams; Larry John McNally. 6/16: Valentine Smith; Merrie Amsterberg. 6/18: Lazy Boy; Jennifer Jackson. 6/19: "Chickfactor Presents: A Nick Drake Birthday Party," featuring Bridget St. John, Robert Forster, Sue Garner, Eszter Balint, and more. 6/21: Lina Kourakos; Goats in Trees. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—6/14: Biohazard. 6/15: Fun Lovin' Criminals. 6/16–6/17: Pavement. 6/19: Culture. 6/20: Pavement. 6/21: Vonda Shepard. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—6/15: "Horace Tapscott Tribute" featuring Don Byron and Uri Caine; Marc Ribot and Roy Nathanson; Sonny Simmons; Hamiet Bluiett; Randy Weston; Ray Drummond; Billy Hart; Wilber Morris; William Connell Jr.; Sabir Mateen and special guests. 6/16: Deep Listening Band; Joe McPhee; Straylight. 6/17: Joey Baron Trio; Medeski and Ribot. 6/18: New York Ska Jazz Ensemble. 6/19: Rock*A*Teens; Dave Douglas. 6/20: Terry Riley; George Brooks; Krishna Bhatt. 6/21: Joseph Arthur. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055). $*

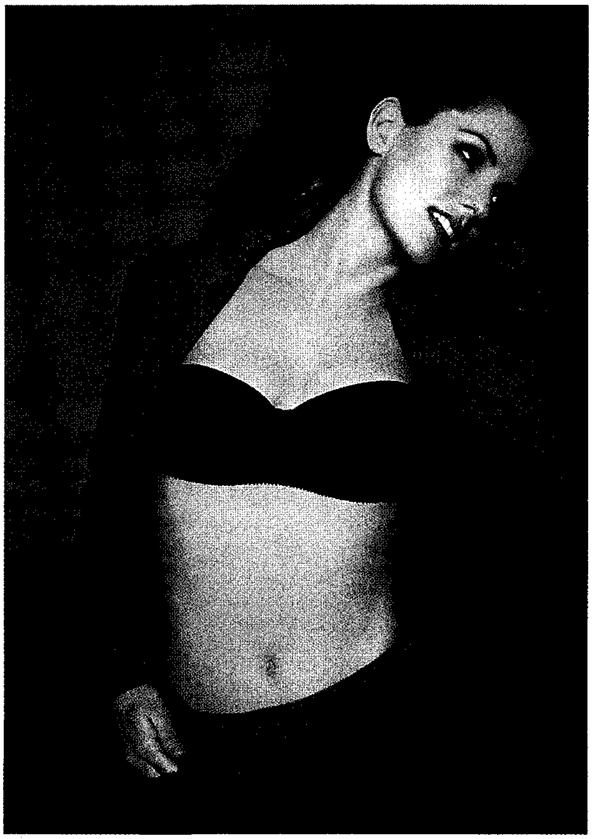
Manitoba's—A brand-new East Village nightspot run by ex-Dictator Handsome Dick Manitoba. Shows at 10. No cover. 6/15: Chris Morola. 6/16: Courtney Lee Adams Jr. 6/17: Johnnie Chan. 6/18: Tom Clark. 6/19: Adam Roth. 6/20: Doo Wop with Hard 2 Find. 6/21: Beat Rodeo. *99 Ave. B, bet. 6th and 7th Sts. (982-2511).*

Maxwell's—6/16: Computer Cougar; Ra-

Performance

Soul Twain

Amazonian country star Shania Twain, whose rapturous songs like "You're Still the One" have catapulted her to Garth Brooks–like multiplatinum success, plays her first headlining show at Madison Square Garden June 15. (See "Concerts.")



Photograph by Barry Hollywood.

dio 4; Souvenir. 6/17: Los Straitjackets. 6/18: Skanatra. 6/19: Grant McLennan & Robert Forster; Tim Keegan. 6/20: Dave Davies's "Kinks Kronikles." *1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653-1703).*

Mercury Lounge—6/15: Fred Eaglesmith; Martin's Folly; Greg Trooper. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

S.O.B.'s—Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 6/15: Babatunde Olatunji. 6/16: Hottest Poets Radio presents Poetry Slam. 6/17: Coolio. 6/19: Samba Novo. 6/21: La India; Adalberto Alvarez. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Tramps—6/18-6/19: The Meters. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—Mondays: D.J. Logic. Tuesdays: Illuminati. Thursdays: Groove Collective. 6/15: Zen Tricksters. 6/16: Pink Floyd Tribute. 6/17: God Street Wine. 6/19: Jupiter Coyote. 6/20: The Toasters. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244). $.*

Clubland

Baktun—A small, way, way west venue that's host to some of the city's most relaxed, unpretentious club nights, like the bi-weekly deep-house-themed "N'Ice," the friendly, long-running house-music party "Bang the Party," a nifty trip-hop night called "Nice & Easy," and "Direct Drive," a strictly drum 'n' bass night with D.J.'s Lion, Seoul, Cassien, Reid Speed, and Chris Thomas. Log on to www.baktun.com for schedule. *418 W. 14th St. (206-1590).*

China Club—Having moved out of its Upper West Side basement and into a second-floor Hell's Kitchen location, the eighties' most infamous den of iniquity has gone more or less legit, with a swanky restaurant, cigars aplenty, and bathroom attendants to keep the stalls nice and, er, clean. 6/19: Ronnie James; Jez Hot Swing Club; Flipped Fedoras. *268 W. 47th St. (398-3800).*

Cream—With nights like "Uptown Sucks Saturdays," this Upper West Side nightspot proves that it has a good sense of humor about its uncool locale. *246 Columbus Avenue, at 72nd St. (579-9463).*

Izzy Bar—Like Orchard Bar, Izzy Bar is less a watering hole than a place to chill out and hear some cutting-edge tunes. Neil Aline, host of NYU's ultra-hip "BPM" radio show, hosts "Rendez-vous" every Tuesday. It's a strictly "no D.J.'s" party where media folk, artists, and others take their shot on the wheels of steel. Saturdays, things get funky with the hip-hop-and-soul dominated "Say It Loud." *166 First Ave. (228-0444). $.*

Life—Okay, we give. It is the only hip place on Bleecker Street, even if the doormen can get a little tough on those they deem unworthy. What bouncers don't? Wednesday night's "On!" offers a mod-influenced, Austin Powers–esque midweek romp. Also on Wednesday (in the club's lounge) is "Legends," a soulful house party hosted by "Body & Soul" mastermind John Davis. Thursday Night's "Get a Life!" is a glammy hoot, thanks to D.J.'s Jackie Christie, Lady Bunny, and David Holland. "Flash Fridays" belong to none other than legendary D.J. Grandmaster Flash, who spins surprisingly mainstream, Hot 97–ready hip-hop. Every Sunday night, "Flick6ix," whose hosts show campy films and stage appropriately themed live entertainment, takes over. 6/23: "Legends" live summer series with D.J. Adam Scott. *158 Bleecker St. (420-1999).*

Mother—This meat-packing district mainstay plays host to some of New York's wildest, weirdest parties. Tuesday's belong to Jackie 60, the legendary night with brilliantly off-kilter themes like the Kate Moss–inspired, models-in-distress "Pooped Out Party Girls." Thursday's are taken over by the very gothic "Long Black Veil," while Fridays are the strictly for girls "Clit Club." *432 W. 14th St. (366-5680).*

Twilo—Twilo is the superclub of the moment, thanks to a revolving lineup of dance music's biggest marquee attractions. Fridays, world-class D.J.'s like Carl Cox, Sasha and Digweed, and Cassius play for a mixed crowd of drag divas and on-the-prowl straights; Saturdays belong to aging club king D.J. Junior Vasquez and his bare-chested Chelsea-boy following. 6/18: Deep Dish. *530 W. 27th St. (268-1600).*

Vinyl—Stripped of its liquor license, this once-hedonistic downtown space is now a dance-music purist's paradise. Fridays are hosted by deep-house D.J. Danny Tenaglia; Saturdays are taken over by Timmy Regisford's fantastic house-music party "Shelter"; and Sundays, which belong to François K's legendary afternoon party "Body & Soul," provide plenty of musical uplift for the city's groove-hungry denizens. 6/20: Record-release party for *Body & Soul Volume 2*. Live performance from Donna Allen, who'll be singing her gorgeous, transcendent single "He Is the Joy." Miss at your peril. *6 Hubert St. (343-1379).*

Performance Fest Fest

Festival madness continues with the JVC Jazz Festival, which brings together established jazz artists like Herbie Hancock and Wayne Shorter, blues acts such as Buddy Guy and Jimmy Vaughan, and even the Godfather of Soul himself, James Brown. (See "Jazz.")

The Warehouse—Manhattan-centric clubbers have been eating their bridge-and-tunnel-dissing crow thanks to this house-music paradise located in, of all places, the Bronx. Saturdays are the night to head up to the Warehouse and check out D.J.'s like T-Pro, "Body & Soul" 's Danny Krivit, and Andre Collins. Could this be the beginning of an outer-borough clubland renaissance? *141 W. 140th St., bet. Grand Concourse and Walton Ave. (718-992-5974).*

Jazz

"Jazz Insights"—Informal lectures hosted by Arnold Jay Smith. 6/15: Dick Lowenthal, Manhattan School of Music Jazz Orchestra. *The New School, 66 W. 12th St. (229-5873). Free.*

"Oris Spirit of Jazz Series"—6/15: James Williams and ICU. *The Tourneau TimeMachine Atrium, 57th St. and Madison. Free.*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 6/15–6/20: Ivan Lins. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Caviarteria Soho—This newly launched (and somewhat oddly named) little venue at the SoHo Grand features jazz and Latin acts. 6/17: Amigos, featuring Andy Colon, Cucho Martinez, Aj Mantis, Bill Elder, and Ray Mantilla. 6/18–6/19: Barry Altschul, featuring Santi Debriano and Jame Williams. 6/20: Special Father's Day brunch, featuring Bob Dorough and Earl May with Stev Berger. *310 W. Broadway (925-5515).*

Detour—With no cover and top-notch young players, this cozy, tiled East Village joint packs 'em i every night of the week. Sundays: Mike Magilligan. 6/15: Jeff McSpadden Swing Quartet. 6/16 George Schuller's Chump Change. 6/17: Joel Forrester Quartet. 6/18: Dave Lobenstein Quintet 6/19: Matt Hong Quartet. 6/21: Marya Lawrenc and Metamorphosis. *349 E. 13th St. (533-6212).*

Dharma—An elegant little gem of a club, servin sounds from funky bop to "out" experimentalis on the historic shopping thoroughfare—just don' pay retail. Sets at 7 and 10. 6/15: Dave Fiuczynski 6/16: Eric Alexander. 6/17: Frank/Ben Perowsk Quartet. 6/18: Ken Hayes Quartet. 6/19: Sonid Isleno. 6/20: Quimbombo. *174 Orchard St., bet Houston and Stanton. (780-0313).*

Iridium—In the cozily surreal basement across fro Lincoln Center, you'll find formidable jazz comer and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table-placement minimizes a couple of structural columns potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours 6/15–6/20: Jazz Messengers. *44 W. 63rd St., acros from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Jazz at Noon—East midtown's long-running, Friday-afternoon jam session—where Dizzy Gillespie Clark Terry, and Elvin Jones have all been visitin scholars—returns for its thirty-third season, wit the usual high-caliber house band. Noon–2:3 P.M. $5 cover. 6/18: Ed Polcer. *San Martin Restaurant, 143 E. 49th St. (832-0888).*

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrifi sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jaz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, living legends, and hungry young comers Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7, guitaris David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 8 and 10, Fri. an Sat. at 8, 10:30, and midnight, Sun. at 7 and 9 $15–$25 cover; $10 minimum. 6/16–6/20: Si Roland Hann, Richard Davis, and Andrew Cyrille. *116 E. 27th St. (576-2232).*

JVC Jazz Festival Presents: Herbie Hancock, Wayne Shorte and Roy Hargrove Quintet—6/18 at 8. *Carnegie Hall 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800). $45, $30, $25, $20.*

JVC Jazz Festival Presents: "A Salute to the Big Apple"—6/16 at 8. featuring Randy Sandke, Wycliffe Gordon, Eric Reed, and more. *The Sylvia and Dann Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. and Lexington Ave. a Hunter College (772-4448). $35*

JVC Jazz Festival Presents: "Bessie & Louis: The Hot & 7"—6/18 at 8. Carrie Smith sings Bessie Smith *The Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. an Lexington Ave. at Hunter College (772-4448). $35.*

JVC Jazz Festival Presents: "Celebration of a Legacy"—6/17 at 8. Chris Calloway sings the music of Ca Calloway. *The Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse 68th St. and Lexington Ave. at Hunter College (772-4448). $35.*

JVC Jazz Festival Presents: "Moonlight in Vermont: Welcome Johnny Smith"—6/15 at 8. featuring Pat Martino, Mark Whitfield, Tony Mottola, and more. *Th Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. and Lexington Ave. at Hunter College (772-4448). $35.*

JVC Jazz Festival Presents: "Remembering Charlie Parker"—6/21 at 8. *Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, a 95th St. (864-5400). $26.*

JVC Jazz Festival Presents: "Stir It Up!"—6/20 at 8. Monty Alexander Octet plays Bob Marley. *Symphon Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400). $26.*

JVC Jazz Festival Presents: "Take Five," an Evening Wit Dave Brubeck—6/20 at 8. *Carnegie Hall, 154 W 57th St. (247-7800). $20–$45.*

JVC Jazz Festival Presents: Cassandra Wilson and Shirle Horn—6/19 at 8. *Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800). $20–$55.*

JVC Jazz Festival Presents: Will Downing and Gerald Albright—6/19 at 8. *Beacon Theater, 2124 Broadway, a 75th St. (307-7171). $20–$40.*

JVC Jazz Festival Presents: "The Duke Enclave"—6/18 a 8. Ray Barretto and Kenny Burrell salute Duke Ellington, Latin style. *Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400). $26.*

Photograph by Judi Schiller/Retna.

Museum of Modern Art—Fridays, in addition to throwing its doors open for pay-what-you-wish night, MOMA also transforms its cafeteria into a (sort of) swinging jazz club. All shows at 5:30. 6/18: Ray Vega Latin Jazz Quintet. 6/25: Luciano Souza Trio. *11 W. 53rd St. (708-0480).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Soha—6/15: Misha Piatigorsky Brazilian Project. 6/16: Tom Halpenny Funk Collective. 6/20: Travis Sullivan Quartet. *988 Amsterdam Ave., at 109th St. (678-0098).*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern now offers the occasional pianist in its "Crystal Room." Like a trip to Vegas—without the airfare! Four-hour sets begin at 6:30 weeknights, 7:00 on weekends. Pianists Scott Gordon, Michael Ferreri, Rich Siegel, Paul Katz, and Michael Favata entertain diners weekdays. No cover; no minimum. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, Tonic has its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. Sunday: Klezmer Sundays. 6/15: Yuko Fujiyama Trio; Borah Bergman. 6/16: Mark Helias; Pachora. 6/17: Henry Threadgill; Marc Ribot. 6/18: Elliott Sharp; William Parker. 6/19: Wadada Leo Smith; John Zorn. 6/20: Spottiswoode; Dana and Karen Kletter. 6/21: Anthony Coleman; Dave Douglas. *107 Norfolk St. (358-7503). $.*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. 6/15–6/20: Fred Hersch Trio with Drew Gess and Tom Rainey. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Comedy

"Spin Cycle Comedy"—Comedy from Danny Cohen and Jodie Wasserman while you separate your whites and colors. Really. *King Size Laundromat, 178 Seventh Ave., at 20th St., (501-6061). Free.*

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Tues.–Thurs., shows at 9:30; Fri.–Sat., shows at 8, 10, and midnight. Jim Norton, D. C. Benny, Jim Gaffigan, Robert Kelly, Jordan Rubin, Nick Swardson, and Macio. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Carolines on Broadway—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$24.50, two-drink minimum.*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 8:30, 10:15, and midnight; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. 6/14–6/20: Nick DiPaolo; Mitch Fatel; Dave Attell; Godfrey; Kyle Dunnigan. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—A trendy comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. 6/15: New Faces of Comedy. 6/16–6/19: Greg Giraldo; Paul M. Mercurio; Greg Carey. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Cover is $7–$12. Shows: Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri. at 7, 9, and 11:30. Sat. at 8, 10, and 12. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Fresh from a major overhaul, the Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. (early shows Tues–Sat., late shows Fri. & Sat.). Through 6/19: Maureen McGovern. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. Late dining. In June: Chris Jackson (tenor); Dorothy Bishop (soprano). *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Cafe Carlyle—Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Sets at 8:45 and 10:45. $50 ($25 for Davis's late, Woody-free set); no minimum. Through 6/26: Bobby Short and His Orchestra. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Danny's Skylight Room—$20, plus $15 minimum. Weekends in June: Claiborne Cary in "Claiborne Cary Alive!" *346 W. 46th St. (265-8130).*

Don't Tell Mama—What better way to wind down after an evening of overwrought Broadway fare than some understated cabaret? $12 cover, two-drink minimum. *343 W. 46th St. (757-0788). $.*

Eighty-Eight's—A West Village venue whose unassuming façade conceals a top-notch little theater within. $15, with a two-drink minimum. *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

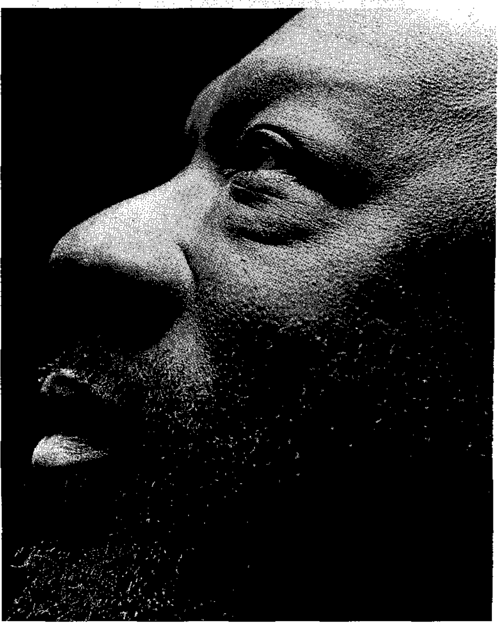
FireBird Café—The theater district's newest post-show snuggery, right next door to an overwrought Russian restaurant—steer clear of the Cossack-dagger-toting doormen and you'll be fine. Tues.–Thurs., sets at 9. Fri. and Sat., sets at 9 and 11. $30 cover; two-drink minimum. 6/18: Daryl Sherman with Joe Temperley, Joe Cohn, Dennis Irwin. 6/19: Daryl Sherman with Boots Maleson. *363 W. 46th St. (586-0244).*

Judy's—Newly relocated to Chelsea, this cozy and friendly piano bar features two performance spaces, a fine menu, and a weekly gig by Judy herself. 6/16: Valerie di Lorenzo and Denise Whelan. 6/18: Elaine St. George in "The Girl I Marry." 6/18: James Beaman in "Black Market Marlene: A Dietrich Cabaret." 6/19: Judy Kreston and David Lahm in "I'm Talkin' Rainbows." 6/20: Arthur Kirson with Jay Kerr. 6/21: Susan Baum is "Back at Judy's." *169 Eighth Ave., bet. 18th and 19th Sts. (929-5410).*

Performance

Funk Soul Brother

To most, the name Isaac Hayes conjures up campy seventies blaxploitation films like *Shaft* or his career-resuscitating turn as Chef on *South Park*. But for those willing to look a little bit deeper, the Memphis-born soul man has one of the most varied (and prolific) careers in pop history: With friend and Stax-label associate David Porter, he wrote rhythm-and-blues staples like "Hold On I'm Coming" and "Soul Man" for duo Sam and Dave; the wah-wah funk of his "Theme From Shaft" became one of the most imitated sounds of the seventies; he brought a swaggering, badass Huey Newton–like sensibility to R&B with records like *Black Moses;* and, perhaps most important, with the orchestral, stretched-to-the-limit soul of singles like "Joy," "The Look of Love," and "Walk On By," Hayes created the boilerplate for trip-hop's spooked-out atmospherics and hip-hop's blunted funk. Indeed, Hayes's expansive catalogue has a sampling legacy all its own that, unlike James Brown or Parliament-Funkadelic, has rarely (if ever) been examined. To wit: Dr. Dre borrowed the laid-back funk of Hayes's cover of the Bacharach-and-David classic "The Look of Love" on Snoop Doggy Dogg's album *Doggystyle*, Public Enemy snagged a tinkling piano riff from Hayes's swirling, guitar-squall-funk masterpiece "Hyperbolicsyllabicsesquedalymistic" on their prison-break-out anthem "Black Steel (In the Hour of Chaos)," and Hayes samples fueled the claustrophobic sound of both Portishead's "Glory Box" (on *Dummy*) and Tricky's "Hell Is Around the Corner" from *Maxinquaye*. But Hayes is a lot more than the sum of his samples: As a recent performance in Atlantic City proved, he's still capable of churning out the kind of epic, seemingly forever-unraveling grooves that have inspired beat-makers everywhere. Hayes's June 20 performance at the New Jersey Performing Arts Center in Newark (where he'll be reunited with Sam Moore of Sam and Dave) should provide equal parts gritty Memphis soul and spacious seventies funk. (See "Concerts.") ETHAN BROWN



Photograph by Thierry Le Goues.

the mix

Toni Morrison on Ralph Ellison

John Leonard's TV Notes

General Practice (Tuesdays, starting 6/15; 9 to 10 P.M.; WLIW) enters the medical sweepstakes with an Australian-made series in which the personal lives of many handsome and voluble doctors and nurses are almost as complicated as the ethical questions they face every day at the office, from bad breath to child abuse to abortion to rape. If you don't think Henry (Steve Bisley) is going to consummate a relationship with Sonia (Zoe Carides), this must be the first time you ever watched television. Or doctors.

The Story of Fathers and Sons (6/17; 8 to 9 P.M.; ABC) lets a range of ordinary dads talk about their ordinary boys and the boys talk back about their dads from "Birth" to "Growing Up" to "Boys to Men" to "Man to Man" to "Generation to Generation," with a couple of ringers (Edward James Olmos and Shaquille O'Neal) but absolutely no mothers, daughters, sisters, aunts. Some nice intimate moments, even some anger and mourning, but inside this hermetic seal of masculinity, downright claustrophobic.

Brian Wilson: A Beach Boy's Tale (6/20; 8 to 10 P.M.; A & E), while it covers very familiar territory, does it by connecting the upbringing and the career of the singing group to the Southern California culture that incubated so much of what they sang about. From Peter Jones and Morgan Neville, who talked to almost everybody from the Byrds to Three Dog Night to Smashing Pumpkins and had access to some heartbreaking home movies. Lots of music too.

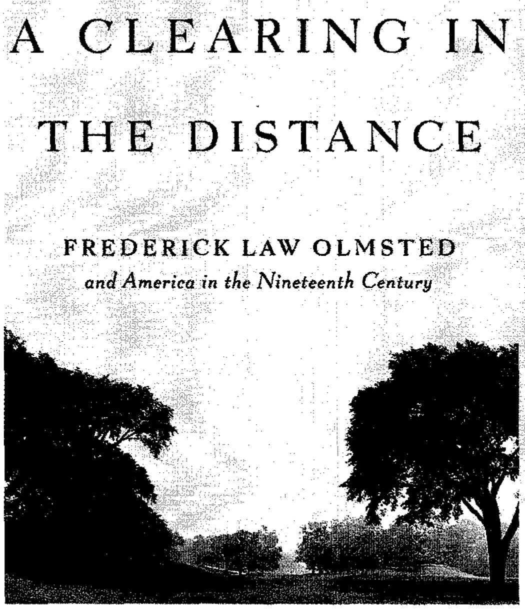
Sea People (6/20; 9 to 10:30 P.M.; Showtime) stars Hume Cronyn and Joan Gregson as an aging married couple who surprise young swimmer Tegan Moss by eating algae, drinking seaweed tea, and sleeping in saltwater fish tanks. They will need her help, in return for which they bequeath her something magic. This is a lovely little film in the continuing cable series "Original Pictures for All Ages." Maybe your children will let you watch it with them.

Donna Summer: Live and More Encore! (6/20; 10 to 11 P.M.; VH-1) brings back the disco diva, who still has that extraordinary range, for another go-around—in front of a devoted, hand-waving audience and beneath the usual glitter dome—of old favorites like "MacArthur Park," "She Works Hard for the Money," "Bad Girls," "Hot Stuff," and "Last Dance." A minimum of chitchat here, as if to make up for the previous hour, *Donna Summer: Behind the Music,* in which we hear about all the terrible things that happened to her after she got famous.

In Print
The Happiest Place on Earth

When Frederick Law Olmsted was selected as Central Park's designer, he had no experience as a landscape architect whatsoever, but he *had* been a sailor, an author, a farmer, a surveyor, and an undercover reporter on life in the slave states. "His journalism was very important because it gave him a kind of objectivity and a means of seeing things as an outsider," says his biographer Witold Rybczynski, author of *A Clearing in the Distance.* "He'd also developed the journalist's ability to sum things up quickly, and when he did a park, after a matter of days in a brand-new city he was expected to tell people what he was planning—not just an artistic idea but really what would happen." Rybczynski—who admits he knew "absolutely nothing" about landscape design before writing this book—is the author of eight previous books, including *City Life,* a sweeping cultural history of American urban living, and *Home: The Short History of an Idea.* Fittingly, Rybczynski is particularly impressed by the versatility that Olmsted brought to all his life's projects. "What's so complicated about him is that he's clearly a visual artist—even as a young man he's writing these lyrical descriptions of what a landscape was and why it was nice—but he was also a very practical problem solver." And a conscientious manager. "I make a flip comparison between him and Disney that irritates some people, but I think it's apt, because he understood that you had to orchestrate as well as design to promote an atmosphere. He built a working dairy and instituted donkey rides for children." Fortunately, he held off on the Pirates of the Caribbean and went with the Bethesda Fountain. Rybczynski will discuss his book on June 16 at Barnes & Noble Union Square.

ARIEL LEVY


A CLEARING IN THE DISTANCE
FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED
and America in the Nineteenth Century

Radio Highlights

"The Spirit of Jazz"—6/22 at 2 P.M.: If you can't make it to the Tourneau TimeMachine Atrium at 57th St. and Madison Ave. to hear a live performance by the Steve Turre Sextet, listen to it live on WBGO, 88.3 FM.

"Everything Old Is New Again" and "Jazz Sampler"—Sunday nights at 9 P.M. and 11 P.M: The music of Broadway, Hollywood, and Tin Pan Alley, from Ira Gershwin to Cole Porter. Then stay tuned for the best of jazz with host Bill Farrar. Both of these programs are intended to embrace the listeners who've lost their beloved WQEW to the hands of Disney. WBAI, 99.5 FM.

The Written Word

"Bloomsday on Broadway XVIII"—6/16 at 7 P.M.: The annual James Joyce marathon reading. Frank and Malachy McCourt, Lillo Way, Fionnula Flanagan, Cherry Jones, and Barbara Feldon will be among the participants. Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400); $15.

Janet Fitch—6/16 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *White Oleander.* The Corner Bookstore, 1313 Madison Ave., at 93rd St. (722-4343); free.

"Letters From the Peace Corps"—6/16 at 6 P.M.: Readings by Hilary Liftin and Kate Montgomery from their book *Dear Exile,* and by John Coyne, the oldest living Peace Corps volunteer and the regional manager of the New York Office of the Peace Corps, from his letters. New York Public Library, 455 Fifth Ave., at 40th St. (930-0800); free.

Dale Peck—6/17 at 6:30 P.M.: Reading at Rizzoli, 454 West Broadway (674-1616); free.

Galaxy Craze—6/18 at 7:30: Reading from her first novel, *By the Shore.* Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Pl. (420-1322); free.

"Juneteenth"—6/18 at 7:30 P.M.: Toni Morrison, John Callahan, and Peter Matthiessen discuss Ralph Ellison's second novel, which took him more than 40 years to complete. Barnes & Noble Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

Billy Karesh—6/18 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from *Appointment at the Ends of the World.* Barnes & Noble Upper West Side, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St.

(362-8835); free.

sse Green—6/19 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *The Velveteen Father.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

ale Peck and David Gates—6/20 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Now It's Time to Say Goodbye* and *The Wonders of the Invisible World,* respectively. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (358-1935); free.

aomi Iizuka—6/21 at 8 P.M.: Reading from *Aloha, Say the Pretty Girls.* The Great Hall at Cooper Union, 7th St. and Third Ave. (870-1630); free.

Prison Writings: My Life Is My Sundance"—6/23 at 7 P.M.: Readings by defense attorney Ramsey Clark and editor Harvey Arden from the writings of Native American activist Leonard Peltier, who has been imprisoned for 24 years. Revolution Books, 9 W. 19th St. (691-3345); $5.

Lectures and Panels

What Do Single Women Want?"—6/15 at 8:15 P.M.: The literary perspectives of Helen Fielding, Meg Wolitzer, and Melissa Bank. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

The Public Pierpont Morgan"—6/16 at 1 P.M.: Robert Parks, curator of literary and historical manuscripts, discusses the life and work of the banker-collector. The Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008 x347); $5.

Are Americans Obsessed With the Holocaust?"—6/16 at 7:30 P.M.: Peter Novick, author of *The Holocaust in American Life,* talks with Jeffrey Shandler and Alan Mintz. Park East Synagogue, 164 E. 68th St. (737-6900); free

The Life and Times of P. T. Barnum, Tom Thumb, and the Circus"—6/17 at 8 P.M.: Bob Pelton, former curator of the Barnum Museum, discusses the life and times of an American original. Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1778); free with $2.50 museum admission.

Queer Circles of the American Avant-Garde"—6/17 at 6 P.M.: Steven Watson offers a slide lecture on the work of H.D., Amy Lowell, Langston Hughes, Wallace Thurman, the Beats, and others. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); free with $5 museum admission.

Christo and Jeanne-Claude"—6/17 at 7 P.M.: The artists present slides and discuss their recent and upcoming projects "Wrapped Trees," "The Gates," and "Over the River." Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $10.

Surrealism: Two Private Eyes"—6/18 at 2 P.M.: Assistant curator Tracey Bashkoff leads a tour of the Nesuhi Ertegun and Daniel Filipacchi collections. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3587); $15

Jewish Women: Art and the Spirit"—6/22 at 6:30 P.M.: E. M. Broner, Debbie Friedman, Amy Klein Reichert, and JoAnne Tucker discuss new directions in spiritual expression through the arts. The Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3224); $10.

Tours

The World of Our Fathers"—6/20 at 1 P.M: A Father's Day tour of the Lower East Side, which was home to more than half a million Jewish immigrants from Eastern Europe by 1910. Stops include the Seward Park Library, the *Daily Forward* building, the Tenement Museum, and the Eldridge Street Synagogue. Meet at Straus Square, the intersection of Canal and Essex Streets with East Broadway (242-5762); $12.

"Out of the Closets and Into the Streets"—6/20 at 1 P.M.: Mark the thirtieth anniversary of Stonewall with visits to the oldest operating gay-and-lesbian bar in New York, the onetime home of Djuna Barnes, and other sites of historic importance in the gay-pride movement. For reservations and meeting place, call 539-2683; $15.

"Manhattan Adirondacks: Nature & Architecture in Central Park's North Woods"—Saturdays in June at 11 A.M.: Learn how Frederick Law Olmsted and Calvert Vaux reshaped a natural stream and fashioned a series of waterfalls, check out the wildlife that lives in the man-made meadow, and enjoy a day in the woods without leaving Manhattan. Meet at the Charles A. Dana Discovery Center in Central Park at 110th St. and Fifth Ave. (794-6564); free.

"Views From the Past"—Saturdays in June at 1 P.M.: Visualize what Central Park was like in the old days with the help of nineteenth-century photos, and then take a stroll through the park of today while you learn about the sheep that once grazed the meadow, the donkey and goat-cart rides that were once a popular attraction at the Mall, and the days when you could actually find milk in the Dairy. Meet at the Dairy, mid-park at 65th St. (794-6564); free.

Benefits

Comic Relief—6/17 at 12:30 P.M.: Todd Glass hosts an afternoon of local comedians and an audience contest to benefit St. Vincent's Homeless Healthcare program. Central Park entrance at 59th St. and Fifth Ave. (981-7880); free.

"Lovers and Song, Ever and Anon"—6/24 at 7:30 P.M.: The works of gay composers and poets performed by tenor Todd Frizzell with an exhibition of photographs by John Dugdale. To benefit St. Luke's AIDS project. The Church of St. Luke's in the Fields, 487 Hudson St. (924-0562); $20.

Events

Writers' Conference '99—6/16: The Writing Center at Marymount Manhattan College hosts a day of lectures and seminars, with presentations by Farrar, Straus and Giroux editor-in-chief Jonathan Galassi, authors Roy Blount Jr., Andre Aciman, Daphne Merkin, Sidney Offit, Meg Wolitzer, and many others. 221 E. 71st St. (517-0564); $135–$165.

Hudson River Festival—6/15–9/1: A celebration of the river that has been the economic lifeblood of New York City since the Dutch landed in what is now Battery Park, with dance, lectures, an ice-cream social, Richie Havens, and other musicians. At the waterfront near the World Financial Center. Call 528-2733 for details; admission is free.

Exhibitions

"Sweatshop"—Through 6/20: Surprisingly strong political works of art by New York public-high-school students, sponsored by the labor-arts coalition Bread and Roses. 310 W. 43rd St. (631-4565); free.

"Aerosol Resistance"—Through 6/23: Famed Bronx graffiti artists Tats Cru are now somewhat reformed and work regularly for companies like Coca-Cola and Reebok. So instead of tagging stained-glass windows with spray paint, they've hung photographs and several hundred feet of painted canvases from the walls of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, 112th St. and Amsterdam Ave. (316-7540); free.

"Media Bites: The Cruel History of the Ben Stiller Show"—Through 7/18: Revisit the show that set the tone for hip on-air comedy in the nineties with stars Janeane Garofalo, Andy Dick, Bob Odenkirk, David Cross, and, of course, Ben Stiller. Museum of Television & Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800); $3–$6.

"Seinfeld's Diner"—Through 8/1: The set of the famous diner frequented by Jerry, Kramer, Elaine, and George is on display along with props and costumes. American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077); $4.50–$8.50.

Online

***New York* Magazine on the Web**—"Stephanie's Surf Report" (in the "Today" section of www.newyorkmag.com) visits a new Website each weekday. This week: Online dream interpretations that'll make you Swoon; a Web gallery of N.Y.C. public-school talent; e-cards that take the place of hugs; democracy in all its glory at VAGUEpolitix; and Web games to rot your teeth by at candystand.com. But before you click away from us at

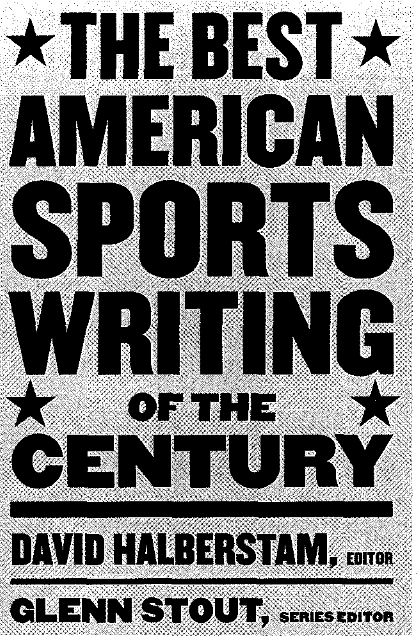
GAME WEEK

HOME ● AWAY ●

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
YANKEES	TEX MSG 7:30PM	TEX MSG 7:30PM	TEX MSG 7:30PM	TEX MSG 7:30PM	ANA MSG 7:30PM	ANA MSG 7:00PM	ANA FOX 7:30PM
METS	CIN FSNY 7:00PM	CIN FSNY 7:00PM	CIN FSNY 12:30PM	STL WB 8:00PM	STL WB 8:00PM	STL FOX 1:00PM	STL WB 2:00PM
METROSTARS							KAN UNI 1:00PM
LIBERTY	WAS TBD 7:30PM				LA TBD 7:00PM		DET TBD 4:00PM
	6/14	6/15	6/16	6/17	6/18	6/19	6/20

Happening
Ball Boys

David Halberstam moderates as heavyweights George Plimpton, Gay Talese, Dick Schapp, and Ira Berkow talk about their favorite home runs, tackles, and punches and read from "The Best American Sports Writing of the Century." June 17 at 7:30 P.M. at Barnes & Noble Union Square.



★THE BEST★
AMERICAN
SPORTS
WRITING
★ OF THE ★
CENTURY

DAVID HALBERSTAM, EDITOR

GLENN STOUT, SERIES EDITOR

Freedman *continued from page 21*

cial, political, and priestly statutes which are in no way shape or form adapted to our mode of life and our views and habits." The statement went on to dismiss the laws on diet, purity, and dress as "altogether foreign to our mental and spiritual state."

Through two later platforms, framed in 1937 and 1976, Reform leaders softened some of their rhetoric but did not alter the movement's fundamental distinction from Orthodox Judaism, which hallows the Torah as the inerrant word of God, and Conservative Judaism, which considers Torah divinely decreed although mutable in modern circumstances. The 1976 platform, while nodding to the value of ritual, study, and observance, put a premium on "our ethical obligations" and "action rather than creed."

THE MAN WHO CHALLENGED A CENTURY'S emphasis is Richard Levy. The Hillel director for the Southern California region, Levy drafted the "Ten Principles" during his recent term as president of the Central Conference. As if to ensure that the laity would notice, Levy posed for the cover of *Reform Judaism* magazine in a skullcap and prayer shawl, kissing the fringes.

Levy's bold words were diluted by six drafts and the multiple hands of a committee. The "Ten Principles" was renamed a "Statement of Principles." References to various *mitzvot* (commandments) were excised or weakened. Still, the final draft moves Reform closer to embracing what it once rejected, and the debate over the document has forced many Jews to reconsider just what it means to be Jewish.

Those who feel defeated, if not betrayed, by the result make a mistake in dismissing Levy as an Orthodox manqué. His support of same-sex marriage, for instance, places him in some respects on the farthest edge of Judaism's left wing. Yet he has accurately seen that beyond religious observance, Jewish identity in America, once throbbing with *Yiddishkeit* and garment unions and all the radical sects that could take an alcove in the City College cafeteria, has come to stand for little more than *Seinfeld* and a shmear.

"There was this naïveté in the nineteenth century that failed to recognize the power of American acculturation," Levy says, recalling the Pittsburgh Platform. "They thought they could drop the external trappings of Judaism because they really believed in the positivist, Hegelian tradition that God was moving toward increasing freedom and humanity. In retrospect, we see that America was much more powerful than anything they had anticipated." ■

Leonard *continued from page 67*

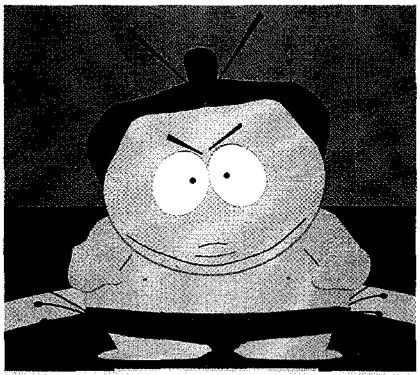
the woman he will marry—whereas, as played so manic-depressively by Noah Wyle, Apple's Steve Jobs won't even acknowledge that the baby born to Arlene (Gema Zamprogna) is his, much less pay her a measly $20,000. And Jobs, of course, is the lordly charismatic nerd, peering into the circuitry in his garage and seeing "a completely new consciousness," babbling in leftover sixties guruspeak about "overthrowing the dead culture." Whereas Gates was always in it for the money; that's the way he scored. If Bill plays poker, Steve drops acid. Neither of them—before Jobs stole the mouse and the menu from Xerox and Gates stole the whole idea of Windows from overtrusting Mac; before they became imperial, with Jobs behaving like Caligula and Gates actually becoming Augustus—bargained on becoming as famous as rock stars.

You will find yourself identifying with Joey Slotnick as the other Steve, Wozniak, who abandoned Jobs and the programmed madness to teach schoolchildren. You will probably conclude that Microsoft is what revenge looks like to the kid who was never cool enough. You may wonder how such elegant machines ever emerged from such a wormy Apple. You may even want to swear off Websites and cyberspace altogether, now that Microsoft has itself invested more than $100 million in Apple and Jobs is back in charge, returned from the wilderness of NeXT as blue in the face as an IMAX, and the entire online, downlinked, jacked-off world looks to be wearing lawyers and beanies like the Big Brothers at IBM. But *Pirates* is a hoot.

TELEVISION

MICHAEL RITCHIE DIRECTS THE TWO-HOUR premiere of **Beggars and Choosers** (Saturday, June 19; 10 P.M. to midnight; Showtime), a new hour-long twenty-part series about the unholy terrors of network television, executive-produced by Peter Lefcourt and Lilly Tartikoff from an idea by the late Brandon Tartikoff. While it's not as witty as *Sports Night*, it's got Brian Kerwin as the head of programming whose world is falling apart, Isabella Hofman as his loyal wife, Carol Kane as the widow-in-waiting of a company owner in a coma after a night with handcuffs and a transvestite, William McNamara, Paul Provenza, Keegan Connor Tracy, cameo appearances by Stuart Margolin and Bea Arthur, and more cell phones than brain cells. I particularly like the idea of a late-night series called *Unregistered Nurses*, whose cast sing Gilbert & Sullivan in their underwear. ■

John Leonard's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.



On Air **Just because you liked the Christmas Poo doesn't mean you're ready for *South Park: Bigger, Longer, and Uncut,* which hits theaters at the end of the month. To get the most out of the movie, you'll want to be completely up-to-date on all of Kenny, Cartman, Stan, and Kyle's perverse escapades and disgusting friends. The first of six all new, all weird episodes of *South Park* airs on Comedy Central June 16 at 10 P.M.**

www.nymag.com, have a look at all our oth great features, like selected articles from the cu rent issue, extensive archives, and an expande "Cue" section, plus Web exclusives like "Fir Words" for bibliophiles, our Subscriber Servi Center, and a daily New York trivia contest.

Sports

The Rundown—All right, so interleague play turne out to be a bit of a dud, but you can't blame league for trying. While there were a few succes ful series—Yankees vs. Mets being the foremost ex ample—sentiments have been markedly mixe among players, fans, and sportswriters (especial sportswriters). This week, the Yankees and Mets re turn to playing games that actually matter, with th Yankees taking on Texas and Anaheim at home, an the Mets taking a weeklong road trip to Cincinna and St. Louis. The Liberty will be back in the Ga den, hosting Washington, Los Angeles, and Detroi

City Sports for Kids—On 6/14 and running throug 7/26, the New York Road Runners Club is spon soring seven evenings of skill-training in track an field events for children born between 1986 an 1993. Led by fitness experts Bob Glover and Shelly lynn Florence, the evenings will take place from 6 t 8 P.M. in the East Meadow of Central Park and wi emphasize noncompetitive instruction in even such as sprints, hurdles, long jump, and javelin. Entr fee is $20. For further information, call Robert H Glover & Associates at 914-366-4175.

Kurt Steiner Summer Evening Series—The third in th series of four 5K road races in honor of the form competitive runner takes place 6/16 at 7 P.M. i Clove Lakes Park, Staten Island, with the final rac 6/23 in Prospect Park, Brooklyn. Races are open t runners of all ages and skill levels for an entry fee $3. For further information on the Clove Lak Park races, call 718-339-0508; for information o the Prospect Park events, call 718-981-3459.

Sunday Skates—NY Skateout offers group inline skating expeditions every Sunday starting at th entrance to Central Park on Fifth Avenue an 72nd Street and proceeding to various locatio in the five boroughs. This Sunday's destination Ruby Foo's. Membership in Teamskate, th group's skating club, is $20, and members are in vited to participate in volunteer activities, grou brunches, and other special events. Call Chris tine at 722-2616 for further information.

Photograph courtesy of Comedy Centra

kids

Imagine...Ellington...Olympics

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Children's Events

Staging Ground—**SUMMERSTAGE** unfurls two eclectic "Family Jam" concert performances in one weekend. On Saturday (6/19 at 3), it's the Sugarhill Gang, Ghana's Mapapa Acrobats, and Streb's Kid Action. On Sunday (6/20 at 3), They Might Be Giants (see photo) do a kids' set; also appearing are the Raymond Scott Orchestrette and the Gestures Dance Ensemble. Rumsey Playfield, mid-park at 72nd Street (360-CPSS); www.SummerStage.org. Admission is free and available on a first-come, first-served basis. Gates open 90 minutes prior to showtime. ●●

magine—"John Lennon's Real Love—The Drawings for Sean," an exhibit of the composer's whimsical paintings for his son on display at the **CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF MANHATTAN**, sets the tone for a Father's Day weekend all about love and imagining. Kids do role reversals, becoming parents themselves and talking about what it means, in a talk-show format for closed-circuit CMOM-TV in the media center. At "Just Imagine" video workshops, kids project their future families. They create fantasy family albums using oil pastels in ongoing art workshops. 6/19 and 6/20. 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1234). Admission is $5, $2.50 for seniors.●

Dog Breath—Pink Inc., Art in Motion's whimsical, wordless "The Tale of the Dog" tells about a dog in search of companionship, with large spandex soft sculptural puppets, 6/20 at 4. The annual juried "A Year With Children" exhibit, also at **THE GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM**, includes 600 individual works of art, in every conceivable medium, by young artists in the New York area; Mexico City; Padua, Italy; and Bilbao, Spain. Through 6/20. 1071 Fifth Ave. (423 3587). Free with museum admission: $12, $7 for students and seniors, free for children under 12.●

Tree Climbers' Jamboree Competition—A subculture with obvious fascination for kids (it's dangerous, isn't it?). Twenty-five tree climbers with the New York State Arborist Association compete in speed climbing and aerial rescue events, with finals beginning at 3 P.M., on 6/19; 10 A.M–4 P.M. (rain date, 6/20). **THE NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN**, 200th St. and Kazimiroff Blvd., the Bronx (718-817-8700). Admission: $3, $2 for seniors and students, $1 for children 2–12, free for children under 2. ●

"Great Jazz on the Great Hill"—Wynton Marsalis answers the question "Who is Duke Ellington?" at a free "Jazz for Young People" concert with the help of the Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra. The family event is followed by the main event, a free two-hour All-Ellington Concert, starting at 5 P.M., in which LCJO will play selections from more than 100 jumping Ellington compositions at this centenary celebration of the Duke's birth. Bring a picnic and a blanket; 6/19, **CENTRAL PARK GREAT HILL**, 106th St. and Central Park West (212-875-5595 or www.jazzatlincolncenter.org). ●●

Gone Fishing-A fishing excursion, "Troll and Trawl," heads out of the **SOUTH STREET SEAPORT** on the good ship *Pioneer.* Only 30 passengers will be allowed on board; be prepared to help set the trawl net and cast lines. Bring bait and poles if you have them; 6/19, 9 A.M.–1 P.M.; 207 Front St. Admission is $45, $15 for children under 12 (748-8600). Reservations required. Call also for details about other seafaring opportunities, including six-day "Summer Sea Camp."●

Om—Traditional Reiki master Donna Bender explores conflict resolution and coping skills with kids ages 7 to 12, using art projects, games, and guided meditations, 6/19, 10 A.M.–4 P.M. Reservations required (679-7810). $85.●

Flight-Deck Olympics—Adults team up with children at the **INTREPID SEA-AIR-SPACE MUSEUM** in a monkey-fist ring toss, relay races of various sorts (11 A.M.–1 P.M), and walk the plank and signal flag-hoist (1:30–3:30 P.M.). Prizes and awards will be given to the two top teams in each event in three age-group divisions: 5 and under, 6–11, and 12–17. Sunday, 6/20. Pier 86, W. 46th St. and Twelfth Ave. (245-0072). Admission $10, $7.50 for students ages 12–17, $5 for children ages 6–11, and $1 for children ages 2–5.●

Shine On—Park Rangers lead tours of the Little Red Lighthouse immortalized in the children's book of the same name, 6/20 at 11 A.M.—meet the Rangers at 181st St. and Plaza Lafayette, the westernmost end of **FORT WASHINGTON PARK**. Admission is free (888-NY-PARKS).●●

Stitched Together—The rich tradition of African-American quilt-making is celebrated at a day of quilting activities for people of all ages at the **AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM**, complementing "Spirits of the Cloth: Contemporary Quilts by African American Artists" on exhibit there. Special quilting workshops will be given for children, with storytelling by Joanna Featherstone, 6/20 from 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; 40 W. 53rd St. (459-0926); $10. (Next weekend, the museum hosts a four-hour "Carnival Workshop" for kids and adults, 6/27 from noon to 4.)●

Aerobically Linked Togetherness—Find out more about exercise and nutrition at a free "Family Sports and Fitness" event sponsored by the Central Park Conservancy. Individual computer assessments will be given; 6/19, 11 A.M.–1 P.M. Ages 5 and up. North Meadow, Recreation Center, mid-**CENTRAL PARK** at 97th St. (348-4867). Registration is required.●●

Girls Rule—The upstart children's television network celebrates its first twenty years with a series of seminars and workshops in Los Angeles and at our own **MUSEUM OF TELEVISION AND RADIO**. At "Girl Power! Creating Positive Role Models," cast members, creative talent, and the audience discuss how girls are portrayed in media these days and how that's different from even the recent past; 6/17, 6–7:30 P.M., 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6600). ●

Tennis, Anyone?—To check out tennis courts near you (in all five boroughs) where kids between the ages of 10 and 18 can play after school, get lessons, and borrow equipment—all free of charge—call the **NEW YORK JUNIOR TENNIS LEAGUE** at 718-786-7110, ext. 26.●

All the Better To . . . "Robot Zoo" at **LIBERTY SCIENCE CENTER** lets kids try out the long teeth, the fast tongue, and the sonar detector creatures use to catch their prey and avoid becoming another animal's lunch (through 1/9/00). Liberty State Park (Exit 14B off the New Jersey Turnpike), Jersey City (201-451-0006); $9.50 adults, $8.50 students and seniors, $6.50 children ages 2 to 12. ●●

Scouts on Skates—The **JUNIOR SAFETY PATROL**—a worthy organization whose members volunteer their time for all of our safety—teaches basic skating skills on flats, hills, and loops. Saturdays from 3 to 4 P.M. Call 486-1919 for further information.●

Diaspora—At "Pickles and Pomegranates: Jewish Homes Near and Far," kids join two late-nineteenth-century Jewish households in very different parts of the world, one a Lower East Side tenement and the other a Persian home. Through 10/00. **THE JEWISH MUSEUM**, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200). Admission $8, $5.50 for seniors and students, free to children under 12; on Tuesday evenings from 5 to 8, admission is free to all.

Happening
Hallmark Alternative

Dads who wouldn't have wanted new neckties for Father's Day anyway can be expected to happily mouth the words to the 'They Might Be Giants' hit song "Birdhouse in Your Soul" at a free Family Jam in Rumsey Field, mid-park at 72nd Street—for all ages, presented by Central Park SummerStage 1999, June 20 at three.

Photograph by Catherine McGann.

C u e

Ethan Brown
Nightlife

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Patricia Falvo
Movies

Nick Meyer
In Concert
Sports

Ariel Levy
Books
Events
Radio

John Leonard
Television

Edith Newhall
Art

Robin Raisfeld
Restaurants

Stephanie Saulmon
Online

Jennifer Senior
Theater

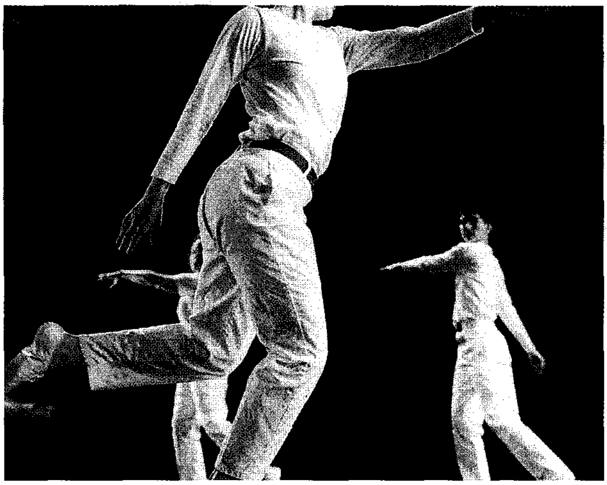
in concert

Sunrise Performances at St. John the Divine

Previews

Freedom of Movement

Sara Rudner was a founding member of Twyla Tharp's company and has been a longtime star of the downtown dance scene. On June 19, accompanied by twenty dancers—some from the original cast—Rudner will present her performance piece–cum–happening "Dancing-on-View," first seen in 1975. The four-hour marathon (the first one ran five hours; "This time I asked for five again, but thank God they only gave me four," says Rudner) is designed so that audience members can come and go as they please. It's a very seventies approach to performance, finding the magical in the ongoing and everyday work of dancing. As Rudner puts it, "We're defusing this idea of coming into a space and sitting for two hours and getting up only when they say you can." Rudner recalls one well-known modern-dance teacher who came to the original performance, left to do his laundry, and came back at the end. "We liked that," she says. "The fact is, dancing goes on all the time, we rehearse, we rehearse some more, we work on material, we rework material, and we do that regardless of who is going to see it. This isn't really a reconstruction of an old piece; it's not even a re-creation. It's a recapturing of the spirit of why I originally wanted to dance for five hours. Especially in those days, we were dance maniacs—that's what we did." **KRISTIN ELIASBERG**



Classical Music

Wednesday, June 16

Metropolitan Chorale—Performs works by Argento, Brahms, Bruckner, and others. *Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $32*

New York Philharmonic—Performs Prokofiev's Symphony No. 1 ("Classical"), R. Strauss's Violin Concerto, and Beethoven's Symphony No. 7. With violinist Sarah Chang. Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $17–$73.*

Thursday, June 17

Little Orchestra Society—Performs Vivaldi's *L'Olimpiade*, the final installment in the "Vivaldi's Venice" series. With narrator Claire Bloom, soprano Julie Newell, mezzo Jane Dutton, tenor Rockland Osgood, and others. Dino Anagnost, conductor. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (791-9500), at 7:30; $30–$40.*

New York City Gay Men's Chorus—Performs "Common Ground," a program of classical and contemporary works, with women's ensemble Sound Circle. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (924-7770), at 8; $10–$75.*

New York Philharmonic—See 6/16.

Friday, June 18

Celtic Solstice—Saxophonist Paul Winter, piper Davy Spillane, vocalist Niamh Parsons, and others perform a program of world music in celebration of the summer solstice. *Cathedral of St. John the Divine, 1047 Amsterdam Ave., at 112th St. (662-2133), at 7:30; $28–$45.*

New York Philharmonic—See 6/16, at 2.

Saturday, June 19

Celtic Solstice—See 6/18, at 4:30 A.M. and 7:30. *$15–$45.*

Tamir Music Productions—Present a concert performance of *The Chosen*, a musical by Chaim Potok, Philip Springer, and Mitchell Bernard. With baritone Don Sheasley and others. *Merkin Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 9; $15.*

Monday, June 21

Fête de la Musique—An all-day summer-solstice celebration in the French tradition, featuring performances by Le Grand Orchestre du Bal, Hunter College Jazz Ensemble, Ba Ko Babies, and others. *World Trade Center Plaza, at Church St. (768-1818), sunrise to sunset; free.*

Midamerica Productions—Presents a program of solo and chamber works by Dino Constantinides, with mezzo Lori Bade, cellist Ivan Lalev, flutist Sarah Beth Hanson, and others. *Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $32.*

Opera

Amato Opera—Performs Lehar's book musical *The Merry Widow*, 6/19 at 7 and 6/20 at 2:30. *319 Bowery (228-8200); $23–$45.*

Met in the Parks—Performances of Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor* on the Great Lawn, Central Park, 6/15 at 8 and in Brookdale Park, Montclair, New Jersey, 6/18 at 8; and Puccini's *La Bohème* in Marine Park, Brooklyn, 6/16 at 8 and in Waterloo Village, Stanhope, New Jersey, 6/19 at 8. *All performances are free; call 362-6000 for more information.*

Dance

American Ballet Theatre—Performs *The Snow Maiden*, 6/15 at 8 and 6/16 at 2 and 8; and *Don Quixote*, 6/17 and 6/18 at 8, and 6/19 at 2 and 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000) $18–$115.*

Silver Series: Volume Three—A program of performances by Yoshiko Chuma, Neil Greenberg, Ter O'Connor, and others, 6/18–6/20 at 8:30. Als on the program is Sara Rudner's *Dancing-on-Vie* a four-hour dance installation accompanied b live music, 6/19 at 1. *Danspace Project at St. Mark Church, Second Ave. at 10th St. (674-8194 $10–$15.*

Eisenhower Dance Ensemble—Performs works b Lila York, Colin Connor, Demetrius Klein, an Laurie Eisenhower, 6/17–6/19 at 8, and 6/20 a 3. *Dance Theater Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. (924-0077) $15.*

Monte/Brown Dance—Performs two programs o dances by Elisa Monte and David Brown, including *Hurricane Deck, Petits Pois, Run to th Rock*, and others, 6/15–6/19 at 8, and 6/20 at and 7:30. Through 6/20. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eight Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $30.*

New York City Ballet—Performs *The Chairma Dances, River of Light, Fancy Free*, and othe works, 6/15–6/18 at 8, 6/19 at 2 and 8, an 6/20 at 3. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Cente (870-5570); $16–$70.*

92nd Street Y Harkness Dance Center—Present "Transforming Dance: A Celebration of Ann Halprin," a two-day program of workshops an documentary presentations examining the "Transformative Dance Movement and Life/Art Approach," which Halprin developed and practiced 6/20 and 6/21. Halprin performs her *Grandfathe Dance*, 6/20 at 7. Call 415-5552 for fee schedul and additional information. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100).*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

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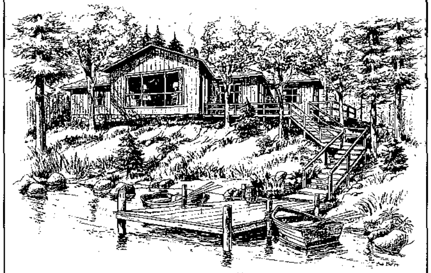

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Tall, Handsome, Successful Guy—Seeks thin, Jewish woman to 35. Full bio: http://home.talkcity.com/crampl/fredwwp 8698 ✉ ☎

Physician With Baby Blue Eyes—Jewish (35), witty, fun, financially secure and all-around good looks. Seeks beautiful, sexy woman (25-32) with both inner and outer beauty. Note/photo. 8687 ✉

Are We A Match?—Attractive, spunky, bright, warm blond woman, 30s, looking for a man, 35-45, who is adventurous, kind, successful, ambitious, well-educated and fun. If you have an optimistic view on life and are marriage/family-minded, I'd love to hear from you. 8648 ✉ ☎

There Is A Woman From Chelsea—Who's looking for a man, 48-60, with great sense of fun, who's caring and loves good conversation. A verse she can't rhyme but I'll give you some time if you'll send a letter with photo sublime. 8699 ✉

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Wall Street Analyst—36, Ivy, spend too much time at home watching Discovery Channel. Seek smart, attractive, fun woman, 20s-30s, to explore the City/ maybe more. 8639 ✉ ☎

Divorced Jewish Female—41, blond, attractive, seeks 40s, Jewish professional man, divorced/widower, for marriage. Must be nonsmoker, nondrinker, emotionally and financially secure. Bergen County, NJ resident preferred. Serious inquiries only, please. Photo optional. 8630 ✉

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Single White Male—40, seeking white female, 25-40, for serious yet adventurous times. Beach-goer a must. Must be into fitness and open-minded. 8641 ✉ ☎

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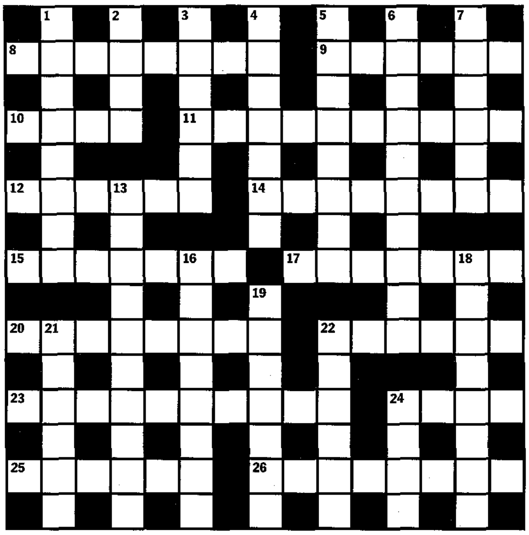
*Sources:
1999 Spring MRI; 1998 Summer MRI

The ‘Guardian’ Crossword

ACROSS

8 Banter becomes hurtful in time. (8)
9 Wait and don’t let go. (4,2)
10 Information has bearing on a hereditary factor. (4)
11 Girl’s letter giving the brush off? (10)
12 Suit to change into? (6)
14 Agreed that fellow politician hadn’t told the truth. (8)
15 Crack opening in the German fishing boat. (7)
17 Ginger’s stupid laugh. (7)
20 Headquarters’ file shows where to find a serving man. (8)
22 Dad having lost her, I get Mum to find her. (6)
23 Signing-on points. (6-4)
24 Signal for Morse to make a quick move. (4)
25 Get tanned but still get a medal. (6)
26 Such a player is presumably not equipped for the top. (8)



DOWN

1 Desert driver who has brawl in saloon. (8)
2 Be positive. (4)
3 Light vessel gets led astray. (6)
4 It gives the retired member a warm feeling. (7)
5 Yet he stands at the head of the board. (8)
6 Torch left burnt residue in the passage. (10)
7 Ventilator in a gallery. (6)
13 Compensating for disappointing scenery. (10)
16 It is criminal to make lover die i nasty way. (4-4)
18 Engaged, that’s the outcome abo me and a girl. (8)
19 Feel regret about changing the side’s balance. (7)
21 A panel on an aircraft. (6)
22 Crack forces decoration. (6)
24 Drug information. (4)

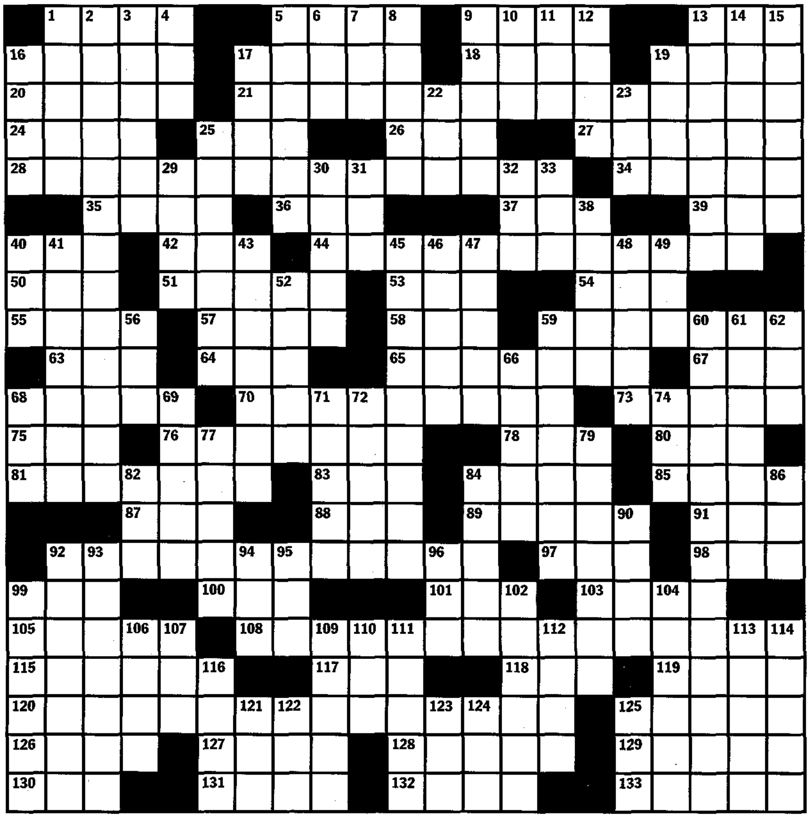
‘Historic Dads’: ‘Cue’ Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Oil-cartel acronym
5 Father, in the nursery
9 Tory’s opponent
13 Cable channel
16 Prefix for therapy
17 Embryo’s future
18 Israeli dance
19 False witness
20 Swift
21 Feodor I’s dad
24 Seed covering
25 To’s go-with
26 Was a candidate
27 Happen to
28 Edda Ciano’s dad
34 Texas river
35 Troupe’s trip
36 Pep-squad shout
37 Start of M-G-M’s motto
39 Gardening tool
40 Burnt bit
42 Tennis-court fixture
44 Svetlana Alliluyeva’s dad
50 Most of Antarctica
51 Frigidaire rival
53 Middle of a Peking name
54 Kimono cummerbund
55 Rolling stone’s lack
57 Berserk
58 —— Urt, Russian plateau
59 Maiden name of 72-Down
63 Second word of the Bible
64 “Unforgettable” Cole
65 “She Done Him Wrong” star
67 It’s for horses
68 Packs away
70 Ada Lovelace’s dad
73 Steeple
75 Part of R.A.F.
76 Pedicure target
78 Squealer
80 Kin: abbr.
81 Restraining ropes
83 —— tai, rum drink
84 Spumante city
85 “Think nothing ——”
87 West of Ga.
88 Hostelry
89 Do it at the Savoy
91 Shade of green
92 Patti Davis’s dad
97 S.A. city of song
98 Globe
99 Tobacco adulterant
100 —— Lanka
101 Neptune’s domain
103 Do sketching
105 Bagnold and Markey
108 Indira Gandhi’s dad
115 Fibber and Molly of radio
117 Lennon’s lady
118 Co-star of the “Thin Man” movies
119 Actor Julia
120 Alexander the Great’s dad
125 Starbucks order
126 A singing Horne
127 Invention inception
128 Merge
129 Cabinet Department
130 Ambulance destinations: abbr.
131 High-schooler
132 Fall guys
133 Say it isn’t so

DOWN

1 Chicago airport
2 Charlemagne’s dad
3 Estevez or Pucci
4 Provincetown’s cape
5 Wolf down
6 —— standstill
7 Bradstreet’s partner
8 Houston baseballer
9 “—— was a lad . . .”
10 On a winning streak
11 Sorehead’s emotion
12 Attire
13 Japanese charcoal-burning grill
14 Party decor
15 Ultimatum words
16 Zodiac crustacean
17 Mattress designation
19 Luce publication
22 Henry V, when prince
23 Agent, for short
25 Factory manager
29 Star-Kist product
30 “Wheel of Fortune” host
31 “—— ’nuff!”
32 Opposite of yeah
33 Revenue agcy.
38 Bus’s pickup points
40 Prepare to fire
41 Familiar terrier
43 Peppery Mexican dishes
45 Obstacle, with “bloc
46 Emerson specialty
47 Colleague of Paul an Mary
48 Acts as accomplice
49 Author Yutang
52 “—— a bet!” (no way
56 Ply the needle
59 Capitol Hill personag
60 Pocahontas’s dad
61 Further back in time
62 Place for a fictional catcher
66 Least good
68 Warmed the bench
69 Inscribed pillar
71 Smooth cottonlike cloth
72 Memorable Princess of Wales
74 Debate side
77 Unwritten exams
79 In a meek manner
82 Solo of “Star Wars”
84 Moore’s TV boss
86 Bar bill
90 X-rated stuff
92 Cattleman
93 Sources
94 Julius Erving’s nickname
95 Inlet
96 —— matter of fact
99 Synagogue
102 Parcels out
104 Make fizzy
106 Between two crèmes
107 Six, in Siena
109 NOW member
110 One of California’s Santas
111 ——-pocus
112 First-rate
113 Like a farm road
114 Peter Fonda role, 1997
116 Rotisserie rod
121 Poetical tribute
122 Service charge
123 Doe in “Bambi”
124 Tango finale
125 Hallucinatory drug



Solutions to last week’s puzzles appear on page 7

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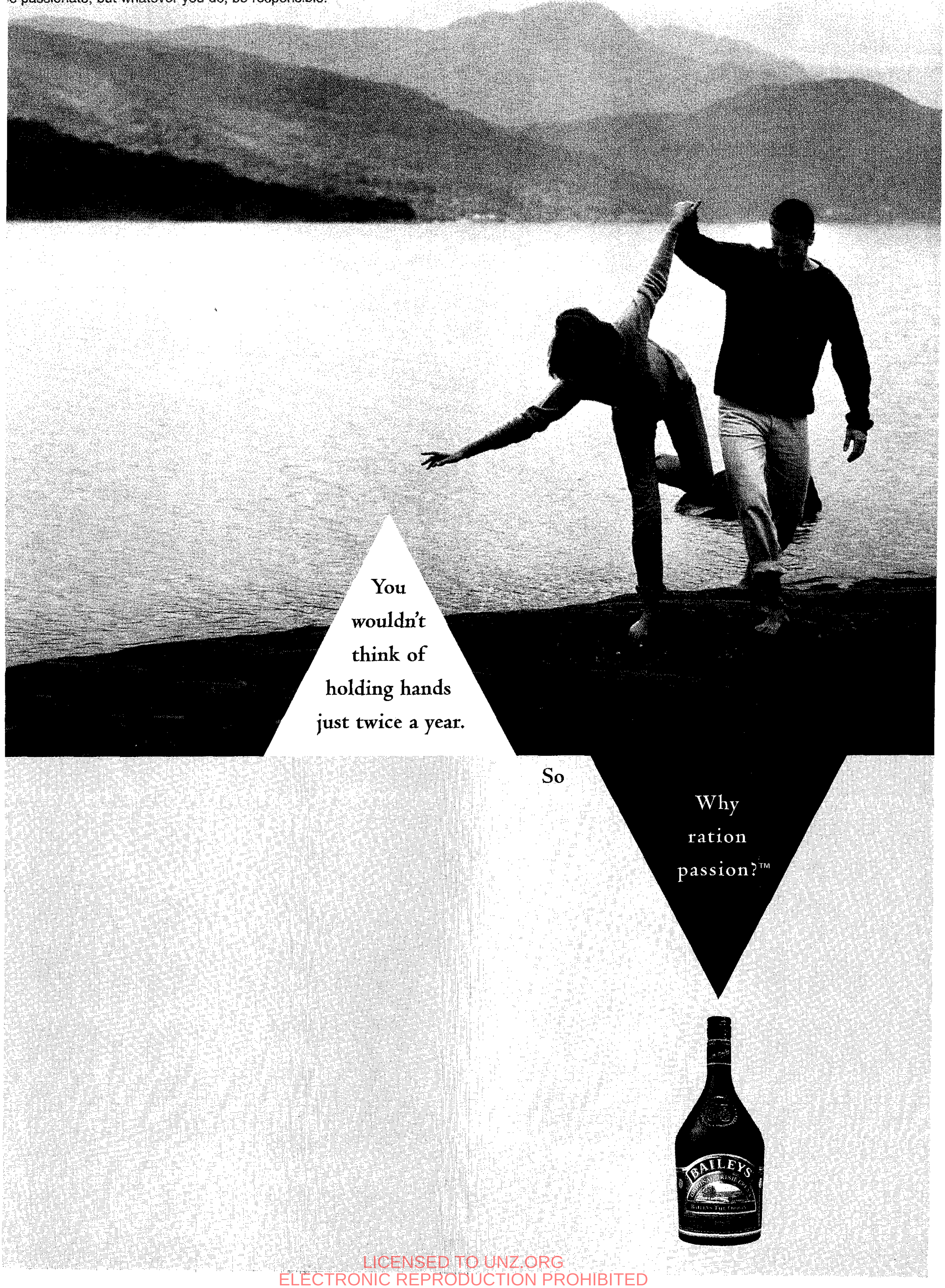
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